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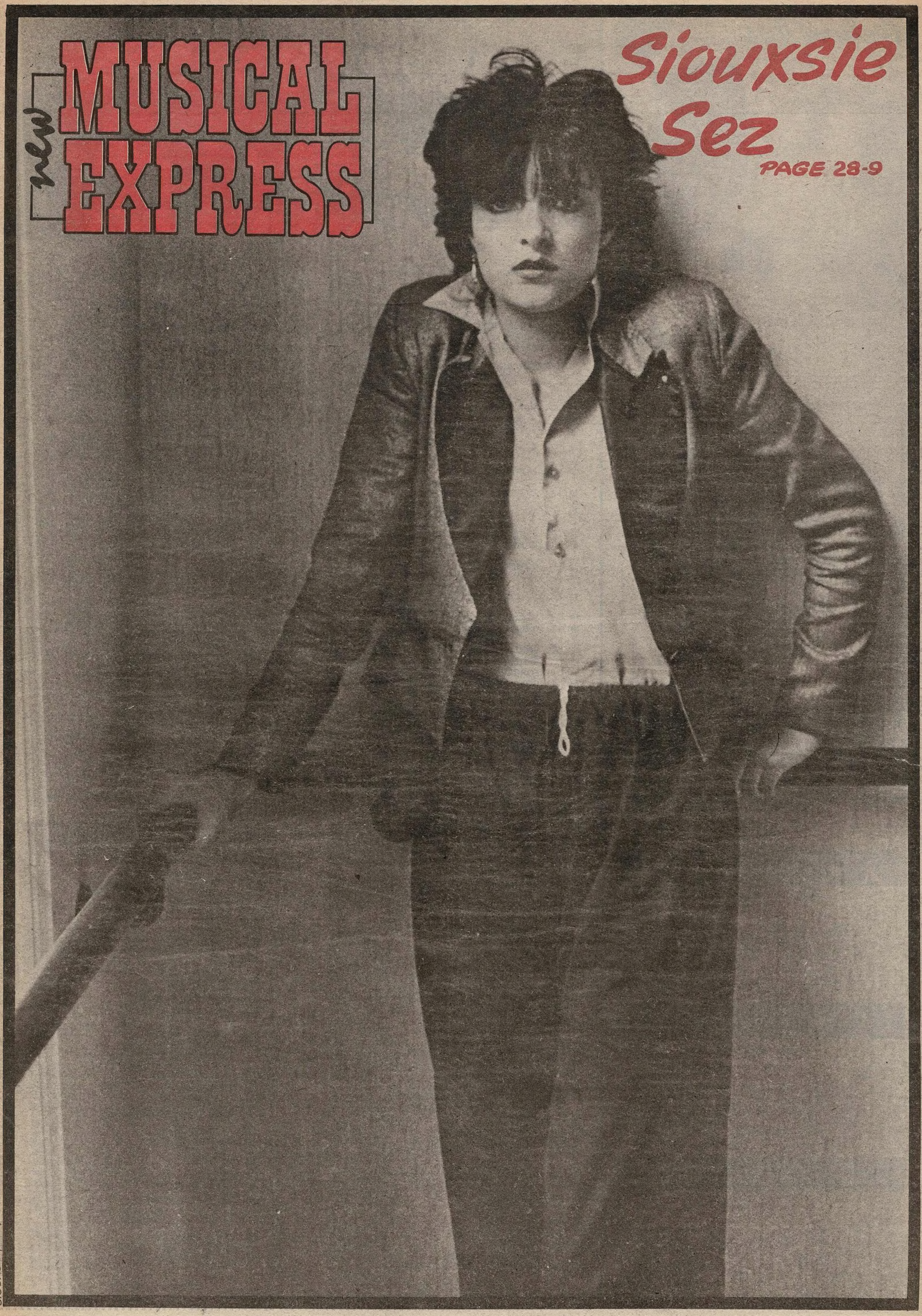
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Siouxsie Sez

PAGE 28-9



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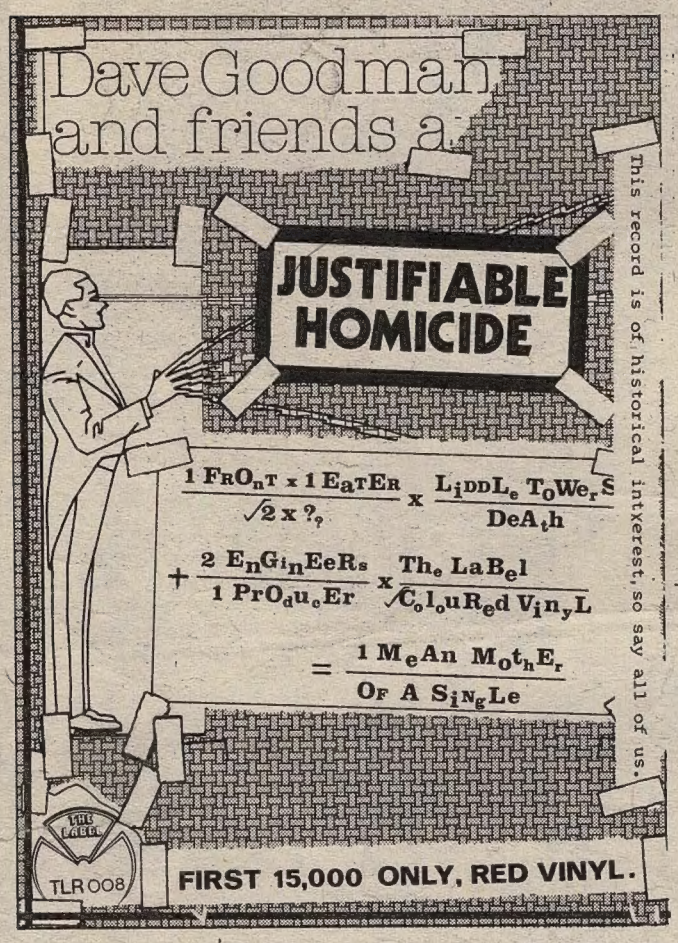
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — August 21, 1973.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	2	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A & M)
13	3	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
7	4	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie & The Family Cookin' (Avco)
4	5	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
6	6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol
3	7	48 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
16	8	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
25	9	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	10	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — August 21, 1968.

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
1	2	MONY MONY	Tommy James & the Shondells (Major Minor)
3	3	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
4	4	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
14	5	I'VE GOTTA VET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
12	6	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	7	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
6	8	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
5	9	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
10	10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly & the Family Stone (Direction)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — August 23, 1963.

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
1	2	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
7	3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie & the Dreamers (Columbia)
5	4	IN SUMMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
4	5	TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)	Beatles (Parlophone)
—	6	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	7	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
10	8	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)
9	9	LEGIONS' LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV)
6	10	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	THREE TIMES A LADY — Commodores (Motown)	4	1
2	(8)	IT'S RAINING — Darts (Magnet)	3	2
3	(5)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING — Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	18	1
4	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	14	1
5	(26)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY — 10cc (Mercury)	2	5
6	(15)	SUPER NATURE — Cerrone (Atlantic)	4	6
7	(3)	SUBSTITUTE — Clout (Carrere)	9	2
8	(6)	FOREVER AUTUMN — Justin Hayward (CBS)	7	4
9	(7)	THE KIDS ARE UNITED — Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	5
10	(9)	NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance (Warner Bros)	5	9
11	(—)	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE — Child (Ariola/Hansa)	2	11
12	(4)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE — Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	9	3
13	(24)	JILTED JOHN — Jilted John (EMI Int)	3	13
14	(12)	BABY STOP CRYING — Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	12
15	(11)	5-7-0-5 — City Boy (Vertigo)	6	10
16	(—)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS — David Essex (Mercury)	1	16
17	(—)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL — Sylvester (Fantasy)	1	17
18	(16)	WALK ON BY — The Stranglers (U.A.)	2	16
19	(—)	GALAXY OF LOVE — Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	1	19
20	(30)	WHO ARE YOU — The Who (Polydor)	3	20
21	(21)	BRITISH HUSTLE — Hi Tension (Island)	2	21
22	(29)	FORGET ABOUT YOU — Motors (Virgin)	2	22
23	(28)	COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	4	15
24	(—)	HOT SHOT — Karen Young (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(18)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD — Joe Walsh (Asylum)	6	11
26	(—)	EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb (RSO)	1	26
27	(—)	ANTHEM — New Seekers (CBS)	1	27
28	(—)	TOP OF THE POPS — Rezillos (Sire)	1	28
29	(—)	PICTURE THIS — Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	(13)	STAY — Jackson Browne (Asylum)	7	10

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

HONG KONG GARDEN — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor); LET THE MUSIC PLAY — Charles Earland (Mercury); DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT — Candidate (RAK); GREASE — Frankie Valli (RSO).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
2	(2)	GREASE	Franki Valli
3	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
5	(5)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
6	(8)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton John
7	(12)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
8	(14)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
9	(9)	MAGNET AND STEEL	Walter Egan
10	(11)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
11	(13)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
12	(7)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
13	(6)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
14	(19)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
15	(17)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)	Chris Rea
16	(10)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
17	(20)	YOU	Rita Coolidge
18	(26)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta
19	(25)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
20	(23)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
21	(22)	STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
22	(24)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE	Eddie Money
23	(—)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
24	(28)	CLOSE THE DOOR	Teddy Pendergrass
25	(—)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
26	(30)	YOU AND I	Rick James
27	(—)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
28	(29)	MACHO MAN	Village People
29	(—)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
30	(—)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	18	1
2	(5)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	2
3	(4)	STREET LEGAL — Bob Dylan (CBS)	10	2
4	(7)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various (World Records)	8	4
5	(6)	GREASE — Original Soundtrack (RSO)	7	5
6	(2)	20 GIANT HITS — Nolan Sisters (WEA)	5	2
7	(16)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores (Motown)	6	7
8	(8)	LIVE & DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	12	2
9	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Hollies (EMI)	7	2
10	(14)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones (EMI)	11	3
11	(23)	CLASSIC ROCK — London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	3	11
12	(11)	STAR PARTY — Various Artists (K-Tel)	2	11
13	(14)	OCTAVE — Moody Blues (Threshold)	11	4
14	(10)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	36	3
15	(11)	KICK INSIDE — Kate Bush (EMI)	25	1
15	(18)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	23	6
17	(25)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS — The Rezillos (Sire)	3	17
18	(17)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ." — Joe Walsh (Asylum)	6	12
19	(22)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	30	5
20	(21)	IMAGES — Don Williams (K-Tel)	4	20
21	(20)	ABBA THE ALBUM — Abba (Epic)	31	1
22	(29)	ROCK RULES OK — Various (K-Tel)	7	16
23	(13)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION — Steel Pulse (Island)	4	13
24	(9)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	8	7
25	(—)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	15	7
26	(26)	BLAM — Brothers Johnson (A&M)	2	26
27	(24)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	21	2
28	(—)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb (RSO)	1	28
29	(—)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	9	5
30	(19)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	77	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SUMMER DAYS (AND SUMMER NIGHTS) — Beach Boys (Capitol); LEO SAYER — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); THATS WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR — Johnny Mathis & Denise Williams (CBS); CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(5)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
5	(4)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
6	(7)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
7	(6)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(8)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
9	(9)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
10	(11)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
11	(14)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
12	(12)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
13	(13)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
14	(10)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
15	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
16	(15)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
17	(19)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
18	(21)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
19	(20)	COME GET IT	Rick James
20	(18)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
21	(25)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
22	(23)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
23	(17)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
24	(22)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
25	(26)	AJA	Steely Dan
26	(24)	SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
27	(29)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
28	(30)	SMOOTH TALK	Evelyn "Champagne" King
29	(—)	LOVE ME AGAIN	Rita Coolidge
30	(—)	UNDER WRAPS	Shaun Cassidy

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: TONY STEWART

WINDSOR FEST 'WILL NOT TAKE PLACE'

Citizens, police unite to enforce High Court injunction

THE WINDSOR Free Festival will not be allowed to take place this Bank Holiday weekend, the town Citizens' Action Group and police firmly stated this week.

And while the rebel promoter of the event was in hiding, the spokesman of the Action Group warned people not to go to Windsor Great Park on Saturday. There is a High Court injunction against the event.

Solicitor Peter Anthony Simpson said festival goers would "find themselves dragged, perhaps accidentally, into a political confrontation and people will get hurt."

He added: "Anybody who turns up can expect nothing but trouble, I'm afraid. The less that turn up the better. We just hope people will understand and obey."

Local police said those who did arrive for the illegal festival would be discouraged from breaking the law.

"We shall have to gently advise them it's not on," explained Chief Superintendant Michael Bricknell, divisional officer for Slough.

With extra police on duty, and reserves on standby, any attempts by groups to start playing will be stopped immediately.

"We intend not to allow the festival to take place right from the word go," Bricknell warned.

Over 60 mostly unknown bands from all over Britain had offered to appear at the park.

The event has always been organised by 45-year-old William "Ubi" Dwyer. He first started the Windsor Free Festival in 1972. By '74 it attracted over 100,000 people, and it was on the sixth day that year that an estimated 400 police broke up a crowd which, by then, had dwindled to 6,000.

Dwyer claimed the police acted with "unprecedented violence and savagery."

In 1975 the Windsor Citizens' Action Group won a perpetual Injunction against Dwyer, banning any more festivals there. And on August 18 ('78), a High Court Judge ordered that Dwyer should be arrested for breaking the Injunction and contempt of court.

Dwyer did not appear in court, and, apparently, has since been in hiding.

The Action Group claims the outlaw promoter's motives in defying the life ban are political and not musical. And they do not want another battle between police and fans.

"I don't like to see people with their heads kicked in, knives in their backs and blood on the pavements," said Simpson.

But the police are confident there will not be another confrontation.

"We hope there would never be a recurrence of that," said Chief Superintendent Bricknell. "We don't want that to happen again."

In a press release by the Royal Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead, the Chief Executive and Town Clerk, Mr P. A. Welch stated it is "virtually impossible" to hold the festival without breaking the Great Park byelaws.

"Public opinion against the Free Festival is so strong in Windsor that we all hope that sensible people will refrain from supporting it," he said. "At the very least they risk disappointment and discomfort."

At press time *NME* had been unable to contact Dwyer, and it is not known whether he will be at the Great Park this weekend.

"I haven't seen him for more than a week," said a friend of his. "I should expect he's going . . . but I don't know. None of us here is involved in this festival."

Police at a previous Windsor Festival confrontation

CLASH SET FOR ROXY CONCERT

THE CLASH are to play a London concert early next month at Harlesden's Roxy Theatre.

This surprise show comes just over a month after the band finished their highly successful major British tour with four sell-out shows at London's Music Machine.

The Roxy date on September 9 is, says CBS, to celebrate Clash's return from America where they have been mixing their second album, due for release in November.

Tickets for the show — which runs from 7 to 11 pm and includes two support acts — are available from the Roxy box office this Friday, priced £2.50.

Palmer extra date

ROBERT PALMER now plays Birmingham Odeon on September 11 during the short series of shows which mark his British debut as a solo performer. Tickets priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are now on sale.

As previously reported he plays Oxford New Theatre (10), and two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon (12/13).

Stranglers confirm major UK tour

THE STRANGLERS have now confirmed a major UK tour starting at Lancaster University on September 11.

It is their first extensive British tour this year—although they did play a short series of concerts in May — and comprises 14 dates.

The GLC have not yet granted a music licence for their proposed London concert at Battersea Park on September 9 or 16. But it is also likely there will be other additions to this itinerary.

The group intend to play venues they haven't visited before or recently.

After Lancaster comes Dunfermline Kinema (12), Aberdeen Ruffles (13), Cardiff Top Rank (17), Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (18), Lincoln Drill Hall (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (21), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Exeter Roots (25), Bournemouth Village Bowl (26), Bath Pavilion (27), Manchester Apollo (28), and Bridlington Spa Pavilion (29).

The planned show at Sunderland Locarno (30) is now unlikely to take place.

...AND THREAT TO LONDON ROCK VENUE

A MOVE to stop rock concerts at London's Hammersmith Odeon was to be made at the council's Works Executive Committee meeting on Wednesday night (23) — after *NME* had been printed.

Liberal leader Councillor Simon Knott has said it is a "political requirement" of his party's controlling pact with the Conservatives that the council object to the application to the GLC for a new music licence for the theatre next month.

The committee were to discuss a petition complaining about the Odeon's rock shows, signed by 338 local residents. Representatives from the GLC, the borough council, police and the Odeon management were to be present.

"The noise when they pour out of the Odeon is disgusting," said Knott before the meeting. "The quality of life in that area has been degraded. The GLC closed down sex cinemas in Soho, and this is worse than pornography.

"It had got to stop."

He was to be partly supported by Tory councillor John Putman.

"If things do not improve and more stringent conditions are not applied," he said, "we should go all out for stopping these things altogether, although I would hope that we wouldn't arrive at that."

Third World out of Robinson tour

JAMAICAN BAND Third World will not support the Tom Robinson Band on their forthcoming tour because no agreement on gig fees could be made. Instead the group are expected to tour the UK later this year.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PATTI SMITH GROUP
WITH GUESTS
THE POP GROUP

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

NEWS IN BRIEF

LONDON BAND **Sore Throat** have now signed to Albion Records and their debut single, "Zombie Rock" is released on September 8.

They continue gigging at Sheffield Limit Club tonight. Wolverhampton Lafayette (25), Leeds Ford Green (27), London Nashville (28), Retford Porterhouse (September 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (7), Islington Jackson's Lane Comminity Centre (9), London Marquee (11), Liverpool Eric's (15), Manchester The Factory (22), Leeds Fa1 Club (23), London Music Machine (27), Scarborough Penthouse Club (29), and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (30).

THE POP GROUP are to support Patti Smith on her short British tour which begins in Newcastle next Thursday. They were apparently selected from hundreds of applicants because Smith liked their John Peel session tape.

And for the dates, which includes only a poetry reading on Dublin on September 3, the Smith band welcome back founder member Richard D.N.V Sohl on keyboards.

THE SKIDS play five London dates to promote a new single, "Sweet Suburbia", released on September 1 with the first 15,000 pressed on white vinyl.

An extensive autumn tour is now being arranged, and their EP, "Charles", originally released on No Bad Records is now available on Virgin.

They play the Hope and Anchor (6), co-headline with The Zones at the Music Machine (7) and Nashville (8), then do the Rock Garden (9), and finish up with a benefit at the Rochester Castle (10).

THE DODGERS, who last week released the single,

THE POP GROUP'S Mark Stewart

"Don't Let Me Be Wrong", supply backup vocals and keyboards for The Motors at the Marquee tomorrow and Reading Festival on Saturday. They also play a support set at the Marquee.

THE DONCASTER five-piece, **Harlow,** relesae their first single, "Harry de Mazzio" this Friday (25) on Pepper Records. And they continue gigging at Sheffield Limit Club (26), Doncaster Outlook (31), London Nashville (September 1), and Leeds Staging Post (3).

THE STEVE Boyce Band next week begin a short British tour called "Seaside Frollocks". They play Margate Bowlers Arms (29), London Music Machine (30), Brighton Alhambra (31), Eastbourne Archery (September 1). Bexhill York Hotel (2), Chatham Tam O'Shanter (8), and Croydon Red Deer (9).

TIGER ASHBY, a bizarre London band who claim their aim is "To put ballroom dancing back on the rock and roll map", continue gigging with a new guitarist. Simon Simon replaces Mickey Broadbent, who has joined Bram Tchaikovsky's Battle Axe.

They play Nottingham Sandpiper tonight (24), Lincoln AJ's (26), London Thomas A Beckett (30), Dingwalls (September 2), London Brecknock (9), Brighton Alhambra (26), London Brechnock (October 4).

LINK WRAY, who until recently worked with Robert Gordon, is planning an extensive Euro-tour in October and November and is expected to play 10 to 15 British concerts. He will release a solo ablum at the same time.

LONDON ROCK band **CGas 5** continue their current series of gigs with appearances at London Global Village on Friday, Basildon Double Six Club (26), Bradford Royal Standard Hotel (27), Nottingham Sandpiper (28), Leeds Routes (30), Sheffield Limit (31), Leeds Fforde Green (September 1), and Liverpool Eric's (2).

MICK FARREN, who has just released a solo album, "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money", has formed his own band and will headline two London shows next month as a prelude to his October tour.

With Alan Colquhoun (guitar), Alan Powell (drums), and guitarist Larry Wallis, the Farren band appear at the Music Machine (1) and Dingwalls (14).

CLACTON SINGER **Gary Heathcliffe Wilson** headlines the Buxton Festival this Sunday (27), and will present his "A Tribute To Elvis" production. The only day event, held at Grindleford, also features The Swinging Blues Jeans, Edison Lighthouse, Freddie Fingers Lee, Love Affair, Screaming Lord Sutch and Rock Island Line.

THE HOTPOINTS headline a special evening concert at Whitehill Country Fair this Sunday (27). Supported by The Mainland Band, Brains Trust and Last Orders the show starts at 6 pm on the site at The Royal Oak, Whitehill which is near Bordon in Hampshire. Admission is £1 after 4.30 pm.

Jazz rockers for UK

THE CRUSADERS and Weather Report — two American bands renowned for their inventive jazz-rock — tour Britain separately this autumn. And both will play two shows at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

These will be The Crusaders first UK concerts for two years — and the first chance to see new guitarist Billy Rogers, who replaces their only white member, Larry Carlton.

The rest of the band is Joe Sample (keyboards), Wilton Felder (sax), Stix Hooper (drums) and Pops Powell (bass).

During the visit the group, who last month released the LP "Images", will record a BBC 2 programme, *Rock Goes To College.*

Weather Report are just finishing an album with their new drummer, Peter Erskine, which will be released in October.

The Crusaders appear at Bristol Colston Hall (September 23), Hammersmith Odeon (25/26), Manchester Apollo (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Liverpool Empire (29), Dunstable California Ballroom (30), Oxford New Theatre (October 2), and Brighton Top Rank (3).

Weather Report appear at Newcastle City Hall (October 6), Glasgow at a venue yet to be announced (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Hammersmith Odeon (11/12), Bristol Colston Hall (13) and Birmingham Odeon (14).

Big Star re-form

THE ORIGINAL Big Star have re-formed following the excellent public and critical response to the re-issue of their first two albums and the belated release recently of "Third Album".

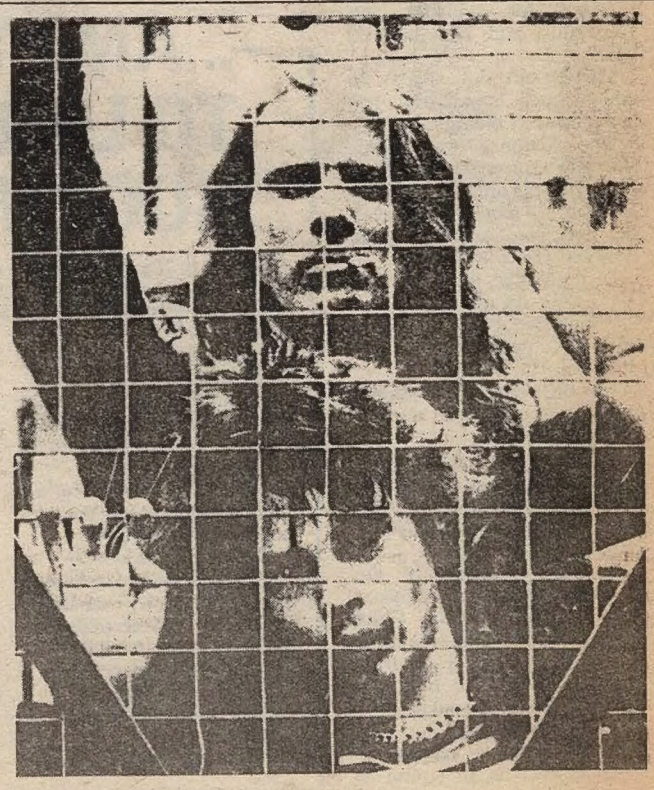
Alex Chilton, Jody Stephens, Chris Bell and Andy Hummel are rehearsing in Memphis for a Euro-tour. It was in Memphis that they first formed in 1971 to record "Big Star 1".

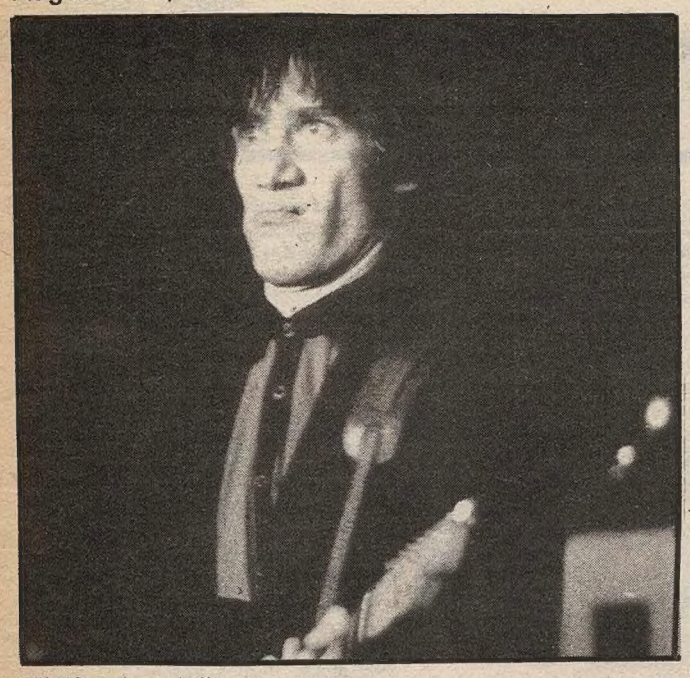
The group now plan to record a new album.

Midler for Palladium

BETTE MIDLER makes her British concert debut with five shows at the London Palladium next month.

Her shows on September 19-23 are the start of an extensive world tour, and tickets priced £6.50, £5.50, £4.50, £3 and £2.50 are now on sale. It is stressed that the first two nights are "previews" — open to the public to meet the "phenomenal" demand to see Midler.





WILKO: tour and album

WILKO SET FOR 13 CONCERTS

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders begin a 13-concert UK tour next month. Although playing mainly universities, the dates will conclude with a major London show at the Lyceum.

Regarded as one of Britain's leading R&B bands, they release their debut album, "Solid Senders" on September 8, and the following day open Knebworth 11.
Johnson is still looking for a permanent replacement for keyboards player, John Potter who quit the Senders last month. Southend pianist John Denton deputised on their recent series of gigs.

The tour opens at Bristol Brunel Tech (27), followed by Cardiff University (28), Bath University (29), Hitchin College of Education (30), Norwich University of East Anglia (October 4), Colchester Essex University (5), Sheffield Poly (6), Newcastle University (7), Bradford University (11), Oxford Poly (12), Birmingham Barbarella's (13), Leicester University (14), and the Lyceum (15).

Siouxsie one-off

SIOUXSIE AND the Banshees, who recently released the critically acclaimed single "Hong Kong Garden", play a one-off concert at Aylesbury Friars on September 16. A major UK tour is planned for October.

Rockpile promote Edmunds' solo LP

ROCKPILE, featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe, next month play a major six concert UK tour following their appearance at Knebworth 11.

Promoting Edmunds' solo LP, "Tracks On Wax", released by Swansong on September 8, this is their first British tour since forming two years ago; and it includes a show at the London Roundhouse.

Opening at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (10), they will play Birmingham Odeon (16), Roundhouse (17), Sheffield Poly (29), Manchester University (30), and Cardiff Top Rank on October 1.

Rose Royce major tour

ROSE ROYCE, the nine piece LA group who first visited Britain a year ago following their success on the *Car Wash* soundtrack, undertake another major UK tour next month.

Opening at Birmingham Odeon (29), the tour then plays Liverpool Empire (30), Edinburgh Odeon (October 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), two London Hammersmith Odeon shows (4), Bristol Colston Hall (6), and Southampton Gaumont (7).

Tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2, with £3.50 tickets as well in London only.

HOLLY PREMIERE

THE BRITISH premiere of *The Buddy Holly Story* at midnight on September 6 marks the birth 44 years ago of one of rock's most influential musicians.

Shown at London's Leicester Square Odeon, it is also marks the beginning of the third annual Buddy Holly Week, organised by McCartney Productions.

About 300 pairs of tickets for the movie, starring Gary Busey, are available from the Buddy Holly Fan Club, 41 Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey, and through competitions in the national press.

At the end of September MCA release "The Complete Buddy Holly": a six album set featuring all his recorded songs and previously unissued radio interviews. The set sells at £13.99 and includes a 60-page illustrated booklet.

RECORD NEWS

● STATUS QUO this week release a new single, "Again And Again", to coincide with their only British concert this year — at the Reading Festival on Saturday. The single is taken from their next album, "If You Can't Stand The Heat", set for October release.

● MOTORHEAD have signed to Bronze Records, and last week released their debut single for the label, their version of the rock classic "Louie Louie". Backed with an original, "Tear Ya Down", the first 10,000 come in a picture bag. The band begin a 40-date British tour next month, followed by their US concert debut early next year.

● BOSTON release their long-awaited second album, "Don't Look Back", this Friday (25). Again produced by guitarist Tom Scholz, it took six months to make and comprises eight new songs. Their highly successful debut album, "Boston", first released two years ago, has gone platinum six times over and still sells 50,000 a week in America, claim Epic Records.

STATUS QUO's Francis Rossi. Pic: PHILIP ZARA

● THE RICH KIDS' debut album, "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers", is released by EMI on September 8. Produced by Mick Ronson, it features 11 songs, and the title track is already out as a single.

● Released last week, BOB SEGER'S new single "Hollywood Nights" will be pressed on silver vinyl. The track is taken from his last album, "Stranger In Town". And the next MINK DE VILLE 45, "Soul Twist", due for release this Friday (25), will be pressed on magenta vinyl. Both are on Capitol Records, a company not previously renowned for colour-blindness ...

● UK SUBS have signed to City Records, based in Kingston upon Thames. Their debut single, "C.I.D.", backed with "I Live In A Car" and "B.I.C.", will be issued within a month.

● Session guitarist CHRIS SPEDDING flies to New York this week to start work on ROBERT GORDON'S third album for Private Stock. Produced by Richard Gotterher, it's being recorded at Plaza Sound Studios and will be released in early '79.

999 SIX WEEKS ON THE ROAD

999 ARE to start a six-week UK tour next month, which will climax with a show at London's Lyceum in early November.

The group, who last week released a new single, "Feeling Alright With The Crew", play:

Blackburn King George Hall (21), Nuneaton 77 Club (26), Leeds Fan Club (28), Lincoln Tech (29), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (30), Dumfries Stage Coach (October 1), Sheffield Limit (3), High Wycombe Town Hall (4), Nottingham Sandpiper (5), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (6), Huddersfield Poly (7), Plymouth Woods (9), Penzance Garden (10), Exeter Roots (11), Barnstable Chequers (12), Bath University (13), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (15), Swansea Circles (16), Birmingham Barbarellas (17), Reading Bones (18), Aberdeen University (20), Sterling University (21), Doncaster Outlook (23), Manchester Poly (24), Newport Stowaway (25), Portsmouth Poly (26), Leicester University (27), Canterbury Kent University (30), and the Lyceum on November 5.

Lurking round Britain . . .

THE LURKERS headline a massive British tour which starts this month and runs to November, including a major London appearance at the Roundhouse.

They open at Exeter Roots Club (28), followed by **Penzance Winter Gardens (29), Plymouth Woods (30), Dudley JBs (September 1), Retford Porterhouse (2), Doncaster (4), Lyceum (10), Reading Bones (13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Liverpool Eric's (16), Leed Fforde Green (17), Warrington Carlton Club (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), York Pop Club (21), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (24), Sheffield Limit (October 6), Halifax Good Mood (7), Newbridge Institute (8), Swansea Circles (9), Bristol Locarno (10), Woolwich Thames Poly (14), Treforest Poly Of Wales (18), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19/20), Middleton Civic (21), Newport The Village (27), Peterborough Focus (28), Nottingham Malabour (29), Torquay 400 (November 1), Plymouth Metro (2), and Exeter University (3).**

More dates are to be added.

Free tour rolls on

THE HERE And Now band are currently on their third British tour this year and claim to be making "a mockery of the music biz".

Also featuring Alternative TV, the tour is unique in that admission is free and the groups only make whatever money is voluntarily contributed by audiences. To cover the running of a large coach, in which they all sleep and travel, it's necessary to collect at least £50 a gig.

In keeping with this philosophy the album, "What You See Is What You Are", recorded on their last tour and featuring a side by Here And Now and another by ATV, is being sold for £1 at gigs. It is also available from Deptford Fun City at £1.75.

And on September 1, ATV release a single, "Action Time Vision".

Here And Now pay Stroud Marshall Rooms tonight, and at Watford Carey Club (31). They are joined by ATV for Devizes Corn Exchange (25), Birmingham Small Heath Park also with Iganda (26), Norwich University The Barn (27), High Wycombe Nags Head (28), London's Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens also with Patrik Fitzgerald (29), and Brighton University (30).

STRAIGHT MUSIC & ASGARD PRESENT
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REGGAE REPORT . . .

REGGAE REGULAR

REGGAE REGULAR, one of London's most successful black groups, are playing a short series of dates before undertaking a one-month British tour at the end of next month.

Tonight and tomorrow, they appear at Huddersfield Cleopatra's, the Halifax Good Mood Club (26), Cleveland James Finnegan Hall (27), and headline at London Music Machine on Bank Holiday Monday, supported by Pressure Shocks, Psalms and Cygnus.

THE LONDON reggae band Immigrant, featuring former members of the Otis Waygood Band, Gonzales and Tapper Zukie, are the first direct British based signing to Different Records.

The label first established itself by releasing JA music in the UK, most notably The Abyssinians album "Forward To Zion".

An ethnic reggae group, Immigrant begin recording in September with producer Lynton Guest, and a single and album are expected during the next three months. A tour is also being arranged.

DUE TO public demand, Different release The Abyssinians "Satta Masagana" on a 12-inch single this Friday (25). Taken from the album, "Forward To Zion", it's backed with another cut from the set, "1 and 1".

On the same day two singles are released by Jamaican act Earth And Stone. Their first UK releases in two years, one is a 12 inch "Back To Africa' covered with "Still In Slavery", while the other, "Raindrops" backed with "She Want It", produced by Mighty Busta Riley, is a regular seven-inch.

IN SEPTEMBER Different will release four albums: the instrumental dub reggae set "Drum Talk" by Mabrak which was mixed by King Tubby; "Back To Africa" by Earth And Stone; and two re-issues — Pablo Moses' only album, "Revolutionary Dream", and Max Romeo's "Revelation Time", which features JA musicians Clive Hunt, Lee Perry, Aston 'Family Man' Barratt, Geoffrey Chung and Carlton Barratt.

There are tentative plans for Romeo to tour here shortly.

BRITISH REGGAE band Tribesman, formed by past members of Black Slate and the Otis Waygood Band, release their debut single "Rockin' Time" on September 1.

Backed with "Astrodub", both songs were written by the group's Paget King and Tony St. Helens.

A UK tour is currently being arranged, and early dates next month include Sheffield Limit Club (13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), London 100 Club (21), and London White Hart (27).

Our man damaged by

SHEER HELL IN Stockholm, or: How I Got Minced In The Abba Machine.

Looking back, sadder and wiser, it seems laughable the way we flew in so naive and optimistic. This was going to be IT. Abba: The Album . . . Abba: The Movie . . . and now . . . Abba: The Interview!

There were two of us. Pennie Smith and me. Actually, Pennie didn't give a shit about Abba, even when I told her that she was going to be the first British photographer to wrap her shutter around the Superswedes for fully three years. But me, I was up for it. I'd been in heavy training.

First off I'd been to see *Abba: The Movie*.

That should have warned me.

You haven't seen it yet? Don't bother. Nothing is revealed. That's the entire plot in a nutshell.

The story line follows the efforts of this terrible Australian journalist to track down the Fab Four for the ultimate in-depth interview during their mega-successful tour Down Under.

He's thwarted at every turn, his futile efforts interspliced with bland footage of the actual Abbas on the actual stage, rubbing the irony in with witty songs like "I'm A Marionette".

You get to see Abba offstage for about 20 seconds in total.

Beneath the bland exterior lurks . . . what? The bland interior? The most Machiavellian manipulators of the pre-Stigwood era of pop music? Four ideal Swedish socialist hearts of gold? Your guess is as good as that of the punter sitting next to you.

But wait! Right at the end, fulfilment beckons. This dreadful hack in the movie actually manages to consummate the union at the 11th hour. He gets his interview — *but we don't get to hear it.*

It should have warned me, but it just dulled my senses and deadened my resolve. I staggered out into the dreary Dalston Odeon doorway down and demoralised. Three days to blast off, and that damn movie had acted as an eraser to my brain.

In an instant, months of work — the months I'd spent hustling Epic Records for a shot at Abba — were rendered null and void in the aftermath of the Panavision panacea.

For the life of me, I couldn't remember what the hell I wanted to talk to them about in the first place.

LIKE A PHILOSOPHY student who drops a trip by accident the day before his finals, and can't unscramble his Socrates from his Arthur Lees, I panicked and buried my head in the textbooks.

Inside dope: Tuesdays in this job are the worst. You do an intensive 12-hour day at the printers and flop out in the train home unable to do anything except mumble incoherently and catch flies. But not me — not last Tuesday. I read about bloody Abba all the way home.

By the time we got to Stockholm I'd cracked it.

It was *Peyton Place* under a midnight sun.

Did you know that Abba have six kids between them? Two apiece. Agnetha (28, the blonde one) has two by Bjorn (33), who has two by Agnetha. Benny (31, beard) has two by his first fiancee, Christina, and Frida (32), who lives with Benny, has two by her ex-husband Ragnar. Benny's first hit song was called "Wedding" a somewhat ironic coincidence as both his kids and one of Frida's are illegitimate.

Talking of which, did you know that Anni-Frid Lyngstad's own mother was unmarried — a Norwegian teenager who fell for a German officer during the Occupation? (Alfred Haase, Frida believes, was killed en route to Germany. In all events, she never knew him. Her mother died when she was two, and she was brought up in Sweden by her grandma).

Or that Benny Andersson was a '60s teen idol whose career collapsed at its peak into a morass of unpaid taxes, disastrous movie projects, bankruptcy, and public revelations about his girlfriend and children in the popular press?

Or that Agnatha Faltskog's wedding to Bjorn Ulvaeus — a starry showbiz affair, as both parties already had successful singing careers — was wreathed in tragedy when Bjorn's longtime mentor Bengt Bernhag, an incurable invalid, committed suicide the same day?

GREAT MATERIAL, right? And if that fell through, or to while away the hours of mutual sussing-out, till the band trusted me enough to pour out their innermost feelings on love, life, ecology and abortion, well, there was always the music to fall back on.

Did you know it's been eight months since Abba last released a single in Britain — eight months in which, at a conservative estimate, The Bee Gees have managed to write, arrange and produce at least two out of every three No. 1 singles and albums throughout the known world?

And, of course, there was Abba's largely unheralded transformation from the unchallenged Eurobeat champions of 1976 into a genuine *world-class* side in 1977, the creators of the only two pop records — "Knowing Me, Knowing You" and "The Name Of The Game" — to stand A-side by B-side with the punk rock retinue in the discerning Dansette owner's favourite six-stack.

With a whole day in The Presence, how could we fail?

Sure, they were going to be working in the studio — but presumably that would mean that Anna and Frida would be hanging around twiddling their thumbs most of the time. Ideal conditions to observe the band at work *and* become intimately acquainted . . .

Like the bozo in the movie, I checked into Stockholm's Park Hotel and fell into an expectant slumber, visions of the five of us running in slow motion down a mossy Scandinavian hillside in perfect harmony as Ms Smith recorded the event for posterity and my trusty cassette lapped up hour upon hour of True Confessions, The Angst of Abba, A Tale of Four Swedes . . . Abba: The Interview!

"The Name Of The Game" tracked my fantasies with its sensual enticements.

THURSDAY DAWNS irritatingly early. I call Polar Records shortly after nine o'clock, and to my surprise the working day is already working. Can this be The Key? Evidently bereft of the commuter struggle that starts every day in London on a sour note, the Swedish businessperson has a head start.

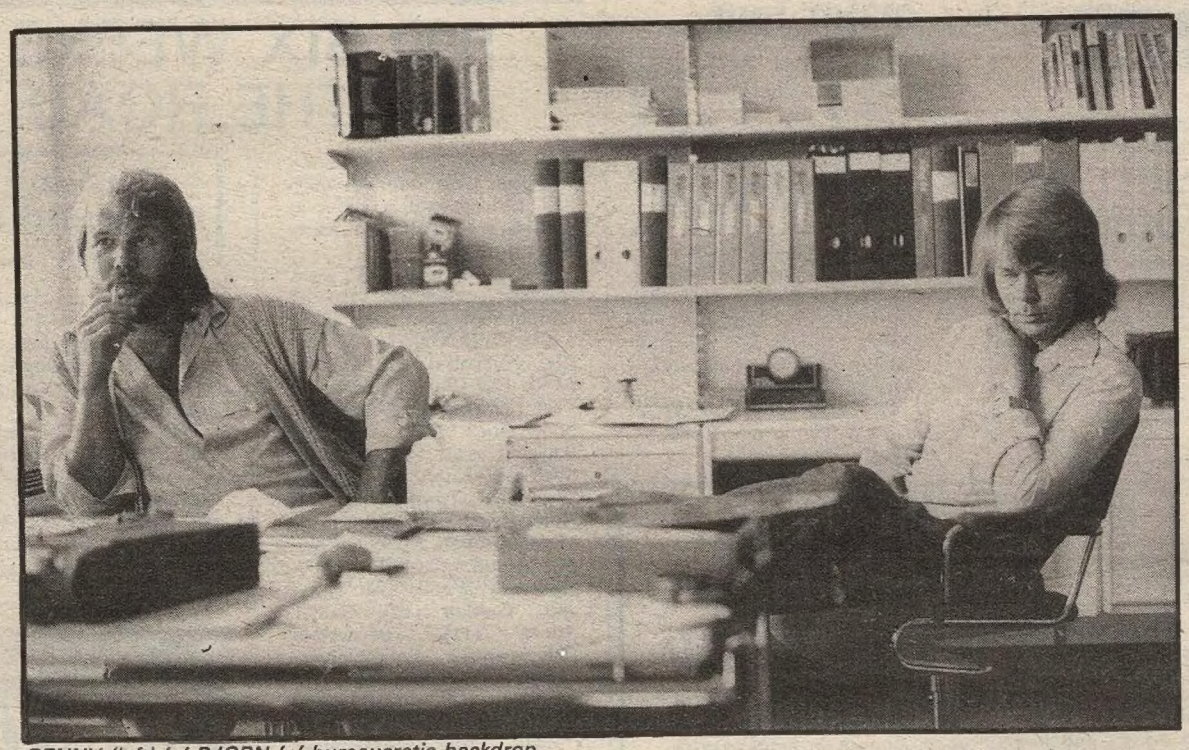
Polar Records is the company which Bjorn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson co-own 50/50 with their manager Stig Anderson.

The 47-year-old Godfather of the Swedish music business, Anderson became a musician almost as soon as he left school at 13, nurtured his songwriting career through the '50s, and founded Polar Records in 1963 with his partner Bengt Bernhag.

Their first signing was a folk quartet called The Westbay Singers, whom Stig promptly rechristened The Hootenanny Singers. One of them was Bjorn Ulvaeus.

Fifteen years on, we find Ulvaeus hunched over an acoustic guitar in the elegant and spacious surroundings of the newly opened Polar Records Studios. A converted cinema situated high over the canal which bisects the city, Polar puts London's claustrophobic equivalents to shame.

Previously Abba have had to book time like ordinary mortals at Metronome Studios, but now they can take as long as they like. Apart from mixing the new single — scheduled for early September release — their current endeavour, working out backing tracks for their next album, is the first time they've used Polar.



BENNY (left) 'n' BJORN 'n' bureaucratic backdrop

ONSTAGE BJORN Ulvaeus may, to quote Tony Parsons, resemble Jimmy Carter auditioning for The Glitter Band, but ensconced in the studio he could hardly take a lower profile visually if he tried: well-cut jacket and jeans, with only the contrast between his dark jowls and blondish hair to indicate the possible affectation of dyed locks.

In the next room, straight-backed behind his electric piano, Ulvaeus' partner Benny Andersson cuts a considerably more lurid figure — yer archetypal Olaf, he looks like he just walked out of a Scandinavian fairy-tale, with his trousers tucked into his knee-boots, his silken blouse and chunky patterned cardigan draped over his broad shoulders and broader chest, all topped off with the mandatory ginger beard. Park the reindeer outside, man . . .

Also present are Abba's regular bassist Rutger Gunnarsson and guitarist Lasse Wellander, both of whom would look equally at home in any American or English studio, and drummer Rolf Alex, who plays with Abba when their regular man Ola Brunkert is, as now, "out of town".

Engineer Michael Tretow wields pipe and beard at the control console.

It's the classic small label set-up, like Stax, Motown, early days Stiff. These guys are the Swedish Steve Croppers, Nick Lowes, Kenny Gambles. Although Abba are the only Polar act whose records are issued in Britain, they are simply the leaders of a compact Swedish catalogue.

Svenne & Lotta (chirpy boy-girl duo), Wellander & Ronander (studio rock supergroup), Birgitta Wollgard (Bonnie Tylerish woman singer), Ted Gardestad (rock band leader), Lena Andersson (lady singer) — they all use permutations on the same handful of musicians, they all sing back-up on each others' records, and they're all produced by Ulvaeus, Andersson, or, more often, Gunnarsson or Tretow.

The difference between Polar and those other labels I mentioned, though, is that with rare exceptions Polar product is uniformly shallow, saccharine-stained and mindless. Worst of all — can you believe this? — is an album by the same group of sessioneers, under the name of Nashville Train, composed entirely of *country'n'western* versions of Abba's hits!

ANNI-FRID LYNGSTAD

CONSPICUOUS BY their absence from the studio are Ms Lyngstad and Ms Faltskog. For the first time, we begin to feel something may be amiss.

What we'd envisioned was a loose day in the studios with Bjorn and

YES, folks, this is the time of year for a spot of Swede bashing. But nothin premeditated, mind you — it's just that when these foreigners come on so boring, well, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Let's face it, **PHIL McNEILL** went over there extend-

Abba mincing machine

Benny tinkering about and Anna and Frida hanging around chatting while they waited for their vocal slots to come round. We'd grab quickies with the lads, and actually get the genuine in-depth heart-to-heart with the girls. So where the hell are they?

A hasty call is put through to the Polar office at the end of town. Uh, look, we'd been led to believe . . . But look, we've got a photographer here! I mean, you don't send a photographer to Sweden to do Abba and come back without pictures of Anna and Frida! It's absurb.

Reluctantly, Polar's press lady agrees to see if the girls can be dragged away from whatever it is they've got planned for the day (shopping, as far as I can make out) and if we're lucky maybe they'll drop by the studios . . . though you do realise they won't be *ready* to do a picture session, don't you?

Fuming, I return to the studio to find the band out of their headphones and ready to greet the visitors. I hassle Andersson and Ulvaeus about getting to see the girls — we'll go to meet them, they don't have to come here — and Bjorn, evidently the most business-like, makes a great show of getting uptight with the record company for misleading us.

"But we *told* them the girls wouldn't be here. We thought *NME* would be interested in the music. We though you'd like to see how we worked."

Bjorn and Benny say they'll see what they can do. If we're lucky, one of the girls might be able to make it. Meanwhile, just sit down, have a cup of black coffee, and we'll have a little chat at lunchtime. Would you like that?

They don their headphones and retire to their booths. This is the sum total of our communication throughout the morning.

Meanwhile, unknown to us, Polar call CBS in London to enquire whether Pennie and I are "all right", which CBS take to mean "happy" as opposed to Polar's implication: have they come over here to mess up our system?

I begin to feel like the journalist in the movie. There they are, just a few feet away, but I might as well be watching them on TV.

The morning drags by with the group going over a chord sequence Bjorn and Benny have cobbled together out on their private island. Over and over. Every bar is analysed, and slowly the bare bones disappear and the arrangement takes on flesh and colour, the rhythm section whacking out a jolly marching beat across which the guitarist fires a riff I swear they've stolen from The Eagles.

Benny, the most complete musician, laces it with fluent electric piano colourations, while Bjorn directs proceedings.

It's quite interesting — and it certainly shows that the basic Abba group is an extremely capable rock band — but as Pennie and I can't even understand what they're saying, we tend to find ourselves wandering out to look over the canal at increasingly frequent intervals.

EVENTUALLY THEY get as hungry as us, and generously offer to come and have a hamburger in the front office and talk for a while. My head, battered stupid by about three hours of that one riff over and over and over again, nods excitedly. My gratitude is pitiful to behold.

I start off by trying to tell Benny the sort of genuine in-depth whammer-jammer I'd like to get going. You don't seem to have done many big interviews, I observe, keeping my estimate on the conservative side.

"No, not really," he agrees. "That's true. It is a rather difficult situation for us, because there are a lot of people asking — but when we're on holiday, we're on holiday, and when we're working we're working." The press is important, but work is more important.

Abba: The Movie, he insists, wasn't intended as a genuine comment upon the group's inaccessibility. The plot was director Lasse Halstrom's idea, and it was only tacked on at the last minute; originally the project was intended to yield a TV special, but it just grew. . .

The way it turned out, it's like a joke on the audience, a tease, I point out. You sit there for 95 minutes and 25 songs, and *nothing is revealed*.

"I haven't thought about it," Benny replies. "I know that lots of people afterwards have said that there should have been more talking and things that they normally *don't* see, but, uh . . . well, it didn't come out that way."

Although it has been a huge financial success in the UK (hey, sounds like a good title for a song . . .), *The Movie* has come in for a lot of criticism on an artistic level . . .

"Well, what can I say? I liked it when I saw it first, but I've seen it eight or nine times now. It gets a bit boring."

Are you thinking of following it up?

"No, not for the moment. Because we're not actors. That's why we're not in the plot," he chuckles. "It takes good actors to make a good movie, I think."

ROBERT STIGWOOD, who would appear to be unhampered by that last consideration, can sleep easy.

Actually, *The Movie* was simply a direct development on Abba's startlingly effective TV packages, which are also directed by Lasse Halstrom (and whose format The Bee Gees have also used to profitable effect this past year). How long do they take to make?

"For us it doesn't take more than two days to do a film clip, but then Lasse works with it for about a week I guess."

And what sort of video are you doing for your new single, "Summernight Fever" — which, I must say, sounds uncannily like another record whose title escapes me . . .

Baffled silence. "'Summernight *City*'," Benny corrects. "Did CBS tell you it was 'Summernight Fever'?"

Yeah, I'm sure of it. I pull out the updated discography they gave me, and there it is: release date 8.9.78, "Summernight Fever".

"Pshaw!" Benny explodes, picking up the phone. "Can I just, uh . . ." He proceeds to speak urgently in Swedish, calmly resuming our conservation as he holds on for a reply.

"If we can, we'll do two TV packages for this one, because if you see one more than twice . . . It's good to have another one."

Talk turns to the Brothers Gobb, who seem to be well forward in the collective Abba consciousness. After all, The Bee Gees have cleaned up worldwide this year the way Abba swept the board, throughout Europe at least, during '76 and '77.

"'Stayin' Alive'," Benny mentions. "I can hear that song . . . I never get tired of it."

Do you think they've learnt your tricks?

"Our tricks?" he laughs. "We don't have any!"

(In fact, if anything, Abba have learnt The Bee Gees' tricks. "Summernight City", which I get to hear several hours later, sounds very like a Bee Gees song. As Benny says, it's very different from previous Abba performances: simultaneously lightweight yet powerful — minor-chorded, disco-orientated, and undoubtedly one to rank with "Knowing Me" and "Name Of The Game". Resistance will be futile, of course.)

As it happens, there are abundant parallels between Abba and The Bee Gees, some coincidental, others quite significant.

- They are each central artists in a compact independent record company run by an experienced rockbiz entrepreneur who also manages the group. Far more than either the Stones or The Beatles, they own much of their success to their respective managers.
- They are both studio groups who realise the futility of live performance in the mass-audience '70s, and present themselves to the world via TV, radio and movies. Neither receives or invites more than token press coverage. Both rely heavily on their backing musicians.
- Neither group can write a decent lyric to save its life.
- Both groups are bound together by family ties — something they also happen to share with Fleetwood Mac. More whimsically, both groups' names are derived from their initials.
- Personality: zero.
- Perhaps most importantly — at least, according to Bjorn Ulvaeus — is the fact that they've been through the business mill before. Discussing the traumatic ending to Benny's previous career with The Hep Stars, he observes: "The big mistake seems to be, you start off young and move too fast, you're very successful . . . It ends with people complaining about who's singing too many solos, who's writing too many songs, all that kind of stuff.

"I read an article about The Bee Gees in *Playboy* the other day. They had the same problem too, first time around. The second time, you just don't repeat those mistakes.

"You always have to remember that what comes out on the record is the most important thing."

THE HAMBURGERS arrive. Big Macs — Benny's favourite food, fact fans. I mention punk rock.

"Is that still big in England?" asks Bjorn.

Yeah. It's staggering a bit. Is it big in Sweden?

"No. I don't think it's anything. The whole thing's stopped. It hasn't really been big anywhere outside of England. Not really."

It's a very English thing.

"I like that," says Benny. "Trying new things, whatever it is."

Have you got many Sex Pistols records?

"No . . . I had one — the second one. I like that."

"That's the good thing about England," adds Bjorn. "Always trying new things. People are also very open to it — *much* more so than the States."

We munch awhile. Odd facts: Bjorn writes the words now that Stig, who has always been a prolific lyricist (seven songs on the Swedish Top Ten one week in 1971), is too busy taking care of business. (Bjorn's demo lyric for the song they were running through that morning was "The Devil In Miss Jones" — after the celebrated early '70s porn movie. The mind boggles at what might develop if Abba went into porn-rock seriously . . .)

I wonder how they feel about Abba copyists?

■ *Continues page 8*

BENNY ANDERSSON

ANNI-FRID at raunchy Polar Records. All pix: PENNIE SMITH

ing the hand of friendship. Smiling too.
(The knife in his other mitt was purely a precaution). And what did he get, huh? An eight-hour riff and a hamburger, is what.
Turn to another feature if you can't stand the sight of blood . . .

DISTORTION

ABBA

■ From previous page

"I haven't heard any," shrugs Benny.

Notch up one insult to Brotherhood of Man. I cite the name.

"Did they?" he asks. "I don't know. I know they recorded a song called, uh . . . 'Valentino', or something like that, but I haven't heard the song."

I point out that Brotherhood of Man did the Eurovision Song Contest, wear "Arrival" style white boiler-suits, sport a similar line-up to Abba . . . but Bjorn and Benny don't respond. Presumably, BoM are beneath comment.

Or maybe it's just diplomatic reserve. They have a way of ever so politely letting leading topics die. We can discuss superficial business matters, like how many bootlegs they sell in the Far East (they estimate four for every legit record — despite Polar's unique achievement in gaining copyright control in Taiwan at least), how many people Polar Records employ (less than 10 in the central organisation, maybe 40 if you include studio hands and the like), but the atmosphere is just not right for trying to discover what they actually *feel* and *think*.

Prior to switching on the recorder, I'd only managed to speak half-a-dozen words to either of them. They down their burgers and hurry back to their headphones.

DESPONDENTLY, the *NME* contingent resumes its position in the gallery. It's the same old song. Over and over. But then — relief! Frida can make it. Probably.

To cut a long story short — an extremely long story — finally, late afternoon, she appears. She can only give us 20 minutes, mind you, but at least she's there.

Anni-Frid Lyngstad, as a glance at any Abba picture will indicate, actually has *character* — something the others all keep guarded to themselves beneath their professional, pleasant public images.

Had the interview been set up the way I expected I'm sure something really interesting could have emerged. As it is, all we can do is huddle together and rapid-fire questions and answers at one another. What's more, there is a far greater language barrier than with the two blokes.

Her parting words were: "If I could tell you in Swedish it would be much easier, I tell you. It's so many things . . . It's hard to point out — and I only have two minutes left to do it.

"I don't think you are satisfied, but neither am I, because . . . you know, if I should do an interview I would like to sit down for a couple of hours and talk, y'know — that's the only way.

"I know that this is going to be shit. I feel it but I can't help it. I feel sorry for you, but maybe you can just take it away, all what I have said, and keep Benny and Bjorn. Because I don't feel satisfied, and I don't think you do either."

They are not the words of the bland automaton she is generally believed to be. Even people who have studied Abba quite closely advised me, before I left London: "Don't talk to the girls. It's a waste of time."

I could have done with wasting a bit more time talking to Frida Lyngstad than I did.

WHITE SLACKS, white blouse, no bra, a red ribbon threaded through her dyed red hair, she chain smokes throughout the interview.

There is a quote from Frida in Abba's 'official biography': "I carry around inside of me an inherent anguish which is very hard to get rid of. I thought it would be easier as I got older, but it's the other way around, it just gets worse . . ." What did she mean by that?

"The older you get," she says slowly, "the more experience you get of life. It's hard to agree with everything that you are caught up with. It was much easier when you were young . . . That's about what I mean."

Does fame sometimes scare you?

"No, it doesn't. You know, I feel quite normal actually — I do!"

Is that because Sweden is that sort of country?

"Yeah, I think Sweden is the part for a group like Abba to live in, because they don't have the . . . history? . . ."

Hysteria.

". . . about idols that they have abroad. And the people are used to us. They have been following us since 10, 15 years back."

So, like when you went shopping this afternoon, you can do that in Sweden without any bother?

"Oh yeah. Easily. It's good."

Is it part of the Swedish character . . .

"I should think so . . ."

. . . or is it because they underestimate Abba? I have seen it said that they don't appreciate what they've got.

"It's a kind of jealousy in Sweden that I haven't noticed in other countries. It's the media. They're writing a lot of things because they are jealous, because we are earning a lot of money — things like that. But I don't think the public, or the audience, look upon us that way."

I mention Abba's 'mini-musical', the three-song suite from "The Album". It tells the story of "The Girl With The Golden Hair" — how she discovers a gift for singing ("Thank You For The Music"), ponders the wrench of leaving her home town ("I Wonder") and gets caught up irrevocably in a hellish whirl of pop star posing and paranoia ("I'm A Marionette").

Earlier, I'd put it to Bjorn that it could be about Abba; as far as he was concerned, it was what *might* have been. Does Frida feel like that girl?

"Yes, in some ways. But we are very concerned about our families, and try to stay as much at home as we can — and working in the studio, like we are doing now and we are going to do for the rest of the autumn."

Do you see as much of your kids as you'd like to?

"Oh yes."

She sounds happy.

FRIDA LYNGSTAD began singing with a professional dance band at the age of 13, moving on via Glenn Miller style big band to lead her own group, The Anni-Frid Four. She became engaged to the bass player, Ragnar Fredriksson, had a son, Hans, at the age of 16, and married Fredriksson the following year. They had another child Lise-Lotte, three years later.

Shortly afterwards, Frida made it to the finals of a national talent contest, and landed an EMI recording contract, promptly embarking on a full performing career without her husband.

In the struggle between family and career, the latter won, and she moved to the Swedish music biz centre, Stockholm, leaving the kids with Ragnar. They were divorced amicably.

And then along came Benny. They've been together about 10 years now.

It's a puzzling story. Neither of the two Abba biographies I've read manages to explain or evade a tinge of cruelty, of callousness, in it. Obviously, with 20 minutes available, the subject can scarcely be broached. I ask Frida why she and her kid were living apart (which, incidentally, they aren't any more).

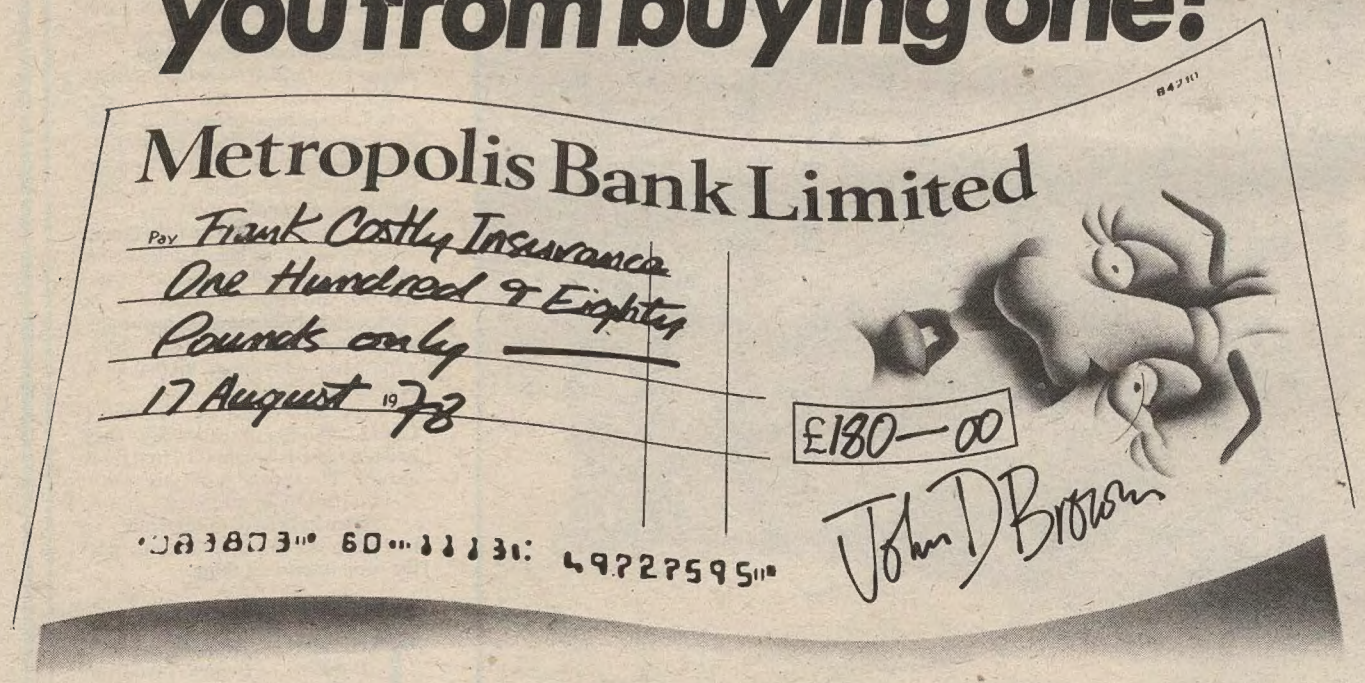
"Because I left them," she replies quickly, "and I had no place to go, so I couldn't take them with me. And we had a nice house in a small town about 12 Swedish miles from Stockholm, and I thought it was better for them just to leave them there.

"I have always had very

■ Continues page 50

AGNETHA goes shopping

Does the thought of insuring a sports bike stop you from buying one?



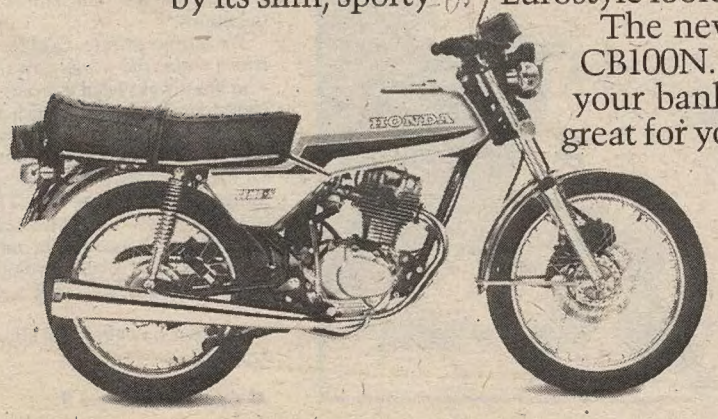
It needn't. Because Honda's new CB100N sports bike is really low on insurance.

It can give you the exhilarating ride you want for as little as £50 a year* when you're 17, (depending on where you live).

When you're 21, you could be paying a rock-bottom £17 a year!*(D.A. Devitt 'Pad Policy').

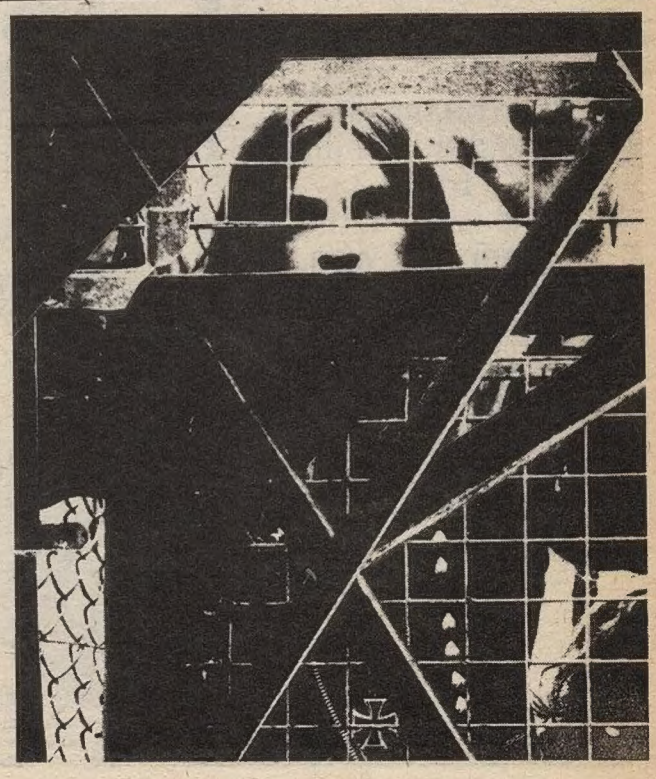
The new CB100N has a no compromise performance that nudges the legal limit, giving a thrifty 100mpg-plus into the bargain. And it's fully equipped, with a front disc brake, five speed 'box and tachometer as standard. All neatly matched by its slim, sporty Eurostyle looks.

The new Honda CB100N. It's good for your bank balance. It's great for your ego.



HONDA
RACE BRED · THOROUGHBRED

*Clean licence with no previous accidents. Talk to your Honda dealer to arrange the best insurance rates. Costs quoted as at 10.8.78.



WINGS
SINGLE
'LONDON TOWN'
C/W 'I'M CARRYING'
RELEASED
ON AUGUST 11

EMI
MPL
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Cheap Thrills.

ARTISTS	TITLE	ALBUM PRICE NOW	CASSETTE PRICE NOW
£1 off* Album, 50p off* Cassette			
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Original Soundtrack	Grease	£6.10	£6.69
	War of the Worlds	£5.99	£6.49
Original Soundtrack	Saturday Night Fever	£5.30	£5.99
Thin Lizzy	Live And Dangerous	£4.99	£5.65
80p off* Album, 50p off* Cassette			
Leo Sayer	Leo Sayer	£3.19	£3.49
Rolling Stones	Some Girls	£3.90	£4.10
Kate Bush	The Kick Inside	£3.60	£4.10
Steel Pulse	Handsworth Revolution	£3.90	£4.10
Boney M	Night Flight To Venus	£2.99	£3.29
Wings	London Town	£3.90	£4.10
Elvis Presley	NBC TV Special	£3.19	£3.60
James Galway	Songs For Annie	£3.19	£3.60
Ian Dury	New Boots and Panties	£3.19	£3.49
David Gilmour	David Gilmour	£3.90	£4.10
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Very good news

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I used to think Archive Fun was the office party at Somerset House until I read ...

THRILLS

CHARTING THE HYPES

NME's LAST chart-hyping piece concluded with a statement to the effect that the twin threat of both exposure in the press and the greater number of charts would not necessarily eliminate hyping, but it would at least force record companies to think of something different,

We were right — but it has happened quicker than any of us could have foreseen.

The new hyping ploy is based around the limited edition 12" coloured vinyl picture sleeve single.

The record companies now manipulate sales of 12-inchers in order to achieve a chart placing. Once in the charts, the standard 7" version of the single will naturally push it higher.

It's really a very simple procedure.

The advantage of limited edition singles it that they are obviously going to become scarce collectors' items, and therefore fans will need to buy them straightaway. This, of course, helps them into the charts. It's a perfectly legitimate ploy.

However, evidence has also been accumulating that record companies are making special efforts to service *only* chart-return shops with 12" singles. After all, all they're looking for is chart lift-off. As far as the record companies are concerned, the other shops aren't worth bothering with.

(Readers will recall that the most essential chart, as far as record companies are concerned, is the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB) one, since it is the one the BBC uses. The BMRB compiles its charts by sampling the sales of a specific number of shops each week. The identity of these is meant to be a closely-guarded secret, but in practice every record company has its own list of chart return shops; they might not all be 100% accurate, but they're close enough.)

However, the lid has been lifted on these new abuses very quickly, because of the very real resentment of those dealers who are not chart-return shops. After all, by not receiving their fair share of 12" coloured vinyl product, they are getting what amounts to an inferior service from the record companies.

Doubts about this new marketing practice have already been aired in the trade press. In its July 1 edition, *Radio & Record News* examined the progress of the Stones' "Miss You":

"(It) was originally released on May 19 as a standard seven-inch, and in the following two weeks made disappointing chart progress.

"The official release date for the Stones' 12-inch single was June 9. However, the complaint by dealers has been that by the time the mailout arrived informing them of the record's availability, the record was already out of stock."

Music Week similarly has drawn attention to the frustrations of the present system. Even though *Music Week* carries, and pays for, the BMRB chart, and thus would hardly wish to jeopardise its status, it did print this comment from the manager of Image Records, South Shields:

"Why is it that smaller dealers always seem to lose out on the availability of these limited edition singles, while the chart return shops are well stocked?"

Three records he cited in particular were recent singles by the Stones, Bob Dylan and Blue Oyster Cult.

HE IS NOT alone in his complaints about the CBS Dylan single, "Baby Stop Crying". HMV of Oxford Street (*not* a chart return shop) ordered 500 copies, but were told that their allowance was merely 25, because it was a limited edition. HMV's Leeds branch, however (which we believe *is* a chart return shop) ordered 75 copies — and got them, no sweat.

HMV in Oxford Street can offer further examples. They received no supplies of the 12" version of Hi Tension's "British Hustle", despite ordering 500.

A more telling example is A Taste Of Honey's "Boogie Oogie Oogie". As the illustrations show, EMI announced its release to retailers on June 23 as a limited edition of 11,000, saying it had been on sale since June 9. However, the June 9 release sheet contains no mention of it. Therefore, when dealers attempted to order it on June 23, they were told that it was already sold out. The obvious conclusion is that those 11,000 12-inchers were shunted into chart return shops between June 9 and June 23.

Obviously, the way record companies seem to direct their limited edition stocks to chart return shops puts the conscientious local retailer, trying desperately to keep pace with every nuance of consumer taste, at a great disadvantage. He now finds himself simply unable to receive supplies of the very collectors' items that his customers are clamouring for. Though there are 3,000 retail outlets, it is always the 700-odd chart return shops that seem to get preferential treatment.

The situation reaches ludicrous lengths as far as HMV Oxford St. is concerned.

HMV Oxford Street is easily the largest retail outlet in the UK, and probably accounts for about 2% of total UK sales. Simply *because* of the volume of its business, in fact, it could never be a chart-return shop. (This is itself an indictment of the system — since it is the one shop that *could* provide an accurate barometer of current popular taste.) The shop now finds itself in the same position as many backwater dealers who not only have difficulty in ordering limited editions, but even have trouble *finding out* about them. The vexations over "Boogie Oogie Oogie" and "British Hustle" are especially interesting — it means that they have difficulty obtaining certain EMI discs, even though they are themselves an EMI shop.

HMV's turnover is such that they could probably take a rep's entire stock of some records — yet this is something the rep could never afford to let happen, since as far as he is concerned those sales would be "dead" sales, not reflected in any chart. This has produced at least one bizarre result — WEA have now instructed their rep not to call there at all!

IF THIS suggests that record companies aren't in the business of selling records, then it is perhaps true. What they *are* interested in is selling thousands and thousands of records, and as such it is vital to secure chart placings.

Some companies, in fact, will wait until a single begins to make waves at the bottom of the chart before issuing a 12" limited edition to boost its sales from the 30's to the 20's — a vital breakthrough area for a single. This is what Virgin did with The Motors "Airport".

Such practices are of course tough on the genuine fans who buy first — the record company is using them quite cynically, and fobbing them off with 'second-rate' product.

The reason why record companies don't simply market *all* their singles as 12" is purely economics — the price of vinyl, for example. In fact, companies reckon they *lose* about 2p on each 12" sold for under £1 — the realistic retail price would be about £1.50.

In other words, the 12" single is purely a promotional investment. Naturally, companies expect some kind of return on their investment — and it seems they have been getting just that; all the singles mentioned so far have enjoyed chart success long after their 12" editions have been exhausted.

The Office of Fair Trading informed us that there is actually nothing necessarily illegal in the record companies' latest dirty trick.

A spokesman for the BMRB commented:

"We have no basis for saying anything about selective distribution to chart-return shops. It should be pointed out, though, that companies do favour certain dealers for various reasons — one of which may well be that they're a chart-return shop. But equally, it may just mean that they like to support the shop's ordering policy — if, for example, they like to stock new product."

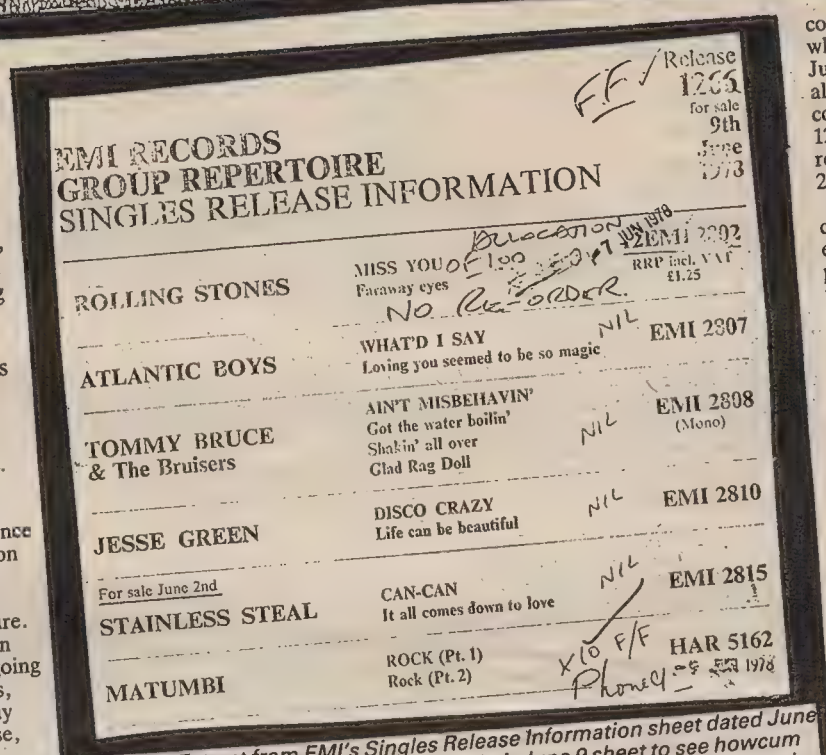
What all this means for the small dealer is that life is rather difficult at the moment. It is hard enough for him to keep pace with all the vast number of releases, anyway — now he finds himself trying to deal with possibly three or four different versions of a single (7", 12", coloured vinyl, picture sleeve). While companies are ever more imaginative in thinking of wonderful marketing plans — of which the Devo album, in five different colours of vinyl, is the latest example — they don't seem to stop to consider the small dealer who may only need to order two copies.

Should he ask for pink and grey? Green and red?. . . .

Or should that just be black and blue?

BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS


EMI RECORDS
GROUP REPERTOIRE
SINGLES RELEASE INFORMATION

F/F ✓ Release 1266 for sale 9th June 1978

ROLLING STONES	MISS YOU (Allocation 1,500) Faraway eyes		12EMI 2802 RRP incl. VAT £1.25
ATLANTIC BOYS	WHAT'D I SAY Loving you seemed to be so magic	NIL	EMI 2307
TOMMY BRUCE & The Bruisers	AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Got the water boilin' Shakin' all over Glad Rag Doll	NIL	EMI 2808 (Mono)
JESSE GREEN	DISCO CRAZY Life can be beautiful	NIL	EMI 2810
For sale June 2nd STAINLESS STEAL	CAN-CAN It all comes down to love	NIL	EMI 2815
MATUMBI	ROCK (Pt. 1) Rock (Pt. 2)	X10 F/F Phoney	HAR 5162
For sale June 9th A TASTE OF HONEY Limited edition of 11,000	12" BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE World spin	X 100	12CL 15988 RRP incl. VAT 99p

BELOW: Extract from EMI's Singles Release Information sheet dated June 23 1978. Dealers who checked back on their June 9 sheet to see howcum they missed the latest chart-bound limited edition 12" single discovered that for some reason they hadn't been told about it. By the time they came to order it, all 11,000 had mysteriously been sold out.

THE SWEET SMELL OF SMUT

A BASHFUL *Thrills* is loath to inform its readers of yet another undercover fraud set fair to enter the charts under the cloak of anonymity.

Ivor Biggun, whose single "The Winkers Song" (sick) was Johnny Rotten's *NME* Single Of The Week, has entered the lower reaches of the charts without being granted any airplay. Ivor's label Beggars Banquet Records inform us that the single in question is also in the Capital Countdown and various regional radio listings, despite being "totally unplayable".

Ivor Biggun and the Red Nosed Burglars are further described as being like "an infectious George Formby rip-off", although a cursory listen indicates that "The Winkers Song" is nothing more than a pathetic bit of sleaze aimed at 12-year-old schoolboys, people who find their humour on lavatory walls and permanent retards. It was deemed unworthy of quotation on the grounds of insulting the *NME* readers' intelligence.

The salient news is that Ivor Biggun is a pseudonym for someone working for the BBC television staff who "has decided to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals". No wonder. "The Winkers Song" is backed with a dreadful piece of jelly-core porn tat called "Readers Wives"(Great title — Ed.) (Good song too — Uncle Monty.) which, so say Beggars Banquet, has acquired a cult popularity amongst the dirty mac brigade who mill in sordid confusion through the Soho backstreets looking for Ralph McTell.

Biggun is at present working for the Beeb in America, but has signed a deal with Australia's Crass Records. On returning Biggun will appear at the Lyceum on September 10 supporting The Lurkers.

A chortling Nick Austin, major domo of Beggars Banquet, told a yawning *Thrills* that all the major BBC producers "have asked for lots of copies, despite the corporation ban", but he refused to divulge the identity of the heinous miscreant behind the record. Amongst rumours echoing through the music biz are speculations that Biggun is also an A&R man and former pop star. A sweepstake has been opened on the matter, and the current tictac rests on Biggun being Dave Dee, 10-1 . . .Robin Denselow, 20-1 . . .Peter Woods 40-1. . .Billy Cotton Junior 4-2 on.

Whoever he is, *Thrills* can assure its readers that the record is worth ignoring at all costs (unfortunately, it has already sold over 15,000 copies). Ivor Biggun is most definitely a wanker.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

IN THE WAKE of the Midnight Express movie — which tells the story of a young American's experiences in a Turkish jail — NME looks at the plight of British prisoners in the same situation. Left: the famous schoolboy prisoner TIMOTHY DAVEY.

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

DANNY DE SOUZA, a Londoner from Notting Hill Gate, was arrested in Turkey on May 7, 1975, and charged with importing five kilos of hashish.

After a lengthy trial he was finally sentenced in January 1976 to 30 years imprisonment, later reduced to 18 years.

In the UK the same offence would bring him a four-year stretch. As it stands, he will be in a Turkish cell until 1991.

The only British prisoner in Byrampasa Jail in Istanbul, Danny is having a hard time, as evidenced by his letters from prison — to which *Thrills* has gained access.

In one letter, asking Release to send money, he writes: "I don't know if you know much about this prison but briefly, with a murder rate of at least one a month and daily knifings, it's not the ideal place to owe money."

Another letter says: "I've got an unpaid job — sticking needles into hypochondriacs and wiping up the blood from Turks who've freaked out and stuck their heads or limbs through a window."

Danny has also been ill and required hospital treatment. He writes: "Is there anybody I can turn to in England to pay out money for medical expenses? I've got an ulcer and every week I have to find £1.50 to pay for drugs."

He comments: "I got suddenly uptight when I realised that England is about the only country in Europe that doesn't fork out medical costs or at least extra food. Even the Greeks and Bulgarians are better off."

It took Danny over a year even to get newspapers, razor blades and other such essentials from the local British consul, and then only because of Release pressure.

This apathetic attitude both here and in Turkey was confirmed to *Thrills* by another Briton, who agreed to talk to us providing his name was withheld.

He said he had received a 2½-year sentence for possession of just 1½ grams of grass (enough for a small joint). He claimed this was by no means an exceptional sentence. The attitude of the British consul, he observed, was that drug prisoners had just brought it on themselves and that they were damaging the image of Britain abroad.

The legal machinery does exist for foreign prisoners to be transferred back to their own country to serve out their sentences, both under Turkish law and through a new European convention which many other countries in Scandinavia and Europe have signed. Britain, however, seems unwilling to take advantage of this — although public pressure, as in the case of Timothy Davey, has brought results in the past.

Apart from Danny de Souza, *Thrills* has obtained the names of three other drug offenders currently in Turkish jails. They are: Albino Cimini from Swansea, serving 26 years for trafficking, use and possession, and Mrs. Evelyn Joy Philips and Miss Effie Smith, both in their 20s. All are serving time in the Dogubayazit Prison in Eastern Turkey.

However, this is not just a Turkish situation. There are British drug prisoners in Morocco, Algeria, Spain and in many countries in the Far East — how many, no one is quite sure. Despite the size of the problem only Release, with its limited budget, is working to help these people, sending them money and supplies and fighting to get them out.

Considering their powerful influence, many people were hoping that Amnesty International would get involved. Their attitude, however, is that under their charter they cannot adopt the cause of drug prisoners *unless* evidence can be produced of torture or ill-treatment. They have even gone so far as to issue a press release disassociating themselves from the film *Midnight Express* and from the proceeds of the benefit, which hopefully will now go to Release.

So it seems that Amnesty have now effectively washed their hands of the whole matter; perhaps they missed the letter in a recent *Evening Standard* from a guy who claimed that as far back as 1967 he had offered evidence to Amnesty on the use of the torture known as Falaka in Turkish jails.

Keith Martin wrote in the Release newsletter: "It seems that unlike tourists who are arrested for 'plane spotting' or stirring up Ukrainian unrest (who warrant the consideration of the Foreign Office) drug offenders get a very special non-status."

Only public pressure can prevent Danny and hundreds like him from rotting away out of sight and out of mind.

In one of his letters Danny wrote to Release: "Sometimes I get paranoid flashes that the MAN has taken control of you and now you're fighting a holding action to keep this absurdity from bursting wide open. Please prove me wrong."

You can contact Danny via the Foreign Prisoners Section, Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

GROOVIN' WITH THE GROOVY PEOPLE

ALRIGHT, LONDON — you better APPRECIATE!

Compared with the rest of the country, the capital is spoiled Rotten. And as far as the rest of London itself is concerned, Camden Town inhabitants should be shot if ever they complain about burning with boredom. The Roundhouse, Dingwalls, Music Machine, a wholesome handful of rock pubs . . . and now the Electric Ballroom.

Almost smack next door to Camden tube, the Electric Ballroom has been opened by former Thin Lizzy tour manager Frank Murray and has already hosted two (sort of) super sessions. At the first, a coupla weeks back, The Greedies — Phil Lynott, Steve Jones, Paul Cook and comrades — cracked the aural champagne across the ballroom's bow, and a Tuesday ago saw it swelling to The Vicious White Kids' glamorous line-up of Sid Vicious, Steve New, Glen Matlock and Chris Miller.

To tell the truth, the glamour escaped me, but the place was packed come half ten. Luckily the bar is well enough staffed to make a drink a reality — and it was a necessity during the support set of the ordinary sub-Deaf Sportivo wailings of The Addix.

In the break the audience strode about revelling in what they prayed would be an exclusive star session only known by those on the grapevine.

Sid and Nancy held court and most of the impressionable gazes of the assembled meat and onion mafia, and the DJ went through the obligatory and distressing dull reggae bumblings. Tell ya the truth John, it was getting on me thrupennies. Same old drill, same assorted faces clinging on to a nightlife as freewheeling and lighthearted as the expressions on the faces and the rhythm on the feet of these wet blankets allow. Club? This might as well be a coach station for all the fun that rock audiences have.

But . . . surprise! When the celebrity party take to the stage there's a sudden lift. OK, it was only "Steppin' Stone", "Raw Power", "Wanna Be Your Dog", etc — all soundcheck stalwarts — but the sound was full and no matter what, there was Vicious looking severely sharp, menacingly excellent when actually on a stage and *involved*. The old Pistols twister "Pushin' and Shovin' " even got an airing and (surprise number two — collect the set!), Sid's voice is definitely acceptable. (Once or twice Nancy tried to get chance to play Yoko but was foiled.) Yeah, it was alright.

Frank Murray says he thinks he knows who to book and what people will want. He deserves to get some of your time, cos the Electric Ballroom knocks the Music Machine and the Roundhouse into the old cocked hat. You can stand or sit, go upstairs or stay with the stage, get food and drink.

In London you got no excuse to stay in if you feel like going out, I mean, what else is there to do when your girlfriend's just left you and your jogging suit is in the wash? There are places to go and people to see, it's a wonderful world if you'll only just *(oh, shut up — Ed.)*

DANNY BAKER

"HANGING OUT" after their "jam" — boring old punks (L-R): Glen Matlock, Nancy Vicious, Sidney, Steve New, Keith Moon, Capt. Sensible The nose is his own. Pic: Denis O'Regan, chronicler to the stars.

EVERY NIGHT FEVER WITH LITTLE NELL!

LOWRY

A SVELTE, smiling Debbie Harry and her band breezed into London last week to celebrate the opening of an exhibition of Blondie pics at the Mirandy Gallery in Marylebone.

The photographs, taken in New York by British photographer Martyn Goddard — whose past subjects include the Bay City Rollers, Andy Warhol and Dennis Healey's wife Edna — depict the members of Blondie striking playful poses in various domestic and street-wise settings.

Over 200 fans, some of whom had camped overnight, crushed against the plate glass gallery front to snatch a glimpse of the luscious Deborah. Flash-guns popped and pencils jotted as Ms Harry — oozing the breathless glamour that is such a part of these socialite whirls — announced her impending marriage to lead guitarist Chris Stein.

Will this lead to a rash of male suicides? *Thrills* pondered the question while going through the pockets, sorry, gossiping with anyone who looked remotely famous, and was foolish or drunk enough to get up close. These included Robert Fripp and The Boyfriends, plus luminaries of the fashion world, most of whom didn't seem to know how to take a joke.

Growing weary of all the razamatazz, *Thrills* crept away early, thereby managing to miss the mob scenes that ensued when Debbie, still nursing a fixed smile, tried to slip off into the afternoon heat in a waiting limousine.

The exhibition runs until August 25.

THE LONESOME JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE OF LIDDLE TOWERS

Cook & Jones pack Pistols for Good Cause

ANARCHY FOR the Old Bill!!

"There IS no law / They make their own / What am I to do? / With no official eyebrows raised they could do the same to you!"

Yes, it's true: failed, middle-aged criminals can please crawl out their window because that's The (S)ex-Pistols (what's left of 'em anyhow) howling / playing their latest protest song under the guise of David G. & Friends on the vitriolic narrative of the death of Liddle Towers, "Justifiable Homicide?", released on Dave Goodman's label, The Label.

Steve Jones and Paul Cook blew their cover last week while *Thrills* cocked an investigative lughole.

"We went down to Rockfield Studios for a party but it never happened," reveals Jones, eyeing up a passing O.A.P. as she makes her way to the Post Office to collect her pension. "Dave Goodman was down there working on the song, 'Justifiable Homicide?'. We've known Dave for years — he's our producer and a good mate and when he told us what the song was about we were both really into it and started working on it with him . . ."

"'Justifiable Homicide?' is about the boxing instructor Liddle Towers," offers Paul, shooting daggers at the little old lady who has attracted the attentions of his Steve. "He was picked up by the Law at the Key Club in Newcastle a couple of years back. Three weeks later he was dead. The judge called it 'Justifiable Homicide' and that's what we used for the title . . . all we added was a question mark."

The record certainly sounds like a Sex Pistols platter. Or rather, like one of the songs produced by their latest (last?) incarnation, the tracks which will appear in the soundtrack of *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*.

Credited to Goodman / Hayles / Woodcock / Jones / Cook, "Justifiable Homicide?" exudes all the brain-bruising *maelstrom* of the Pistols' finest moments and, happily, the aura of offensive desperation that pervaded every vinylised groove on the Fatso Biggs fiasco is nowhere to be seen or heard. Opportunist it most certainly ain't; to prove their aim is true, those involved with the record are contributing a sizeable hunk of their royalties to the Liddle Towers Committee set up by the dead man's family to put pressure on the authorities to re-open the case and secure an inquiry into all the question / interrogation marks surrounding his death.

Gateshead Police Station, where Towers was taken after being arrested, declined to comment to *Thrills*, but the facts are these.

January 16 1976. 12.45 a.m. Liddle Towers leaves the Key Club in Birtley with a companion. Outside is a squad car containing four policemen, who apprehend Towers. A scuffle ensues during which Towers is injured. Witnesses claim the police held him on the ground and kicked him. He is arrested for being drunk and disorderly and taken to Gateshead Police Station.

4 a.m. Towers is taken to Gateshead Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Less than one hour later he is taken back to the station and charged.

10 a.m. Towers discharged and sent home.

2 p.m. Visited by family doctor, who told the court: "He had the living daylights kicked out of him."

January 17. Admitted to Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Discharged three days later.

January 21-26. Visited by doctor every day.

January 27. Visited by specialist doctor.

January 28. Liddle Towers collapses. Doctor pays emergency visit and Towers is admitted to County Durham's Dryburn Hospital.

January 29-February 2. Emergency operations in hospital.

February 9. Liddle Towers dies.

The inquest jury's verdict of justifiable homicide, in October 1976, prompted *The Guardian* to describe it as "astonishing . . . alarming, in (its) implication that the average drunk may deserve whatever is coming to him."

"'Justifiable homicide' just isn't good enough," opines Dave Goodman. "Liddle Towers taught boxing to a lot of young kids and he often worried aloud about police brutality when his kids came to him with injuries they sustained in a police cell. There are eye-wtnesses who saw everything that happened to Towers from the moment he left the Key Club to the moment the police drove away with him in the back of their car. Their version of what happened totally contradicts the official line that the death of Liddle Towers was justifiable homicide."

Didn't Malcom McLaren have any objections about you using his lads on the record?

Goodman shakes his head. "Paul and Steve were very keen to do it, and Malcolm said it was okay by him."

And what do David G. & Friends hope that "Justifiable Homicide?" will achieve?

"Pressure . . . all the pressure that mass access to a rock'n'roll audience can get to help re-open the case of Liddle Towers and establish how he *really* died."

The Tom Robinson Band also have a song about Liddle Towers, as yet unrecorded.

It's called "Blue Murder."

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

This is ex-Labelle Nona Hendryx.
Going down makes her shiver.

Spotted by Thrills in the course of our duty — from glossy U.S. sex'n'scuzz mag 'Cheri'. To our chagrin, no demonstration within . . .

GET THE YELLOW FEVER (THAT'S THE COLOUR OF THE PLASTIC) IT'S CONTAGIOUS "FEVER" LITTLE NELL'S YELLOW SINGLE AMS 7374
A&M RECORDS

Watch it girls, you've got competition! This great sketch of Bob Marley was sent in by 14 year old Paul Cook from Scotland. He wins £6.

From Pink magazine. For Gill of Hinckley, opportunity knocks . . .

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Stops them tripping off the scaffolding suggests Mr Idi Amin of London NW6.

JOHNNY COUGAR: The answer lies in bad taste. Pic: SIMON FOWLER.

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SCORING $10,000

ABOUT ALL ANYONE knows about Johnny Cougar is that his suave visage and dapper-clad form have, of late, been lining the walls of our tube stations with near record-breaking frequency.

Man or myth — appalling or appealing — is he a rock star, or merely some animated refugee from a Foster Brothers window display?

And how come he's suddenly rocketed out of nowhere *(and back — Ed.)* with vast publicity when your average new band is still spreading its name with spray-paint cans.?

Cougar, smoothing back his John Travolta hairstyle and brandishing a switch-blade, supplied me with the details of a past of amazing good fortune.

It all started three years ago when he made a demo tape, and trekked from his home in Indiana to New York to attract the attention of one Tony de Fries (then David Bowie's promoter).

"Knowing he only deals with people who happen to have bad taste, I dropped off the tape — and he liked it. He thought it was just as despicable as it possibly could have been, called me up, and sent me back home with 10,000 dollars."

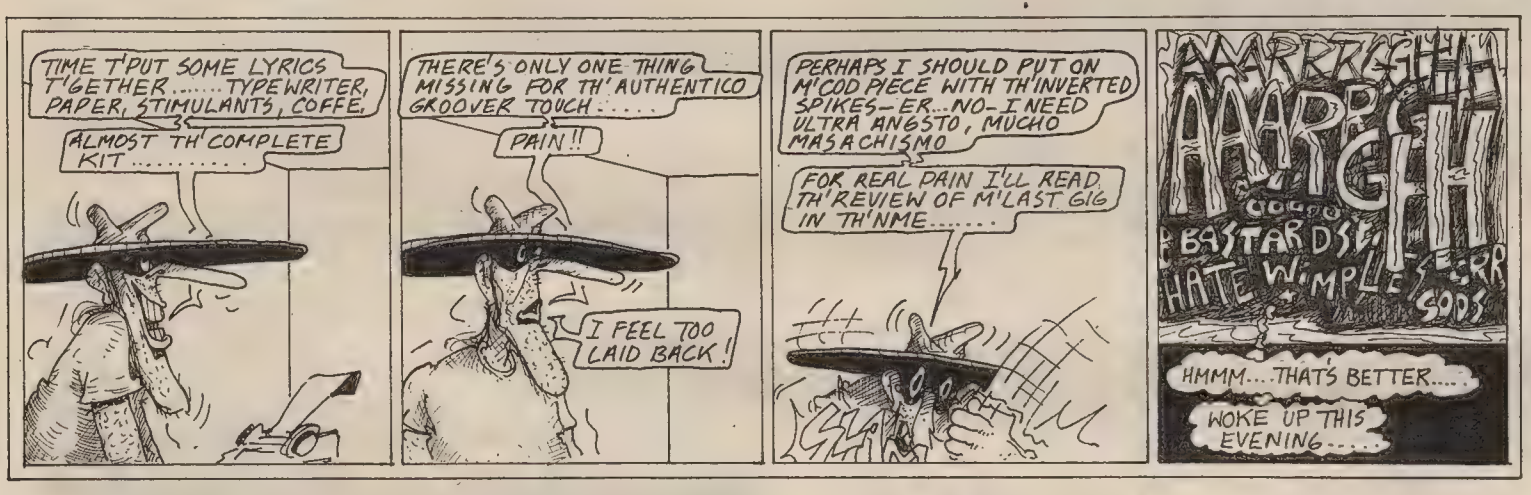
Gleefully JC and friends squandered the loot on some amateurish studio time, and knocked up a second tape he could only describe as "miserable." DeFries heard it, raved, lugged it back East, re-mixed it, overdubbed it, and released it as an album which dive-bombed into obscurity.

How had DeFries handled the promotion?

"He saw me like he saw Bowie. Ziggy Stardust was a living person. I think he saw me more as a true-to-life Dick Tracy — you know, the all-American MALE."

A second album was soon released, along with huge promotion, but still no takers. The DeFries partnership was on the rocks, so Cougar hawked

The Lone Groover — BENYON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ALMOST TH'COMPLETE KIT.....
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MISSING FOR TH' AUTHENTICO GROOVER TOUCH.....
PAIN!!
I FEEL TOO LAID BACK!
PERHAPS I SHOULD PUT ON M'CODPIECE WITH TH'INVERTED SPIKES—ER...NO—I NEED ULTRA ANGSTO, MUCHO MASACHISMO
FOR REAL PAIN I'LL READ TH'REVIEW OF M'LAST GIG IN TH'NME.....
AARRRGGHH
AARGH
BASTARDS!
HATE WIMPLES
SODS
HMMM...THAT'S BETTER.....
WOKE UP THIS EVENING.....

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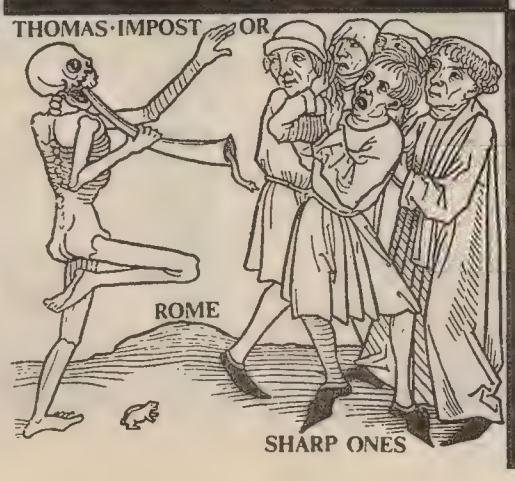

GHOSTS of princes in towers

EMI 2848

his albums round to the door of Rod Stewart's manager, Billy Gaff, rating his chances of a contract as "slim or none."

"I played him the albums, and he thought they were awful. But he said, 'Put a band together, rehearse them, and write new material, and we'll see what happens.' "

What happened was that he formed the backing band Streethart, cut the album "A Biography" for Riva Records, and was launched on a massive European tour, which I intersected in Scandinavia.

Immediately apparent from the two gigs I saw, was that Cougar is a merchant of *American* music. It could hardly be more American in style, in outlook, and in influence. It's not that far removed from the streetsiness of Mink Deville, but with brasher overtones, and a sense of desperation in the lyrics more akin to Springsteen.

What's instantly accessible about him is that he falls just short of the slightly indigestible macho-teenage-rebel stance that his songs demand, and his husky chain-smoking vocal tones and wiry gymnastics come over as no more than a very engaging stage act.

Streethart are the most balanced, kept-dead-simple, rock outfit he could wish for. They specialize in a Stones-type sustain, tidy guitar fills, the volatile drumming of Tom Knowles, and an offbalance of Brian Becvar's classical-styled keyboards.

Musically, they're very aggressive, and tight as hell, and kept alive by the frantic activity of guitarist Larry Crane and the bassman Ferd.

It seems more than just coincidence that Cougar went down a storm in Scandinavia without the support of the glutinous packaging that surrounded him in the U.K. Already the survivor of one failed attempt to secure him mass attention, did he reckon Billy Gaff was handling his promotional image with any greater success?

"There ain't no image, it's just what people see in it. It's just in this country that I'm a hype, and I hope I get 'hype of the year', 'cos what an honour — the most flooded market in the world, and I get hype of the year. I'd love it!"

How did he rate his chances, commercially, up against the fast-changing critical climate?

"Music is an art form by itself, but then you get big business involved with it, and the papers, and they just ruin it.

John Mellencamp (his real name) has always been an exercise in poor taste.

". . . I'm not interested in being Elvis Costello at all. Elvis Costello in two years? Adios! — and that'll be it. It's sad 'cos I think he's great, but if you're this year's model, like he is, then there's always someone ready to knock you off the throne."

So his music's an art form, but still in poor taste?

"Just because it's commercial, that doesn't mean it's not good, does it? I'm not making *Saturday Night Fever*, I'm not selling out to that degree. Then again, I'm not making records like Nico — so I'm not that self-indulgent. I'm just a regular dude . . ."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

ARCHIVE FUN SPECIAL

NAME THE BOZOS — PRIZES GALORE!

WE FOUND this snap of a bunch of would-be popsters rotting away amongst the discarded hacks that clutter up forgotten corners of the name *NME* enclave. Who are these mysterious bozos? And just how long did they manage to delay the progress of rock'n'roll?

The first three correct answers will receive two 35/- record tokens apiece (current market value about £3.50) and the first person to name their sartorial adviser will get a mothball-free Nehru jacket and year's supply of kipper ties.

Answers to: Name The Bozo, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., W1

This competition is not open to employees of IPC magazines, hardened criminals, members of the toothpaste generation, and walking repositories of junk information (this means you, Pete Frame and Roy Carr).

THRILLS

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Don't we just know it! Doug Bowyer of Bristol agrees.

SPIRIT
LIVE

"The best cross-sample of Spirit you're likely to get.....& the best traditional (?) American rock record made this year bar those of Dylan & Cooder." - Paul Morley, New Musical Express July 8th 1978.

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BLACKMAIL CORNER

"HOPE YOU like the enclosed photo of your favourite punks!" writes reader Spotty Banana of Dublin.

Surely Spotty doesn't expect us to believe that this is really the Boomtown Rats. Haven't they always maintained that Johnny Fingers (second right) has been wearing his pyjamas constantly since he was a child? And that can't be our very own and very wonderful Modest Bob beneath that tifter — the one sporting a Bryan Ferry moustache . . . can it?

And what's with those wall-to-wall flakes? They're enough to make even John Entwistle blush. Can this possibly be those cool cats the Rats?

Actually, yes.
No wonder the wee fella in the middle quit.

THE VOICES of public indignation are once more decrying that vile habit which threatens to rot the moral fibre of the youth of today: sniffin' glue.

Islington MP Michael O'Halloran claims carbona snorting has reached "epidemic" proportions since an 18-year-old boy drowned after finishing off a tube. He wants to ban the sale of certain glues to children under 16. (Obviously he's never tried to build a model airplane with sellotape . . .)

Joking aside, the consumption of any kind of intoxicant can have harmful consequences.

The medical effects of glue sniffin' are unknown, although it is often claimed that even small quantities will cause serious damage. And while the solvents used in glue to stop it solidifying — which give the high — are not physically addictive, they can be mentally habit-forming, a subtle but crucial difference.

Meanwhile here, according to the London Evening Standard, are the tell-tale signs:

- *Glue round the mouth.*
- *Glue on clothes.*
- *Strong-smelling breath.*
- *Bleary eyes.*
- *Lack of co-ordination.*
- *Extreme noisiness and sometimes aggression.*

So if the person next to you is behaving like an epileptic who's eaten a lot of garlic and then made a bad job of trying to seal up his mouth, don't call us.

T. LOBOTOMY

THRILLS

WHERE TITS COME FIRST!

PULLING SUN STROKES

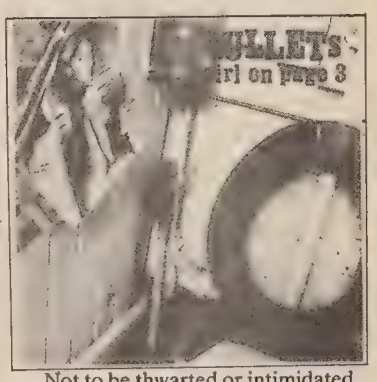
THINKING OF sending-up one of our hallowed institutions? Fancy a well-aimed satirical poke at the (funny) bone of your contention?

Birmingham group Bullets thought an appropriately mirth-worthy subject might be *The Sun's* daily dose of cheap titillation, the Page Three Girl.

So they wrote a song about it, pointing out, says its author Harry Lang, "the fleeting glamour of being on page three one day and on the loo wall or wrapping fish and chips the next."

They also designed a rather apt sleeve, just to bring the point sailing home.

The Sun, however, remained long in tooth. When contacted by the group's label, Big Bear, with the idea of a little mutual promotion, they promptly sent a solicitor's letter indicating their ownership of the trademark "page three", and their unwillingness to allow it to be used on something which in their view fails to reach the "high standards" the phrase implies. (No sniggering back there.)

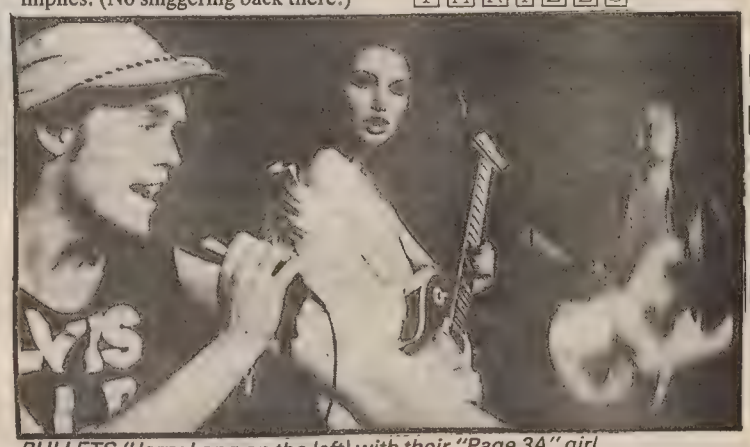


Not to be thwarted or intimidated by the mighty Murdoch empire, Big Bear changed the wording to "page 3" and went ahead as planned. Even as you read this they wait for an injunction to be slapped on them. *(Serves them right for wanting to deal with The Sun in the first place — Ed.)*

"In retrospect," comments Harry Lang, "I wish I'd made the song a bit more to the point."

LARRY BLAM

THRILLS



THE END

BULLETS (Harry Long on the left) with their "Page 3A" girl . . .

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IS THIS MAN A PRAT?

Richard Nixon?

CHRIS SALEWICZ has his suspicions.

GENE SIMMONS of KISS meets the NME . . .

TWENTY-EIGHT year-old Gene Simmons of New York City, New York, is sitting in his hotel-room near Marble Arch.

It's four o'clock on a humid Friday afternoon and Gene is *miffed.*

Gene is miffed because it takes such a long time to get room service in this goddamn country. Gene is also miffed because the TV doesn't face the bed. Gene doesn't seem to have noticed that the TV is fitted with wheels.

When Gene is miffed one notices there is a disturbing similarity between his eyes and those of Richard Nixon. Come to think of it, maybe it's not *just* the eyes; maybe it's Gene's whole facial structure. . .

But let there be no wild flights of fancy. Let me not attempt to foist upon the reader any idea that the real reason the Kiss mainman and bassist will be photographed only in his make-up and looking like a demented panda bear is because he actually *is* the Ghost Of San Clemente, Richard Nixon.

No, that would be fatuous and unworthy of Simmons, who started his university career by studying journalism before finally switching courses and graduating as a teacher.

Actually, Gene gave up teaching after only six months: "I was teaching for the wrong reasons. I just wanted to perform, to be up onstage. Also," confides the man largely instrumental in Kiss's success in shifting billions of albums over the past few years to not very bright American teenagers, "I *hated* the kids.

"I'm from New York!" Gene helpfully reminds me. "I want it *now*. I need the ego gratification of having people tell me I'm *great* at the exact moment of doing what it is I'm doing, either at the moment of performing or of making a record.

"Everybody wants to be stroked in one way or another."

RIGHT NOW Gene is being stroked by recording his solo album—in fact all four members of Kiss are currently recording solo LPs which will be released on the same cursed day in October.

After cutting the initial tracks at the Manor in Oxfordshire Gene journeyed to LA to "put some sweetening on" at Cherokee Studios and has returned to London to mix the album.

Having heard the record I am rather sorry to learn Gene seems to regard it as High Art, but it does feature many guest artists. These include Bob Seger, Aerosmith guitarist Joe Perry, Donna Summer, Grace Slick, Skunk Baxter, Helen Reddy and the dog Lassie.

It also features Gene's current belle, the absurd Cher.

Gene Simmons of New York City is *still* miffed, however.

Right now he is flinging his copy of the *Wall Street Journal* down on top of the glass-topped table and calling room service again. (Actually, Gene's also a trifle miffed because the telephone isn't a modern press-button job like they have in New York City but an old-fashioned model into which you actually have to stick your finger and dial). There, that's better: he's just ordered some fruit salad and some coffee for himself and some tea for the Britisher.

The Britisher inquires as to whether Gene and Cher are still walking out together.

Gene nods to confirm an ongoing romance situation. Such wondrous chroniclers of US showbiz society life as *Modern Screen* and Rona Barrett's *Gossip* still contain pages of pix of Cher, Gene tells him. "The new thing", he continues, "seems to be either Elvis or myself running around with her."

The Britisher doesn't quite understand that joke but he sort of chuckles all the same.

Modern Screen, Gene tells him, sells between seventeen and twenty million copies per month.

"I think that says a lot about the country," he replies.

"I do, too." Gene nods with a gaze of benevolent Nixonian sincerity. "There's *so-o-o* much *stark* realism in America — the size, the immensity, the obvious pressures of day-to-day life — that people escape in various ways."

The Britisher tells Gene that he thinks that in the States it's very easy to be misled into thinking there is plenty of choice when there is actually very little at all.

Although his benevolent smile remains firmly in place Gene Simmons of New York City flashes out a most cold vibe for an instant. Then he blesses the Britisher with an even broader beam.

"In this country I find it totally stagnant," he pronounces. "If you're a young person just getting into *the creative years of your life,"* he continues in a classic display of the kind of meaningless media phrase that California Governor Jerry Brown has dubbed "Buzz Words", those words and phrases which draw an audience into the speaker's confidence, "you have to be in bed at midnight.

"What happens," Gene questions, "If you get up at 4.00 in the morning and you want to do something *creative* like go out shopping? Or even if you want to watch old movies on TV?"

The Britisher points out to Gene that those "old movies" on late-night US TV are so riddled with ads as to be near-unwatchable; that they're only there as yet another symptom of the manner in which the States seem to be geared to little else but selling things.

"Yes," nods Gene sagely. "It is."

. . . That old dollar signs seems to run through so much of . . .

"Of the social structure. I think you're right." Gene nods, his voice oozing Media Sincerity. "I think you're *absolutely* right.

"The poorest ghetto person — and there's plenty of that, I'm sure you know," Gene slips the Britisher the kind of aside that permits him to know he is being allowed *fully* into Gene's confidence, "it's funny how this is turning into a social conversation but that's okay: I like that, too. . ." He returns to his theme. "The poorest person in American knows that he has a chance of coming face-to-face with the highest family in America. Because it's not based on family names or aristocracy. It's based on Accumulation Of Wealth.

"And the social structure is based on who's got the most wealth. It's how successful you are in *business* that counts." Gene wags a finger at the Britisher and leans back in his chair, letting the scarlet shirt that is already open to his waist, in what seems a rather uncomfortable way to dress, slip almost off his shoulders.

"Which certainly says a lot about your character, I think. I certainly know that everything *I* am — the success of Kiss in America and any success or money the band has made — has been done entirely by *Me."*

"The poorest person in America dresses twice as interestingly as the Pistols" — and this from a man in stacked heel boots?

YET, CONCEDES the Britisher, although this country is so obviously totally screwed when you still have obscure Scottish lairds worth £50 million, it still seems that an American-scale obsession with wealth is something of which one should be wary.

"I am totally fascinated by the US. I love Mickey Mouse and McDonalds. And I *do* think people should be allowed to work as hard as *they* want so they can achieve A More Comfortable Life-style.

"To me that's New York City and having 24-hour television with 23 channels and having seven-foot high television screens. That's happiness to me." Gene leans over towards the Britisher. "I'm a child of the twentieth century.

"We are in a very technological age. I happen to *love* technology. My stimulation has to come from being able to read *The Wall Street Journal"* — he picks up a copy to facilitate the Britisher's Visual Identification — "everyday, because the clash of ideas and the discovery of new ideas is what makes *My* life interesting."

Yet, the Britisher points out, he feels that *The Wall Street Journal* is a total anachronism, a relic of an irrelevant past . . .

"Not only is it not over."

. . . It's senile . . .

"Matter of fact," drawls Gene, Matt Dillon-style, "what I think that's happening is that cultures that don't have capitalism will eventually succumb to it. I think as soon as you introduce Coca-Cola or McDonalds it's all over."

Oh, pass the nylons and chewing-gum, Gene, thinks the Britisher.

The Room Service waiter enters. "Boy, this is turning into the most different interview I've ever done," mutters Gene, as the Britisher, mistaking a jug of coffee for hot water pours coffee into his cup of tea.

He gets up to go to the bathroom to empty his cup down the sink.

"The light for the bathroom is outside the door." Gene points out helpfully. "and you do it *down* instead of *up,"* he adds scornfully.

"Everbody in the end has to choose their own way of happiness."

HOWEVER, THE Britisher suggests, human beings may often believe they are choosing their Own Way Of Happiness, yet in reality they are merely according with sophisticated media programming. He tells Gene that every time he's been to the States he's heard less and less good music — either on the radio, despite all the billions of radio channels, or in clubs — whilst everywhere the likes of The Bee Gees, not to mention Kiss, appear to be taking over.

The current English music scene, however, is really vital and exciting.

"Whom? Whom?" Gene inquires almost frantically.

Punk. Reggae. The whole scene.

Gene lowers his head and speaks from deep within his soul. "I will not disagree," he concedes, "that it's creative and new and that the energy is good.

"I, however, would not spend my time going down to see a bunch of guys who have no regard for the stage.

"The stage," continues Gene Simmons of New York City, throwing in yet another Buzz Word, "is *A Holy Place.* You do not get up there and degrade it. If I'm paying as much to see a rock'n'roll band onstage as I would for one of their records I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit there and see someone plug into a cheap little amp and have no regard for their appearance."

Oh dear, thinks the Britisher. Who is Gene Simmons of New York City talking about? Who are you thinking about, Gene?

"The . . ." almost hesitantly ". . . new bands . . ."

Who?

"I don't . . . *All* your new bands: Sham 69 and Generation X and even the Pistols who had *marvellous* energy and complete disregard for the stage.

Continues page 50

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● SINGLE OF THE WEEK

ATLANTIC STARR: Gimme Your Luvin' (A&M) Fact: Most 'death to disco' creeps are as ugly as shit. This joyous, whirling, stomping music is, nine times out of ten, disregarded by some introverted pseud as immature cannon fodder not worthy of the ink from his Bic. Contrived robot music, you say. Millions of kids dance and laugh to it while you sit with your theories and slide rules, nodding knowingly and saying they just don't understand it. Residents! Suicide! Devo! Throbbing Gristle! Birdshit! You hear me? B-I-R-D-S-H-I-T!

Atlantic Starr funk your prejudices right back at ya with a glorious 12 inch with more bottle than R. Whites. There's "Superstition" drumming and canine bass lines like a fast drug, and chuckaway lyrics falling all over the place, aimed at nothing more than getting the boys to get the girls to look as if the girls will dance with the boys.

"Gimme your Lovin', Right now Baby, Gimme Your Lovin'."

From A&M's superb Funk America series, all three tracks on this cut-throat diamond, can piss all over their dull detractors (who only ever come across this form of ecstacy in sterile review rooms).

Well, my old woolly headed friends, whether you like it or not: DISCO — HARDER THAN THE REST.

● MORE WINNERS IN DIFFERENT FIELDS

ATV: Action Time Vision (Deptford Fun City).
ANDY GIBB: Everlasting Love (RSO).
JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Pst War Glamour Girls (CBS).
FRANKI VALLI: Grease (RSO).

ONLY ONES: Another Girl, Another Planet (CBS).

"The chords and notes don't mean a thing/Listen to the rhythm/Listen to us sing/We're in Action"

So runs the track lifted from the apalling "Image Has Cracked" by **ATV.** Lifted it should be too, for this screamer is feet and ankles above the rest of the confused mess that the son of SE8 slung on 33⅓. Co-written by Mark Perry and the excellent but criminally under-worked Alex Fergusson, ATV is a testament to what Mark can do when clear headed, his voice confident, the band slashing and violent. All this and backing vocals of the week too! Speed up and play it. This is a compulsory purchase.

Equally as excellent are all the other lodgers of the diamond head assembled in this section.

The Only Ones, not my favourite group by any standards, have had their sublime "Another Girl" re-issued after just a couple of months. (12" and a new unreleased B side! How CBS justify extra vinyl for this but kept Clash's "White Man" down to size is well out of order). However, "AG, AP" was the single of the week until Atlantic Starr dropped their 'A' bomb in Carnaby Street, and really it deserves all the time you were going to spend listening to the latest reggae pre-releases — which as far as I'm concerned are about as riveting as Flocks' "Dinosaur Swamp". Speed up and play it.

Loony old word wriggler **John Cooper Clark** can do no wrong with me. But ...

"Look what they've done to your song, John/
Look what they've done to your song/
They've put a jazz funk backing/
(Real Hip Easy Listening)/
And it's turning out all wrong, John/
Look what they've done to your song."

Actually, it's really easy to get used to the clavinet band jam going on behind JCC's toasting (Screw Dillinger, Ranking Sid or whoever's goin' on about any old Zion, any old Zion, any any any old Zion), and the live unaccompanied B side puts it all 100 per cent again. Shell out and play.

Now to Stigwood's stalwarts and back to controversy with dopey 'real' music prawns. Both **Andy Gibb** and **Franki Valli's** airwave luftwaffe compositions are from the magic Papermate of Barry BeeGee. Both suffer from lousy brash intros but after repeated playing (and you're gonna get that) they reveal the layered melodies and haunting choruses that have made radio a joy for Betty Baker's boy recently. The greatness comes from the way everything the brothers Gibb create is pure chorus — no piddling pedestrian verses to shuffle through before you can join in and know the words. That's why "You're The One That I Want" was number one for ten weeks. Why? Because it's excellent, sunshine.

So that's the section that could strangle live music done with. And now a question. What has a beak, feathers, squawks and comes in great numbers especially at Christmas?

DEVO: Come Back Jonee (Virgin).
BLONDIE: Picture This (Chrysalis).
WINGS: London Town (EMI).
STEELEYE SPAN: Rag Doll (Chrysalis).

YES: Save the Whale (Atlantic).

It's now August and poor old **Devo** have their trousers well and truly jammed around their ankles. The spud is in the altogether, the altogether, as naked as the day that they were born. "Come Back Jonee" is just an extended fade out riff that runs about for three and half minutes in a sound as thin as a British Rail sandwich.

"If you obey society's rules / You will be society's tools"

That's the gist of side two's Devomessage. (They even throw in the old catch up / ketchup gag-a vo de oh doe). Produced by Eno and on steel grey vinyl, "Come Back" was released too hot on the heels of Stiff's "Be Stiff" to suggest Devo's new stable has much time for their old one. Either way it's dreck.

Meanwhile **Blondie** are still crutch hunting (on yella vinyl), with a sleeve of the finest *Rustler* cover fellatio suggestion to hide the drabness of the 'goods' inside. Words all about 'rooms with views and visions of you'; this could easily be Pet Clark, so anonymous is the tune / backing. It was once said the difference between Blondie and Television was that of a funfair and a church. Well, these days both are churches, its just one's got lights up outside.

Wings' single needs no review. It's not even hip easy listening, it just sort of lies there and sets ... My sister climbed Buckingham Palace gates for this???

And **Steeleye Span** do "Rag Doll" like Brotherhood of Man can do "Duke Of Earl".

As for **Yes,** well the sentiments are admirable but can't erase the years of logarithm rock inflicted on us. This is more of the same dug-dug bass and cats' chorus guitars battling against the atrocious Jon Andersmaan's weedy multi-tracked whine. Surely an open cheque to the cause would have achieved more than this opus offensive. (Friends Of The Earth, 9 Poland St., London WIV 3 DG.)

RICH KIDS: Ghosts Of Princes In The Tower (EMI). The third in a series of good single sfrom Mat's cats. Although a grade down from the great "Marching Men", this one is seriously playable in a way other pop bands could never be, despite its cluttered production. It's taken at the same pace as the debut "Rich Kids" single but has infinitely more choon. Mr. Jacobs, ring up a hit.

DAVE EDMUNDS: Deborah (Swan Song). Yes and it mentions broken glass! A Pa-heggy Sue spin off that don't really stand up against any of the tracks on the blistering "Get It" album. A stout enough attempt, it's just a bit too predictable and polishec for one raised on eels and mash like your reviewer.

LENNY GAMBLE: I'll Do Anything (Casino). Lenny Gamble is Tony Blackburn and this piece of crap, a cross between Northern Soul and Engelbert, is threatening to chart. I think Blackburn is disgusting.

● "WHERE THE HAPPY PEOPLE GO" SECTION

DETROIT SPINNERS: If You Wanna Dance (WEA).
CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: Galaxy of Love (Phonogram).
SYLVESTER: You Make Me Feel Mighty Real (Fantasy).

Continues over page

Reviewed by DANNY BAKER

IN NEXT WEEK'S NME

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NME 26/8 **At the sign of the Black Horse**

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■ *From previous page . . .*

NORMA JEAN: Saturday (Bearsville).
KARREN YOUNG: Hot Shot (Atlantic).

With the exception of **Crown Heights Affair,** which suffers from acute trumpets, these are all very buyable, very sociable and guaranteed to fuse a party with danceable speed. Particularly **Sylvester's** offering, which is already a hit, and the less known **Norma Jean's** "Saturday".

"Everyday, just like some old jerk / All I do is work / I'm no robot / Let's Go Disco / Meet the guys and gals / They're all my pals, and / I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL SATURDAY;"

Norma certainly has the voice and the bass does ALL the business ... whereas it's down to the drums to dish out the treatment in **Karen Young's** "Hot Shot", another disc which even now doesn't need any more wonga passed across to chart it.

The **Detroit Spinners** have come to a weird pass. "If You Wanna Dance" is pure Average White Band. Be that as it may, it's essential listening and right to be up in the front section. It's great to see that the old boys can still get it up (along with the ancient O'Jays who deserve sainthood for the sublime "Used To Be My Girl"). But **Crown Heights Affair's** "Galaxy of Love" is a little too Ray McVay and his Band of the Day for comfort. Still, I ask you, give me four out of five singles in any other field that could maintain the adrenalin and satisfy the feet so.

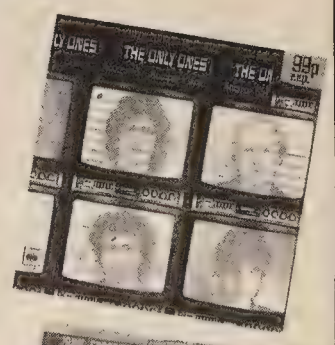
● BY THE RIGHT, QUICK MACHO!

TRUE BRIT: Cathy Can't Come (EMI).
HUNTER: Tonight's The Night (Rampage).
BILBO: She's Gonna Win (Lightning).
ANNIVERSARY: Give Me A Smile (Aerco).

Ageing Smokey devotees keep knocking out this Eurovision Heavy Metal shag ... except for **Anniversary** who appear to have a Yes / AC-DC fixation and delivers stomach heaving songs about girls who try to lure them with Bondage / Domination and Corporal Punishment, bullwhips etc. They all have lank hair and moustaches. You don't need me to say it, right?

AEROSMITH: Come Together (CBS). We don't talk about *Sgt Pepper's.*

THE FATBACK BAND: Mile High (Spring). Tragic to see how the mighty can drop. In their early days, on Perception or Event, the Fatbacks had more stomp'n'guts than a line of quarter backs, but this is just more string / trumpet toss.



From "Streetdance" to "Mile High" is like from "Fleetwood Mac" (Blue Horizon) to "Rumours". Ah well, we are all to blame.

MOTORHEAD: Louie Louie (Bronze). Never can whack The Kingsmen but Motorhead play it straight and greasy and better than the stacks of versions I've witnessed in non-going Vortex situations. (Even if Nick Kent does say they're playing it up a minor, or whatever the term is).

STRANGEWAYS: Show Her You Care (Real).
JAPAN: The Unconventional (Ariola). Two types of pop. **Strangeways** beautifully detail what I mean about how well The Rich Kids do it, by turning up an OK but pointless and twee "Hey (hey) You (you) Get Offa My Boyfriend" type work out. While **Japan** deserve more than their image allows with a chunky, albeit on the heavy side, hunk of rockfunk. The B side too is encouraging. *"We're just another hype / But the pressures getting harder ..." ("Adolescent Sex").* As Glenda Slag would add: "Japan? I Luv 'em! But boys-that image died in the stone age!! (GEDDITT!!!).

COLEEN: Andy (Target). A love song to Prince Andrew sung in a Lyndsey De Paul whisper is not the greatest combination to throw out as recommended to all you *NME*'ers clutching a spare 85p, but this daft and exquisite lilt is definitely worth hearing. *"I wouldn't swop my jubilee poster / For all the David Soul's in the world / Oh Andy ... Andy I love you ..."* I used to be a Millwall supporter too.

STEVE TREATMENT: Five A Sided '45. I swear I heard two instruments playing the same time at one point on this superb platter. Even the double-tracked vocals shift and sway, but no matter cos the fabulous Steve Treatment (helped by the equally great named Swell Maps), packs in five tracks that would get a good review from anyone you care to name. Had it been an LP, and thereby judged under a different light, it would've been LP of the week and no error. Rocking out in a very strange way it is absolutely vital.

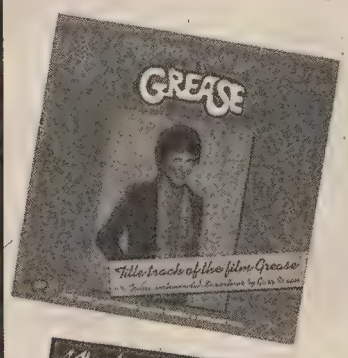
And finally Cyril ... And finally Esther ...

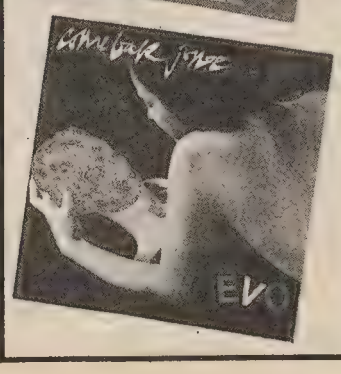
DAVID GILMOUR: There's No way Out Of Here (Harvest).
COUNT GIOVANNI DI REGINA: Just one Cornetto (Magnet).

Turn it in, Harvest. Play the white man; Magnet.

SO THERE you go tomcats, I've stuck my oar in to say that as long as you don't let yourself get carried away (or unless you're a total loser and like Kansas or something,), there is a wealth of greatness in today's singles.

Take up thine ears and dance.





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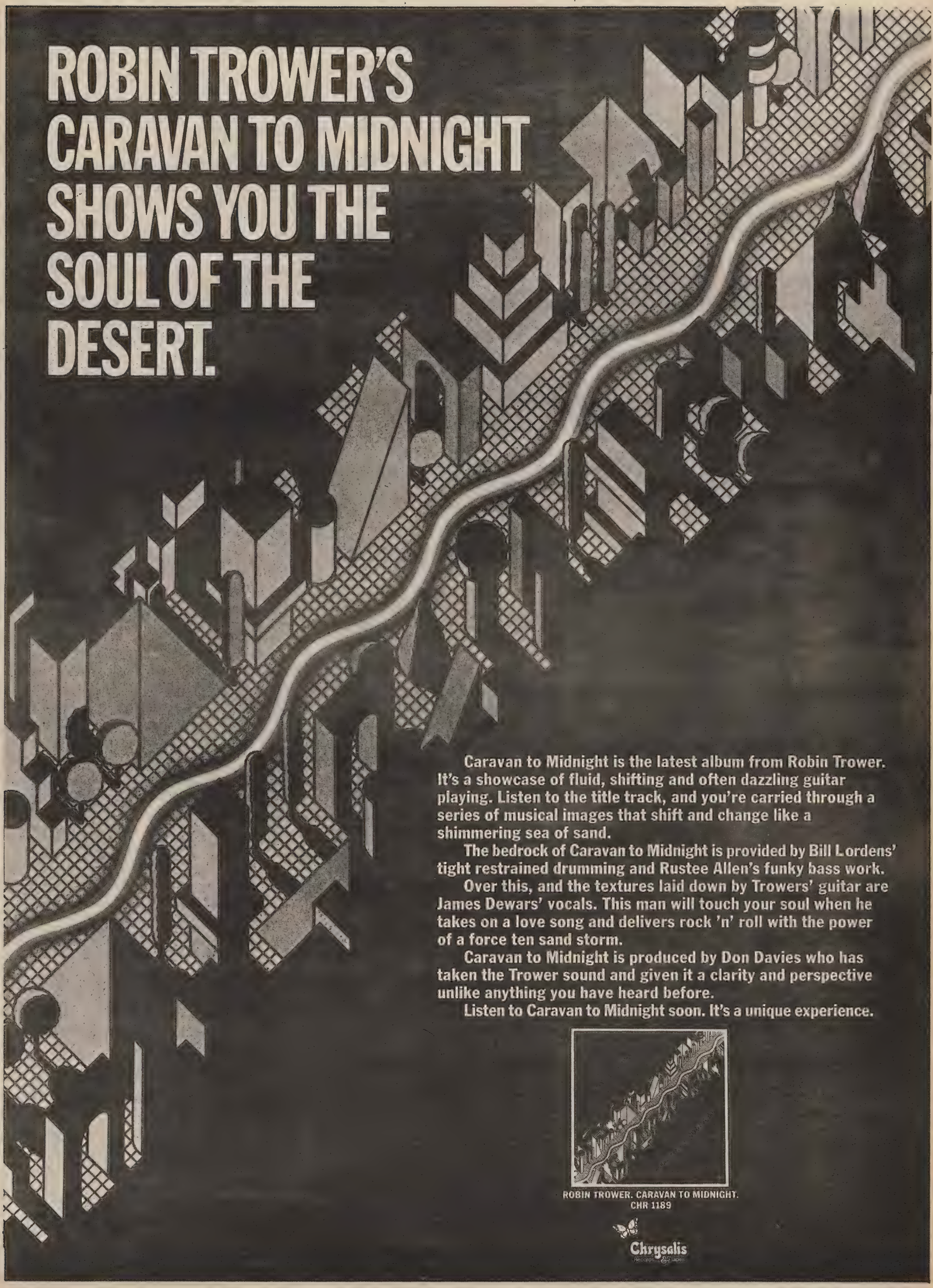

Caravan to Midnight is the latest album from Robin Trower. It's a showcase of fluid, shifting and often dazzling guitar playing. Listen to the title track, and you're carried through a series of musical images that shift and change like a shimmering sea of sand.

The bedrock of Caravan to Midnight is provided by Bill Lordens' tight restrained drumming and Rustee Allen's funky bass work.

Over this, and the textures laid down by Trowers' guitar are James Dewars' vocals. This man will touch your soul when he takes on a love song and delivers rock 'n' roll with the power of a force ten sand storm.

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I REBEL POET

Black Soul/Brixton Blues/ Black Scars/Bradford Dues

LINTON JOHNSON stands firm for blacks in Britain today

Librarian, writer, activist, musician, street brother — Linton Kwesi Johnson

LINTON JOHNSON leans forward and scrutinises the weekly rock paper spread on the desk before him. The object of his attention is a review of his first album, "Dread Beat And Blood", just released on Front Line Records.

He checks the reviewer's words carefully. *"It's clear that Johnson is not the average half-literate reggae man, substituting some random combination of multi-purpose Jah-speak for inspiration. He is a poet . . ."* he reads aloud, and gives a hard ironic laugh.

"That's what they think of us innit?" he asks, a Cockney tilt to the question. "A bunch of illiterate wild men going on about Jah, ganja and back to Africa . . ."

He laughs again. There are no references to Jah or back to Africa on "Dread Beat And Blood", though Linton is somewhat peeved to find his favourite musicians and lyricists branded as little more than savages and idiots.

"I'm not a Rastafarian," he says. "I have no religious beliefs." Indeed, on the album itself dreams of returning to Africa are passed over in favour of exhortations to the black community to *"Stand firm inna Inglann . . . No matter what they say we are here to stay . . ."*

But then that's just one part of the wholly different and wholly British focus offered by "Dread Beat And Blood", an album recorded under Linton's *nom-de-disque*, Poet And The Roots.

'Poet' because Linton Kwesi Johnson is, at 26, the foremost black British poet of his generation, his two slim volumes of radical, innovatory verse rightly celebrated by those who take an interest in such things. 'Poet' is also the name by which he is known in his native community of Brixton.

And 'The Roots' because that's where Johnson's work is coming from — black, British, bottom-of-the-heap roots-life in the ghettoes of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bradford or any other large city you care to name.

To be sure, the roots go back further — to Jamaica, where Linton Johnson grew up before emigrating to Britain at the age of 11, back even through 400 years of history to the days of slavery — but the immediate attention of Poet's work is on the struggles, tribulations, and joys of today's black British youth. It's a world of the dole queue, the betting shop, the blues dance (house party), of loud reggae on midnight streets, of knives flashing in darkness; a world of police harassment, court injustice and third rate housing, whether it's unkempt Victorian terraces at overpriced rents or the instant concrete slums of the 'planners'.

JOHNSON WRITES about his themes with a brutal honesty and force that's borne from personal experience and from his continued involvement in the black struggle in this country. To extend his poems — written to be spoken aloud as much or more as to be read in private — to a wider audience via music was the natural evolutionary step in his career. "Whenever I wrote, I always had a reggae bassline in my head," he says.

The result — recorded on a low budget with British musicians and produced by UK dub maestro Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle of Matumbi — is a brooding, angry, uncompromising album: dark words over a stark, percussive reggae backing. Its title is a perfect description of its qualities.

Already the record has won critical accolades and will doubtless cull more; two weeks ago *NME's* John Gray accorded landmark status to the platter and even the author of the aforementioned *Record Mirror* review felt sufficiently impressed to grant it five star status, despite his vented misgivings about its "vicious" qualities, going so far as to assert that Johnson's stance was *"racist . . . and I mean anti-white."*

"Oh not again," groans Poet as he scans the lines, "I used to get this at poetry readings — people would come up afterwards and say, 'We like your work but why are you so racist?' "

Why do you think they get that idea?

"Like many whites they don't really listen carefully, don't really understand what's happening. When they see a black person get up and say, in any terms, 'We have to be strong, we have to fight and defend ourselves in this country,' they say he's a racist. And whether I say 'All Wi Doin' Is Defendin' or 'Kill The Pigs', they're gonna write or think the same thing.

"But I am not a racist. And I could never be a racist with my experience and understanding of History . . ." He pauses to survey the shelves of books around him. The interview is taking place in the library at the Keskidee Centre, a recreational focus for the black community that's situated in a redevelopment area of darkest Holloway. Here Poet works five or six days a week and has done for five years now.

"I believe in humanity," he continues, "that all races have more in common than they do different. At the same time that doesn't mean I'm blind to the historical experience of my people, black people from Africa, and that I'm gonna turn a blind eye to history.

"I am a young man living in the twentieth century, in the age of science and technology, when man has the most destructive forces ever known . . ." says Johnson, "and I can't be restricted to racist terms. If you're not thinking in international terms in the twentieth century you're backward."

"HISTORY" IS a word that crops up a lot in conversation with Linton Johnson, as to a lesser extent does "backwardness", both terms being indicative of the man's vigorous political outlook. The latter phrase is particularly applied to those of racist persuasion (whether black or white) while a "proper historical perspective" of any situation is deemed the first priority of political understanding.

Poet is well read, has a bewildering recall of any number of facts, historical, literary or musical, and is highly articulate on a whole number of levels, while the perception and concision of his thinking are a constant challenge in conversation.

Since he left school at 16 with six 'O' levels — "Tulse Hill School, well known for its thieves" — he's been politically involved, and had picked up his membership papers for the Brixton branch of the Black Panther Party before he collected his 'O' level certificates.

The original American Panthers were a militant revolutionary movement that sprang out of the Californian ghettoes in the mid-'60s. In accordance with the rights granted under the American Constitution they carried guns openly, for the purpose of 'self-defence'. They were not, however, terrorists.

Not, of course, that there was ever any suggestion of parading the streets of South London with firearms, but Johnson feels the British Panthers were important: "The main impetus the movement came from was what was concretely happening to blacks in this country — police brutality, harassment, unemployment, housing conditions, the whole lot . . . And also people were impressed by what Bobby Seale, Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and the rest were doing in the States.

"I t was a decisive influence on me and people like me, who felt emotionally about the situation of blacks in this country but who had no understanding of it from a historical or political point of view. It was our first experience of disciplined political action, a seven day a week activity."

What were you doing for a job at that time?

"Working in the Civil Service." He laughs at the memory, going on to reveal that his time in Her Majesty's employ was not surprisingly, "the most boring period of my life".

The exposure, via the Panthers, to both established political thought and the burgeoning American black power movement and its compelling literature soon moved Johnson to flex his own literary muscles, and his writing was encouraged by his boss at the local tailor's firm where he worked prior to signing on with the Inland Revenue.

Johnson's determination to make sense of his experience as a black youth living in a largely hostile environment became a process of self-discovery. Casting about for the form and language in which to record his feelings, he was confronted by the lack of suitable models for his own writing. The dusty monuments of English literature exhibited at school were plainly useless, and at first he fell back on what he numbers as his major literary influence — The Bible.

"My family can't read or write, but in every Jamaican home there is a Bible, which I'd always read, and still do. There is some of the most beautiful poetry in the English language there; *Psalms, Solomon, Ecclesiastes . . .* so my early poetry had a strong Biblical influence."

LATER, AS HE extended his reading, the fledging poet encountered the works of poets like Edward Braithwaite and Martin Carter, as well as African writers like Aime Cesare and Christopher Akimbo — "poets writing in the language of their coloniser" — all of whom impressed and influenced his own work.

His own voice, though, he had yet to find.

"I reached the stage where the things I really wanted to write about I *couldn't* write about in the rarefied language of English Poetry, and I fell back on my native language,

Continues over page

Interview by NEIL SPENCER

Pix: DENNIS MORRIS

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"You no see't . . ."

"Know wot I mean like?"

"The English Language couldn't communicate the violence, the intensity of the experience of black youth in this country . . ."

"What I have against the SWP is that they're racists, the worst kind of racists, liberal racists."

From previous page

Jamaican Creole.

"The English language really couldn't communicate the violence, the intensity of the experience of young blacks in this county, of *all* black people in this country.

"It wasn't easy because I was working within the tension of two different languages — English and Creole. You've probably noticed that sometimes I switch from Jamaican to Cockney — I can talk bofe, right?" Poet says, dropping instantly into a broad black Cockney, "Know wot I mean like?"

"It was a vary 'ard art working in two languages, one of which is oral only — which you don't see written down — because I'm writing for the reader as well as for the listener."

Faced with the peculiar demands of his subject matter and the lack of any precedent, Linton Johnson began to evolve his own system of phonetic representation — writing down the words as they actually sounded, in the speech patterns and vocabulary of everyday life.

The result was poetry that exploded the self-consciousness and intellectual abstractions of much contemporary black poetry and spoke to and for *de bredders pan de street:*

last satdey
I neva dey pan no faam
so I decide fe tek a walk
doun a BRIXTON,
an see wha gwane

(Yout Scene)

Johnson produced the poetry of reggae just as Dylan has produced the poetry of rock before him. It was electric, immediate, more accessible to the ordinary man than to the scholars.

"I drew my main source of creative energy from reggae music, drum and bass music ... Big Youth! To me the greatest dub creation I ever heard was Youth's 'Foreman Versus Frazier' — Jesus Christ man, dat 'ard.

"Another thing I fell back on in my poetry was, of course, the language of the DJ lyricist. What the DJs did for me was open my mind to a whole tradition of oral poetry that I'd taken for granted — nancy stories, riddles, rhymes, folk tales, duppy (ghost) stories my granny used to tell me ... like, for example, Prince Far I uses skipping rhymes on one of his records."

Eventually Linton Johnson's poems led to the publication of his first book *Voices Of Living And The Dead* (1974) which he describes as "A poetic drama" and *Dread Beat And Blood* (1975), the volume that supplies most of the numbers on the album of the same name. He gave many public readings, the main impetus coming after an appearance on *Full House* TV programme, though these rarely brought him into contact with the established poetry scene: "The black poetry scene yes, but I always tried to stay on the periphery of that because there's a whole lot of weirdos on that scene, a lot of young black guys who are on a hip black American trip, trying to emulate the hip style of supercool American brothers like Leroi Jones ... and I didn't too check for those brothers," he quips, dropping into mid-Atlantic jive accent.

"But I did meet John Le Rose, who publishes New Beacon books here, and through him Andrew Salkey, a Jamaican novelist, and the two of them introduced me to a lot of Jamaican and African literature — which was very new to me, a whole different world. I had no idea that black people were writing novels about black people."

IT'S PRECISELY Linton Johnson's position at the confluence of so many different cultures that makes his viewpoint so valuable and that gives such authority, resonance.

As he says himself, his experiences are typical of his generation, and he presents them with a directness that's often absent among his contemporaries on the UK reggae scene, which for all its present energy and commitment has yet to evolve a true voice of its own. Certainly few enough homegrown classics have yet to come forward.

But then for the black music scene in Britain it's still early days, just as it is for the UK black movement as a whole. "We've only been here thirty years, only just beginning to put down roots," says Linton. Still, now there are Cyril Regis and Viv Anderson in the first division, Matumbi providing BBC2 theme tunes, the seeds of a black British cinema, even, Lord help us, *The Fosters*. All of which, it must be said, is taking place against a background of increasing racist activity and propaganda.

yes, the violence of the oppressor
running wild
them picking up the yout them fe suss
powell prophesying a black, a black, a
black conquest
and the National Front is on the
rampage
making fire bombs fe burn we.

(Doun De Road)

The present time, believes Johnson, is one of crucial importance for black people in this country. "The real threat is not from the National Front but from the Tory Party and their racist policies. People like Margaret Thatcher want to take away the advances that the black community in this country has made for themselves over the last thirty years.

"They want it back like it was in the old days — y'know, a worker in a factory, the foreman would come round and say 'Hey Sambo, and dey say 'Yessuh.' But the youths nowadays, the foreman come round and say 'Here Sunshine, and they turn round 'Sunshine ya bloodclaat, 'oo ya call Sunshine?"... Linton laughs ... "it's a different situation altogether."

Unfortunately, we agree, any compaign or legislation directed against the black / immigrant community is likely to end up in a series of police / youths conflicts (viz Notting Hill Carnival 1976) which would likely then be presented to the popular mind as a strictly law-and-order issue rather than in its wider social context. Current demands from Metropolitan Police Commissioner David McNee for increased police powers — including the right to hold people for up to a week without them being charged — do little to dispel apprehension about the future, especially when relations between police and black youth are already so poor. Much of the bitterness felt in the ghettoes of Britain is directed against the notorious 'sus' laws — arresting and charging and often convicting people for 'suspicious behaviour'.

"Any young policemen wants to step up the career ladder, it's a field day for him," says Linton with some rancour. "He sees two black kids by a bus stop and that's that! It's his word against the black youths and the magistrates ain't gonna believe the youths.

"A lot of innocent blacks have been railroaded into prison on that outdated piece of nineteenth, or is it eighteenth, century piece of legislation."

With what effect?

"A lot of straight black kids come out of prison and go the other way — they say 'Bwoy well me never use to t'ief but since I get lock up fe t'ief I might as well t'ief'. And they get bitter."

Two of the numbers on "Dread Beat And Blood" concern themselves with unjust imprisonment; "It Dread Inna Inglan" is a call to free George Lindo, currently serving time in Leeds gaol on robbery charges, while "Man Free" describes the way that, following public protest, Marcus Howe, editor of *Race Today* magazine, was released from Pentonville where he was on a charge of contempt. Both campaigns are typical of the sort of action that Poet foresees playing an increasing role in society.

"The only response black people in this country can make is toward disciplined, principled organisation. Because we're a *force*, just as the working class movement in this country is a force, even tho' that force is dissipated in various ways and ideological backwardness. The type of response we make remains to be seen. A lot of black kids will be doing the refusing rather than the choosing — refusing, for example, to do shit jobs in factories for £25 a week.

"When black people come over to this country it was strictly as workers. Now there's a black *petit bourgeoisie* that tends to be very conservative politically, to side with the state and to see politics in conventional Labour versus Conservative terms. They tend to form themselves into organisations like the CR (Campaign for Racial Equality) that are part of the race relations industry, but most of them are just hustlers, the worst kind of hustlers. They're into 'self-help' — by which I mean they're only interested in helping themselves, not the community they claim to represent."

I ask what he thinks to the Socialist Workers' party current involvement in racial politics.

"What I have against the SWP is that they're racists, the worst kind of racists, liberal racists. They're the ones who believe they have to *help* blacks. They don't believe black people can help themselves, can make an independent intervention in the political life of this country.

"Then dey operating this 'Rock Against Racism' front — if I should ever be so lucky as to be invited to do a gig on their behalf I'd tell them to fuck off."

The conversation develops into a series of gloomy prognostications about the world of *1984* arriving on schedule if not rather earlier than expected. So can there be no final resolution, just an ongoing struggle such as white working class people have been making for hundreds of years?

"But dem (the authorities) are not just gonna have it all their own way. People will have to respond, and Britain is a place with a long history of working class struggle. I don't believe the labour movement is so defeated that it won't respond.

"Blacks will fight anyway, cos if we don't fight we're finished, it's back to slavery."

I ASK LINTON how he see the influence of the Rastafarian movement in any future struggles. After all, Rasta ideas are the dominant force on the lyrics of black music, whether it's from JA *or* UK, rivalled only by the perennial themes of romance. And Rasta is one of the most potent forces for change in JA itself.

"The Rastafarian movement is the most powerful, most dymanic cultural movement in Jamaican history," says Linton. "And it's meant that for the first time in Jamaican history the average Jamaican could take a pride in himself — he has his own music, hairstyle, clothing, speech, ... everything that relates to culture.

"Again it's historical, the result of a particular set of historical conditions. I don't think you can understand it without taking that into account, without knowing something about Jamaica's history. Rebellion in Jamaica has always expressed itself in religious terms — and religious leaders have often been among the most radical elements of society — people like Paul Bogle and the Reverend Nibbs in the last century.

But people are often misled by the symbolism used by the Rastas ...

"Yes, well ... that is the weakness of much of the writing about reggae in the rock press — the people don't know what it's describing. White people either have to understand reggae as a representation of Jamaica — its struggles, its culture, its poverty, everything about it. I'm sure that visiting Jamaica made a big difference to how you listened to reggae and what it meant.

"Or they appreciate it at a different level, at the international level that people like Bob Marley and Third World are operating. People will criticise Marley — and I was his first critic, when he produced 'Natty Dread', but he's internationalised reggae, made it accessible to anyone, no matter what country you're from. And he's made it easier for others with a less accessible sound to be accepted."

And what does your music represent?

"It represents Brixton, Leeds, Bradford, Handsworth ... and also Clarendon County Jamaica where I grew up.

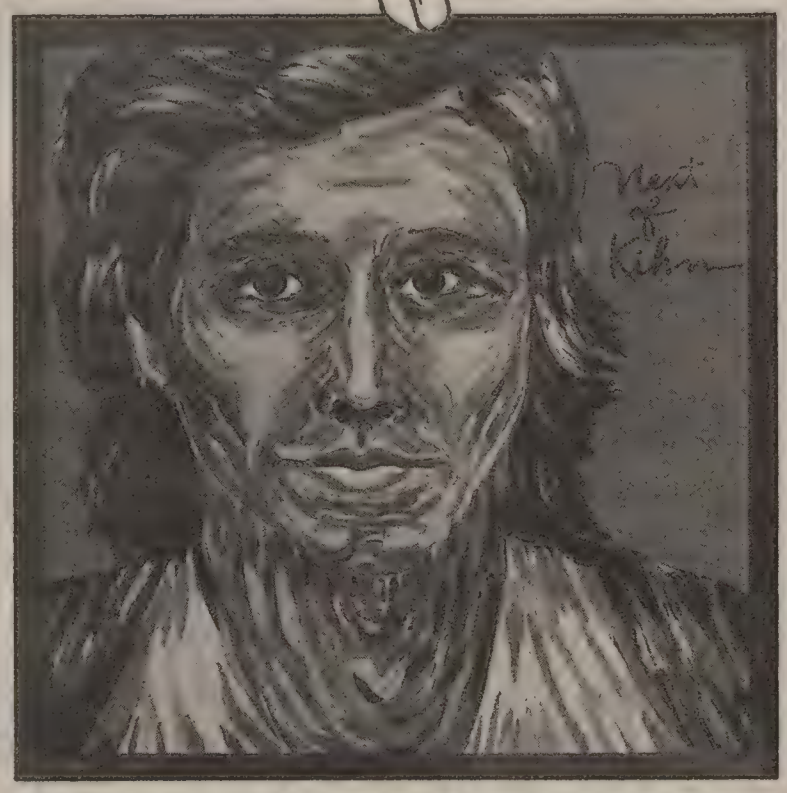
"I think my album will sell slowly," opines Linton with deliberation. "Among the black people in this country it will be more of a private thing, something people will hear about; it won't get mass acceptance. Probably more whites will pick up on it, for whatever reasons.

"I'm still a musical novice, and this is only the third record I've made (the others being the "Dread Inna Inglann" discomix, the "All Wi Doin Is Defendin' " and "Five Nights of Bleedin' " 12", both different to those on the album).

"But this record contains my experience and my experience isn't so individual that other people can't find something in it they can relate to."

Satan

"Something bugging you?", retorted Gabriel from across the desk.
God heaved a long sigh and gave his second-in-command and assistant programme controller one of those long lingering looks that had put the wind up lesser men.
"I do wish you'd cease trying to talk like a musical journalist. It sounds awfully pretentious."
Gabriel was a trifle miffed but nevertheless took the hint and went back to cataloguing the new releases.
The Almighty meanwhile resumed his plodding through an enormous box of tee shirts, decorated mirrors, stickers, badges and assorted promotional paraphernalia that had just arrived at Radio Heaven from CBS. Reaching down into the bottom of the box he finally came up with two rather crumpled records, the dogeared sleeves of which he examined with disdain for a few seconds, stroking his grey beard ponderously before depositing them both in the waste bin unopened and unheard.
Reaching for his cigarettes and swinging his sandalled feet onto the desk top he blew a cursory smoke ring, picked his nose distractedly and mused. Musing was his wont at times of extreme frustration.
Gabriel scratched under his right wing and looked up at the omnipotent one.
"Go on. You can tell me. There's something buggi... er... bothering you. I can tell."
The Heavenly father decided to make a clean breast of it.
"Oh, I don't know. It's just that none of these records seem to give me the buzz they used to. There's nothing you can play nonstop for a week anymore. You remember those old Byrds albums and things like 'Beatles For Sale'. Those things were never off my deck for weeks. You could get excited. And now what is there? Devo? Don't make me laugh. It's so... so... unconvincing. No fun anymore. No fun."
"Know what you mean boss", offered Gabriel, putting aside his felt tip and warming to the subject. **"There's just got to be more to life than the next Wire album, hasn't there? I feel like I want to get into something with a more 'up' kind of feel to it. Something more positive."**
There was a silence as both men nodded sagely.
At that moment the library door burst open to admit John the Baptist, Radio Heaven's Rock DJ, sporting a ripped Banshees tee shirt, a two thousand year growth on his chin and carrying a pile of Stranglers albums. Parting his shoulder length hair to reveal a grizzled and manic countenance, he peered round the room.
"Hi Jove! What's happening?"
"Not much", offered Gabriel, **"all these new albums stink."**
"Oh yeah? Well now it's a good job I came in when I did, 'cos have I got the platter to lay on you, to make you lose your blues and put on your rock and roll shoes and boogie all night long..."
At this God saw red.
"Now look, I told you what would happen if you tried to push one of those Mahogany Rush albums on me once more. The whole number... the locusts, the bolts of lightning, the boils, the sores, the graves opening... the full works. Got me?"
"Naw", interjected the Baptist, **"it's nothing like that. In fact it was Augustine who layed this one on me".**
God and Gabriel exchanged quizzical glances. Augustine was the late night presenter and well known as the station wimp. How could his tastes and John the Baptists converge? But they had. And the subject of this agreement was **'NEXT OF KIHN'**, the third and finest album from the extraordinary Greg Kihn Band, a masterpiece of dynamic tuneful and heartwarming rock and roll. God listened.
He dug it. Right now he's on this third copy, it's been top of Radio Heaven charts for weeks and all the opposition is considering retirement.
Now that he's got into it, everybody down here is going to need a good excuse to ignore the fact that the Greg Kihn Band are right at the top of their particular tree.
John Lee Hooker used to say 'Nothing but the best. Later for the garbage.'
He could have been talking about **'NEXT OF KIHN'**



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BANSHEED!

Interview: NICK KENT

JOHN McKAY, the Banshees' guitarist, has a pale, ashen look constantly playing about his features and talks in measured, serious tones. Kenny Morris, the group's drummer, has extraordinarily feminine looks that are undermined by a no-nonsense, level-headedness in his manner and style of reply. Steven Severin, the bassist, sports features that resemble a continual benign leer, yet is the most soft-spoken of the quartet. And Siouxsie, the singer, is the most openly outspoken of the foursome, delivering curt, sling-shot rejoinders to questions put her way, though she will choose to embellish her remarks when necessary.

This is day two in my attempt to interview the Banshees for this article and, although I'd chosen initially to pitch for four individual interviews to piece together the story, circumstances have yet again conspired to bring the four individuals together in a group to confront my scrutiny.

However, when manager Nils Stevenson motions into this second group encounter to ask whether I'd prefer to talk individually to the members, I decline the offer because somehow it seems only right that the Banshees' unity should be maintained.

It's always been that way before. Just dive back into recent back-issues of the British music press to locate an interview with anything other than all four participants of the Banshees in unison and you'll find scant pickings. Siouxsie herself has been interviewed only once on a strictly one-to-one basis — with *Snouds'* Viven Goldman — sometine late last year for a feature that came replete with ready-made image — "Ice Queen of the New Cold Musik Age" or somesuch grand handle, marring an otherwise fine piece of journalism wherein the subject herself went on to gracefully demolish the frosted veneer by simply being herself.

Since then, the slow-but-sure progress maintained by the band has finally hit the bonus button with a lucrative record deal with Polydor and a neat advance cheque (though, still no exact sum is mentioned) and even total artistic control — "on paper at least" as one of the group wryly notes.

This second encounter in fact is taking place in the heart of the beast itself — or more precisely in some out-to-lunch A & R man's office up on the floor of the Polydor West End complex that seems more than anything else to resemble the world of an architect experienced solely in the construction of various "Santa's Christmas Grottos".

The bizarre juxtaposition of the Banshees and Polydor was consummated most forcefully when, upon first arriving at the appointed, P.R. Office, I encountered Steve Severin quietly on his tod scrutinising the reviews of "Hong Kong Garden" in the various music rags of the week while in another part of the room, James Brown 'Hitman of Soul' and Polydor recording artiste, is passing through, making with the full ostentatious pimp-flash manners, motioning from phone to phone to occasionally bathe his omnipotent ego in the sycophantic droolings of a paid flunkie excitedly recalling Brown's more youthful days when he performed on Arthur Howes' British package tours.

When snared to a phone, Brown's business manner sling aces-and-eights down the receiver as he discusses his "product" manoeuvres. Even yours humbly — a proud possessor of both James Brown "Smash Hits" volumes and the supreme achievement of the original "Live At The Apollo" — has to snigger at the little man's pompous airs, while Severin seems totally bemused by it all, preferring to try and keep his attention as far away from this particular floor-show as is humanly possible. Sanctuary is eventually provided by an amiable-but-so-awfully-nervous young Polydor publicist, who ushers the two of us to the grotto confines of the interview location.

THE 15 minutes-or-so of one-to-one with Severin provide a solid preface of reminiscences harking back to the pre-Banshee days. Severin, along with Siouxsie herself, are the two original Banshee perpetrators (Severin previously went under the surnames of Havoc and Spunker, to name but two) and first met through a mutual friend at a Roxy Music gig at Wembley Stadium back in 1974.

They both shared similar musical tastes — Roxy obviously, Bowie, N.Y. Dolls, Stooges and Lou Reed, thus making them very much participants in the glam-rock flutter of the earlier '70s. Basically loners, they struck up a friendship that provided the now-renowned 'Bromley Contingent' of Pistols fans with its first recruits.

The other Bromley-ite who shared in these select tastes was one Bill Broad, better known by the later-chosen surname of Idol, who, Severin claims, was his best mate at the time. Broad was another outsider who'd taken to studying English Lit at Sussex University when Severin phoned him to announce excitedly that he'd seen this group called The Sex Pistols sometime in the opening months of 1976, impelling our Bill with such excitement that he immediately ditched his Milton to come down to London and ultimately click into a scene he could relate to.

The Pistols' gig gave this crowd a scene of their own to be a part-of — a scene that quickly picked up momentum as gig followed gig and the mode of dress (glam-rock and *Sex* shop chic) and attitude became more outrageous, and the audience itself granted the Pistols not only their first real afficianados but an added visual dimension that didn't take long to be granted media scrutiny.

Regarding her now, it's hard to think of Siouxsie Banshee as the same girl who first found fame via the semi-pornographic fetish clothing that she wore while dancing extrovertly before a horde of salivating camera lenses the night the Pistols first played Islington's *Screen on the Green*. This initial exposure was swiftly transmuted into the printed word as rock writers, principally the dillitante pairing of John Ingham and Caroline Coon, latched on to the carnival. Siouxsie and Severin were chosen as typical 'punk rockers' in a six-page essay by Ingham which drooled at length about the crowd at Louise's (*the* club for the *Sex* shop elite) and the fab, wild scenes following the Pistols everywhere.

Siouxsie herself evidently chooses to reflect on the coverage meted out to their scene initially only with contempt.

"It's sickening when you think now that writers like Ingham and Caroline Coon got so carried away by all the superficial aspects of the whole thing, they lost all sense of perspective. They were more interested in noting things like what colour your hair was dyed, than by providing any insights into what really was going on then."

More vehement, though, is her choice for exactly the moment when the scene itself became bogus.

"It was when everyone started lauding The Damned. That was the beginning of the end as far as I'm concerned — the start of the rot setting in. When they all got the wool pulled over their eyes and Rat Scabies started making spitting at the stage trendy. That was all his doing."

THE WEEK The Damned first made the front cover of a music paper *(Monotony Maker* to be precise) also coincidentally happened to be the same week Caroline Coon chose to write up the first-ever Siouxsie and The Banshees performance one evening during the 100 Club Punk Week.

The gig itself is now part of heavily-encrusted punk legend, featuring Sid Vicious on drums and Severin on bass, the whole point

John McKay

Steven Severen

WHAT'S IN AN IMAGE?

Photography: PENNIE SMITH

being that all players involved had never ever strapped on their chosen intruments before or been on a stage before. Siouxsie herself, hair cropped, dressed like a man (which made for a visual *volte-face* of Bowie-esque proportions considering her former gauche dressing up habits) intoned her way through an anarchic threshing of The Lord's Prayer for some 20 minutes until they got bored and limped off the rostrum.

"The point of that performance was simply that all the other bands were talking about not being able to really play, and being unrehearsed and into chaos, man, and we were simply doing what they were stating. Only they were really talking shit because they did rehearse and had worked up sets. We just wanted to take the whole thing to its logical extreme."

Which they did, of course, creating something of a phyrric victory for themselves in the process — though they would probably disagree — in that, when it came time to turn the Banshees into a full-time operation, the memory of that one previous affair turned many away, principally the A & R men to whom the group's name appeared as either downright offensive (presumably those deafened by actually being present at the gig) or just pointless atonal burlesque of no particular consequence and *certainly* no commercial potential.

The 100 Club did however provide the group with one admirer who stuck with Severin and Siouxsie through to a more solid reconstruction of the basics — Nils Stevenson.

Stevenson was at this point enthusiastically working with The Sex Pistols in the capacity of personal manager in unsigned agreement with Malcolm McLaren (who later sacked a somewhat disillusioned Stevenson, paying him some measly £300 for a full year's unpaid devotion to the cause).

Nils found allies in The Heartbreakers for a time, and even got Track records to underwrite a few initial "new Banshees" bills, while the band played most resurrection gigs of early '77 as support to Johnny Thunders' crew.

The alliance at least got the band underway, with new members Kenny Morris and one P.T. Fenton on guitar.

The group had its teething troubles, basically through the incongruous nature of guitarist Fenton's contributions to the band, which *jarred* rather than *gelled* with the rhythm section. Maybe it was this incompleteness that caused the band to get bagged initially in the shallow 'shock-horror' outrage mould wherein all manner of amoral primping — a Nazi arm-band here, some good old chain-saw gore there — appeared the order of the day. Certainly, the bonecrushingly bleak performances of the official Manson chant — "Helter Skelter" — added to originals like "Carcass", which deals with a butcher falling in love with a slab of meat, seemed convincingly to back up this latter bent at the time.

The first actual feature written on the Banshees appeared in *Snouds,* where they were actively championed by the direly named Jane Suck. John McKay, who was soon to take Fenton's place as Banshee's guitarist and whose presence has, perhaps more than anything else, helped the band to find their true focus, recalls reading that first effort.

"I was really turned off by parts of it, parts about making jokes of spastics — and yet other parts of the interview seemed very exciting, very clear in their mode of thinking. It was only later that I realised that the incongruous bits were more Jane's projections onto the band than anything they consciously believed in.

"Their image got really twisted."

Siouxsie, at least, speaks partly in Ms Suck's defence.

"Jane certainly did us some initial harm with her write-ups, but at least she saw something there that was undeniably a part of us — the uniqueness of it all.

"Unfortunately she started thinking that we were *her* personal property almost, and when Vivien Goldman wrote her piece, it got incredibly heavy between the two of them, ending with Jane saying to Vivien, 'Well, they really are a bunch of Nazis so they pulled the wool over your eyes, ha ha.' "

The inevitable question seems here to be whether the Banshees feel actively "screwed" by the press they've received until now.

Kenny Morris immediately opines: "No worse than anyone else," to general nods of approval, while Siouxsie chooses to add: "Well, up to a point, yes. To that point where I personally don't hang on to the old adage that 'any press is good press' whatsoever — unlike someone like Cherry Vanilla who'd go, 'Oh gee, I'm in the papers' when they're calling her an old slag."

THE SUBJECT inevitably turns to McKay's arrival in the group and the manner in which it changed the band so much for the better.

It's McKay for example who's constructed the superb 'oriental' guitar riff that rings through "Hong Kong Garden", and whose unorthodox but very solid understanding of the fretboard has finally granted the rhythm section the freedom to find their own considerable muscle.

A native of exotic Hemel Hempstead, he vividly recalls his first exposure to the group.

"When I first actually saw the group live, I immediately noticed that they seemed really uncomfortable with Peter Fenton on guitar — even to the point of looking awkwardly at each other all the time they were playing.

"It seemed incredibly unbalanced — mostly, I think, because the chord structures he was creating for the lyrics were almost too close to formal rock'n'roll structures."

McKay, a self-taught musician with a bent for more adventurous guitar styles involving minor/diminished seventh chord work, immediately started restructuring old songs and working out melodies for the new lyrics, to provide the unity of purpose and vision that is so obvious nowadays — and should, indeed have always been obvious, when Siouxsie was performing lyrics as astringent as "Suburban Relapse".

The group's much touted "anti-rock'n'roll" stand is explained and defined by the group — McKay and Siouxsie in particular — in their statement of intent against all the dead skin and jive desires that the term itself has become associated with.

The full force of the group is readily apparent even on a cursory listen to the already completed tracks that'll make up the first Banshees album. Some old favourites are retained, their force refocussed — "Carcass" and "Helter Skelter" — though the lion's share of the original repertoire — "Captain Scarlet", "Love In A Void" and "Make Up To Break Up" included — is absent.

In their place are the steel-and-glass structures of "Switch" and "Jigsaw Feeling", probing territory that finds active kinship with scarcely a single 'punk' band. Instead, the band sounds like some unique hybrid of the Velvet Underground mated with much of the ingenuity of "Tago Mago" era Can, if any parallel can be drawn.

The final track of this yet-to-be-completed collection, "Pure" takes the sound to its ultimate juncture , leaving spaces that say as much as the notes being played. And it finally provides one like myself who, though mightily impressed by their stage sound, considered the addition of another instrument — an organ, say — to be a judicious move, with proof positive that the group need only each other.

Certainly, the traditional three-piece sound has never been used in a more unorthodox fashion with such stunning results.

The album itself — slated for an early October release date — will finally levitate the Banshees beyond formerly binding stereotypes, placing them in the 'New Music' boundaries of a select few; Talking Heads spring to mind here, certainly, though don't take that as a comparison.

It backs up a strength and unity of purpose you can glimpse at in interview situations where the group scrutinise their statements carefully, where the interview is taken as a serious th g.

Com tober, it'll pour down on you.

AGAIN AND AGAIN

THE NEW SINGLE

RELEASED
25th AUGUST

FROM STATUS QUO

HEADLINING AT THE READING FESTIVAL—SATURDAY AUGUST 26th

marketed by phonogram

ALBUMS

DEVO
Q: Are We Not Men?
A: We Are Devo!
(Virgin)
VARIOUS
Star Party!
(K-Tel)

AKRON! AYY! KAYY! ARR! OOH! ENN! TAKE ME HERE FROM WAY BACK WHEN!

Oh, dem golden cheerleaders of eternity — Jane Aire, Rachel Sweet, countless Waitresses and Rubber City Rebels — take me to heaven!

This late, that Stiff compilation has impossible magic. It doesn't experiment with formulae beyond the city limits but it's totally new, totally old and ultimately timeless. These kids are like the offspring of all your heroes idealised beyond any recognition, just your dreams of them showing through. . .rebellious, faithful, bitter, fun loving, drug taking, hating N.Y. and L.A. — or so their songs promise. I'd hate to have them prove me wrong — I've lost my cynicism to these Mid-Western boys and girls.

Any moral music, any damn era, '50s, '60s, '70s, '80s, '90s and. . .anyhow, I'll tell you, these kids have all the forms. All you do is fill them in and buy the record.

Devo? DEE EVE VEE OHH? Aren't they a Lost Angels band? Aren't they the latest in a long line-polluted line from Ultravox! through *Jubilee* to Talking Heads? That Eno, he knows how to leech.

Someone says that Eno had very little to do with the production of this album despite getting credited with it, and actually the production is the best thing about it — there IS no production. If only there was no sound, it would be a swell record.

We here at home have a friend who is the truest Devo fan of all time — his remedy to the *early* '70s malaise was Sparks, incidentally — and who really takes them seriously. He talks at a person for hours about where do we go from here, gets a person on his side, wheedling on about an "alienation" project that he never does one constructive thing about, disappears and, as a non-finale, fails suicide.

For the unlucky few like him, who think and think till they can't move a muscle, Devo sits in the passenger seat (ejector, naturally) and commands you to drive into a dead end. Luckily, there's not many people this fanatical, and I reckon the remaining Devo fans wear pet bands like they wear badges. I think a) the massive proportion of them live in London b) most of them get their records free, since they're in the industry c) they are failure types aged between 25 and 35 who like to sit around rapping about "de-humanisation" and d) take masses of cocaine if they're rich, or are saving up for a G if they're not so rich.

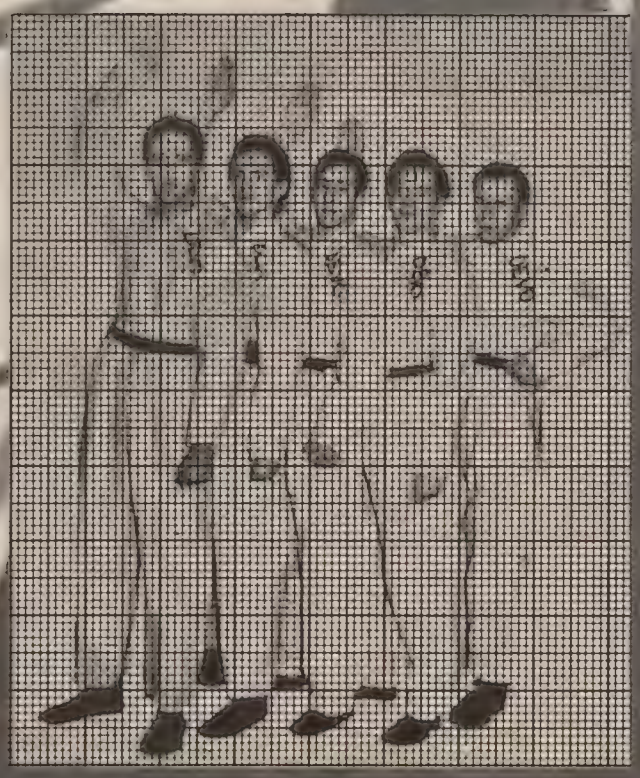
There will never be many of them because Devo move in blatant ways, their misconceptions to free form. Their mouthings about not wanting to keep on cooking "the same old piece of burnt meat" (good definition of rockanroll: Devo as good definitions within a musical limit) are admirable, but they've made the mistake of reckoning that a few fumbling efforts at changing the form will change the effect.

Anyhow, their sound is by no means too new. They sound just *exactly* like a band Ron Mael would mate with David Byrne after Russell had committed suicide by electrocution in despair at his fading looks, and Ron has gone all the way through shock treatment to help his grief go away. The album is a dead affair. Devo have done a lot of work over the window display but the goods are premature and stillborn.

Five of the twelve tracks are out on singles and the rest just retread them. It's obvious that a mere two tracks on the Stiff compilation ("Joco Homo" and "Sloppy" might be suitable) would have been pushing Devo's riff some. An album of such serious pound stretching is deadly boring.

"Gut Feeling", at five minutes the longest track on the record, starts with one minute of "Mongoloid" and two minutes of instrumental Stranglers tribute before giving way to some really innovatory stuff: *"I've had just about all I can take/I can't take no more/I've got a gut feeling"*, sings Mark Mothersbaugh forever. "(Slap Your Mammy)", the shortest track, repeats the title for 51 seconds to a "Sloppy" tune.

The synthesizer farts, bleats, burps and belches throughout all of "Too Much Paranoias" just like Devo have heard Pere Ubu do in their weakest moments (Devo's latest single "Be Stiff", by the way, is a cheeky rip-off of Pere's "Laughing" — infringement of copyright, any of you?). It's real "Revolution Number Nine" stuff over and over and a constant plodding Four Spuds 1968 Led Zeppelin riff raff.



DEVO will not adjust

"Shiver Up" finds Mark sounding like Napoleon XIV, had he been Pink Floyd's lead singer; I certainly wish he'd come and take Devo away. The only thing Devo appeal to is a person's sense of humour, and then only ever so slightly. They would be much funnier if they continued to sing like crackpots, but dressed and acted straight; the most amusing madmen own faces that contrast madly with their personas. If Devo wore regular suits, they'd join the legions of Jimmy Carter, The Osmonds and Farrah, all of whom come on like sane, safe Americans but are obviously beserk, as one look at their teeth and eyes will tell you. Devo *try* to look fresh from the fruit farm, and thereby kill their mild charm.

They induce half a chortle (it's better than none) if you've got nothing better to sneer at on "Jocko Homo", they are idealistically above suspicion and in reality could hurt someone's feelings badly on "Mongoloid" (you always have to consider these things, see, no matter how much of an artist you are) and provoke nothing but irritation over all the fuss and bother that non-Power Press hacks (tell 'em, Tony) have created around the combo throughout the rest of the record. I reckon it's only "I Saw My Baby Getting Sloppy" that's worth taking seriously, coming close as it does to Sparks' inscrutable darts at the feeble heart.

Devo aren't young, or good looking or girls or shocking in their fresh knowledge like, say Jane Aire and Rachel Sweet are. Devo are old, ugly and boring. Their record won't sell. Their gigs won't do well. They will never be a household name, not even in New York City. The funny clothes and "crazy" philosophy are the spoonfuls of sugar that have stalled their instant demise. They are about as thrilling and innovatory as The Pirates' playing "Johnny B. Goode's Good", as The Pirates are want to do.

People have to live in the cities, where they have to get up, go to work, go home, go to bed all their lives, with never a moment's rest, right? This is a fact, like night and day, that nothing could ever change. That being so, you just have to squeeze pleasure out of your surroundings for yourself and not keep pointing and exclaiming at the obvious. Do *you* need Devo telling you how stark and horrid everything is, even if it is one big private jape?

People know things can get nasty and most of them are trying to change this situation in their own minuscule way. The last thing the world needs is another head-crying look, look, look how futile it all is — because give people an inch and they'll wallow a mile deep in the mire.

There's more character people to have, [illegible] life these days than there ever was, and if people recognise the '80s will be even better. Devo are scared of the '80s and how they won't figure in our lives, so they're making a scene. Negativity brings no money, no fun and no improvement; I know it's tempting as an adolescent to run around acting doomed, but so many grown men are playing at it lately. . .it's like a skin problem you should have grown out of by the time you're 18. I have to stand like a hearty, healthy hockey stick, but that's *too* bad.

If you need a negative sneer when you go home from work (not even a positive sneer like Abba or Marley), try Devo. They're a great band for sitting on your ass and going nowhere to.

If you want to go home and have a good time with a soundtrack, get the Akron album and savour that nauseous, anticipatory tension that great rockanroll always forces upon you — it's not awful music that makes you sick and drives you to drink, it's the great stuff. You'll love "When I Was Young", "Truckstop Queen" and "Comb" and the BIGGEST difference between this stuff and Devo is that you may well get uh *inspired* by this stuff. There's not much music like *that* coming up at the moment.

K-Tel's "Star Party!" lies somewhere between the two; it won't make you useless, but it won't exactly spur you to kill giants either. Still, it's very good value with minimal butchery, not like a lot of other K-Tel compilations.

Mock magic moments are Goldie's "Making Up Again", Dee D. Jackson's "Automatic Lover" and, best of all, Smith's "Because The Night". Add Blondie, Dury, Quatro and 14 others' recent chart chants and you're laughing.

And if you're not, I'm sure you'll have a wail of a time picking the ponderous heads off your problems to "Are We Not Men?".

Julie Burchill

Devo'll get ADRIAN BOOT

Teenage spots.

This new two-minute-a-day treatment has everything you need to clear them fast.

Clinical tests show it works.

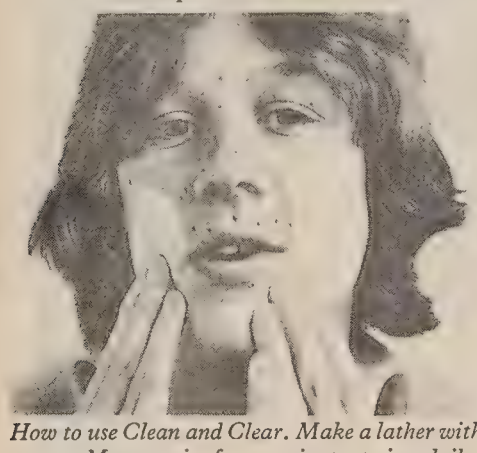
Spots, pimples, blackheads . . . aren't they a nuisance! But now, you needn't live with them for long, because now Clean and Clear is here.

Clean and Clear was specially developed by Beecham dermatologists after studying young people's skin problems just like yours. Clinical trial has shown how well it works. And it takes only two minutes a day to use.

Everything you need

Clean and Clear is different in two important ways. First, it's a medicated *gel* wash, not an ointment, cream or lotion. Secondly, it combines, in one preparation, everything you need to clear spots fast.

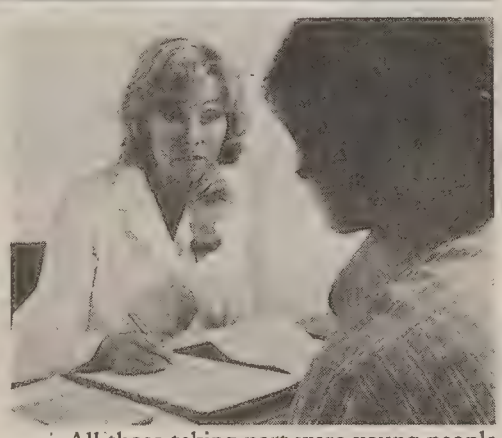
Clean and Clear cleanses thoroughly but gently – carries away excess surface oil and germs, and dries up spots. It frees blocked pores, to dissolve unsightly blackheads and it checks the cause of inflammation. What's more, it has an antibacterial agent expressly selected for its ability to penetrate and combat bacteria deeper down.



How to use Clean and Clear. Make a lather with water. Massage in for 1 minute twice daily. Rinse and pat dry.

Clinically tested

In order to demonstrate how successfully Clean and Clear works, a strictly controlled trial was undertaken in the dermatology clinic of a leading London teaching hospital.



All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

Clear healthy skin

Massaged in for just one minute twice daily, this Medicated Wash could make a wonderful difference for you too . . . effectively treat unsightly spots and pimples, help your skin look clearer and healthier than for years.

Get Clean and Clear at your chemists today. It's easy to use, non-greasy, and no unpleasant odour or telltale trace remains on your skin. Most important of all, it has everything you need to clear spots fast – and clinical tests show it works.

DEVELOPED BY BEECHAM

New

Clinically tested for clearing spots

Available only at your chemist. Starting today, Clean and Clear your skin.

Rich Kids: Well, they never promised you a rose garden (heh, heh)

Pic: DICK BARNATT

RICH KIDS
Ghosts Of Princes In Towers (EMI)

Spirits Of Young Men Lost In Dark Studios

THE ILLUSION that the Rich Kids are no more than just a bunch of Pink-rocking Power-ploppers is once and for all shown the door with the release of this unwieldily-titled debut album.

A lot of recent music press debate has centred on the continuing feud between the Industrial Musak/Rock Is Dead brigade and those who just want to Shake Ass. Both extremes, of course, are as facile as they are incompatible.

"What is important is having the right spirit, regardless of what style one adopts." That is how Glen Matlock — still the soul and spiritual leader of the Rich Kids — sees the Let's Hear It For The Quiet Guy title track of this elpee. (The quote is taken from Nick Kent's recent *NME* interview with the man).

That said, Matlock's forte is rock and roll. There's nothing really new here. But the Rich Kids do deserve credit for at least trying to lift such music out of its basic Get Dahn function . . .

Thus, there's a distinct progressiveness to the punch packed on tracks like the self-consciously "weird" Matlock/New opener "Strange One" — an immediate statement of intent — and others like Midge Ure's "Lovers And Fools". In parts, the album is characterised by unorthodox polyrhythmic neo-jazzy twists: what Steve Jones would no doubt call "wanky sevenths and Beatle chords".

The fact that the Rich Kids are close in spirit to the Small Faces is brought home forcefully by the inclusion of Ian MacLagan on certain tracks; his trade-marked keyboards certainly add a dimension that was absent on Rich Kids' singles to date. The musical credentials of the four regular members of the band, meanwhile, are impeccable. Ure and New are hot guitarists, Matlock a voluble bassist and Rusty Egan a good, forceful drummer. It's a shame, then, that producer Mick Ronson has seen fit to bury their prowess in what is positively the murkiest, muddiest album mix I've heard since Speedy Keen's "LAMF" debacle.

Ronno's arrangements are often cumbersome and overstated, cluttering things when what was really needed was a fresher production; the latter would certainly have complemented the dynamic vitality so obvious in the playing. As it is, the overall wall of sound on "Ghosts" seems to make a mockery of Matlock's assertion that one of the reasons he left the Pistols was because they were playing what "became heavy metal".

The quality of the material is erratic. As with both of The Jam's two albums, here you have both the brilliant and the downright mediocre. One of the Rich Kids' trumps is their possession of two completely independent songwriting axes within the band — Matlock/New and Midge/Ure. Both factions contribute a brace of excellent songs apiece. The cascades of the title track and the mighty "Burning Sounds" are exhilarating, atmospheric Matlock/New rockers with heads held high above the quagmire of the production.

Elsewhere there's Matlock as the disillusioned ex-Pistol in the vitriolic "Hung On You", allegedly about his old pal Johnny Rotten: *"Who's so gross/Who's so green/To think that you're unseen/I don't care for your exhortations/I ain't hung for your information on you."*

"Strange One", the plodding bluesy opener, comes too close for comfort to its subject matter — empty listlessness. Most of the other tracks, "Cheap Emotions", "Put You In The Picture", "Young Girls", "Bullet Proof Lover" (credited Matlock/McDowell), and the "Rich Kids" anthem (intact with its irritating "they're all there" device) are pretty unspectacular three minute bursts.

But perhaps the biggest black mark against what seems a good though far from great album is — yet again, popkids — the inclusion of already released singles.

Adrian Thrills

IMPORTS

GIVEN A word assocation test a few years ago, a black music buff might have linked "Saturday Night" with "Fish Fry", in deference to Louis Jordan, who cut a classic R&B single of that title.

Nowadays a similar test would almost bring forth such answers as "Fever", "Disco" or "Dance", the three words most beloved by those who provide soul albums with their current crop of mundane titles. The Brothers Gibb have, like Flash Gordon, conquered the universe — and to such an extent that this week saw the arrival of a kid's album bearing the moniker of "Sesame Street Fever" (Sesame Street) on which **Grover, Ernie and The Cookier Monster** share the benefit of **Robin Gibb's** company.

However, fear not — for real soul does exist — mainly in those neglected bins labelled "Gospel". And my periodic dip into this section has provided a classy compilation titled "Perpetual Moments" (ABC-Peacock) which shouldn't be missed by those who think of terms of Soul, the way she was. For it contains cuts by such marvellous outfits as **The Dixie Hummingbirds, The Mighty Clouds Of Joy, The Sensational Nightingales** and **The Five Blind Boys,** most of 'em capable of blowing many of today's commercial soul acts completely offstage purely through the lung-power of their lead vocalists.

Also included are such items as **Inez Andrews'** raunchy "Lord Don't Move The Mountains", an R&B hit back in '73, **Nat Townsley's** Wonder-like "I Fell In Love With God", **Victoria Hawkins'** 100% proof blues, "Going Home", and a number of other quality-filler tracks, 14 in all. Hell — I'm not about to get religion — the last time anyone went to church round my way, was to strip the lead off the roof — but "Perpetual Moments" is a great soul album. And that's the gospel truth.

From stained-glass windows to multi-coloured vinyl, now with the news that leading importers Pacific Records are currently lugging in **Steely Dan's** "Aja" (ABC) in red vinyl, **Led Zep's** "4" (Atlantic) in white, **The Who's** newie in red, plus the film soundtrack version of "The Rocky Horror Show" (Ode) in a picture disc version, and **Synergy's** "Cords" (Passport), which has obviously suffered as a result of our lack of summer and comes as totally colourless and as see-through as Emanuelle's nightie.

For those with ebony eyes, I guess it's worth mentioning that **The Dells** are back in action via an album called "New Beginnings" (ABC) and that "Rock Me", **Mac Curtis'** third album for Rollin' Rock is out and about. One of producer Ronny Weiser's stronger efforts, the disc is a warm, if not toast-hot, sample of bluesuede rockabilly — though the title track is incorrectly titled, being in reality, Willie Perryman's "Rockin' With Red".

Meanwhile, down at Virgin's Marble Arch soup-kitchen, they're anxiously awaiting supplies of "Good Morning Mr Walker" (Arhoolie) and "Bahamian Folk Guitar" (Folkways) by **Joseph Spence,** the guitarist who most influenced Ry Cooder's style. But already around is a great cheapo compilation labelled "The Greater Antilles Sampler", which features no less than 22 cuts by **Nick Drake, Country Gazette, John Surman, Fripp and Eno, Tim Hardin, Steve Winwood, Gay and Terry Woods, June Tabor, Quiet Sun, White Noise** and other notables. At £2.49 it's got to be the snip of the week.

Fred Dellar

The Force Of Music

Freedom Fighters Dub

'The Force Of Music' dub from back a yard. Played by the hardest musicians. Masterminded by Roy Cousins. Mixed at King Tubby's by Prince Jammy.

Listen loud and be moved.

UAS 30190

'People Are You Ready' for Prince Mohammed, a toasting DeeJay with original witty lyrics that will excite, delight and make you ride the rhythm.

UAS 30192

People Are You Ready

Prince Mohammed

BALLISTIC RECORDS

Marketed by United Artists Records

Lol and Kev share L-shaped room. Lic: PENNIE SMITH

L Is For Lobster

(Says who? — Offshore Fisheries Ed.)

LOL CREME AND KEVIN GODLEY
L (Mercury)

"KEEP IT simple, keep it neat. Aim your hook at the man in the street," sing Godley-Creme on a track titled "Business Is Business".

They're being satirical, of course — they've long since ducked out on fare like "The Dean And I" and "Rubber Bullets", tuneful flibbertigibbets that you and I might hum along to. Currently they regard hooks as a must to avoid. Every song must be a giant switcheroo, heading everywhichway and sometimes suffering the same fate as the giant oozlum bird. Truth is that Messrs C and G have an in-built hang-up about being saddled with an easy-listening tag.

However, despite some of the blind alleys that the duo have turned into in their panic-filled flight from singlesville, "L" is still worth an aural x-ray, even though the title — which duplicates that of a Steve Hillage offering — was an unintelligent choice for a pair who would like to appear so aware. Audiowise and from a performance point of view, everything is A-OK — in spades. The gizmo kids can produce sounds that the Beeb's Radiophonic Workshop are light years from discovering yet and they know how to utilise them in a thoroughly musical fashion.

This they demonstrate on "Foreign Accents", a neo-R&B instrumental that has Andy Mackay horn-tooting industriously over a hand-clap rhythm and a Creme-created, multi-layered jungle of a back-up area. Often though, their paranoia regarding straightforward melody lines defeats them. They cream into "This Sporting Life" in best after-hours mood, then, suddenly they plump for a neurotic, rumbustious turmoil of a middle section. The result is melodically unsatisfying and indicative of the carrot-on-the-string philosophy clung to throughout — the carrot (or hint of accessible song content) being withdrawn just when everything seems so inviting.

We're all aware that Godley and Creme possess tremendous musical talent and there are a number of moments on "L" that reflect the duo's brilliance of shape-awareness and lyric content — but if only the pair of them would stop trying quite so damned hard to be the future of rock and roll via a succession of teenage (oops, sorry fellas, I meant "adult") operas, then their work could prove to be much more satisfying.

Fred Dellar

THE WEREWOLVES
The Werewolves (RCA)

ANDREW LOOG Oldham won't suffer many sleepless nights trying to turn this lot into the next Rolling Clones. They haven't got a hope in hell.

Maybe Oldham's once large presence partially explains the business hack promo that greets these his latest proteges, but it's nothing to worry about. Just another fifth-hand Bad Company soundalike, machismo by postal course, a rota of rote ballads, ludicrous in their simplicity.

Inoffensively dumb as The Werewolves are they might have come up with something a little more inspired than their production numbers, "The Flesh Express", "Too Hard" (humph) or "Hollywood Millionaire". The imitation *frenchette* of "Deux Voix" and "The Two Fools" are a snooze.

Brian Papageorge, Buckner Ballard, Kirk Brewster, Seab Meador and Bobby Baranowski already have enough problems with their names without immortalising their painful lack of talent on vinyl. So they're young, they have a false reputation to live up to, but pretty puppets and heavy management won't disguise the fact that The Werewolves are lambs in wolves' clothing.

Max Bell

NATALIE COLE
Natalie . . . Live! (Capitol)

AS PER the usual live double album, this would have made a decent EP. The trouble is discernible from the title of the first track, "Sophisticated Lady". Natalie Cole, methinks, would like to be a great *entertainer,* the hip Diana Ross, but her considerable soul talent plus a load of hard work has been diverted to this dubious project.

The result is a deeply-flawed set, an impressive amount of energy expended on second-rate MOR material and inadequate musicians. Desperate, inspired versions of "Cry Baby" (the old Garnet Mimms hit), "Party Lights" and "Something's Got A Hold On Me" only highlight the emptiness of the residue.

Natalie really sweats, singing her all, exhorting the band, working the audience (her between-tracks raps, full of twee sentiment and pseudo-religiosity go down like the famous burning house while I cringe in embarrassment, begin whistling, etc.), but after four sides of largely undistinguished mush, this all becomes blurred in my hearing as a single, continuous screeching.

Graham Lock

Strictly Rockas

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rockabilly Rules OK? (Charly)
Chess Rockabillies (Chess)
Cotton Pickin' Rock (ABC)

ACCORDING TO the sleeve note of "Chess Rockabillies", American scribe Greil Marcus once wrote, "Rockabilly came and it went, There was never much of it."

I don't know what his definition of "much" and "rockabilly" were but by my reckoning there are currently available some two dozen 16 or 20 track albums that are generally assumed to be rockabilly compilations — and plenty more on the way.

At least we all know where we are with the Charly release. It's not aimed at the specialist; it's simply Waxie Maxie's personal pick of 16 "foot-stomping favourites", drawn from the company's previously issued favourites", drawn from the company's previously issued catalogue (mostly Sun recordings, of course) and packaged for theyounger boppers who haven't yet had the time, cash or inclination to get heavily involved in record buying. I doubt whether Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Mizell and Crazy Cavan are strictly rockabilly (although Carl Perkins, Charlie Feathers and others are kosher) — but who cares? It's a fine sampler of Charly's extensive wares.

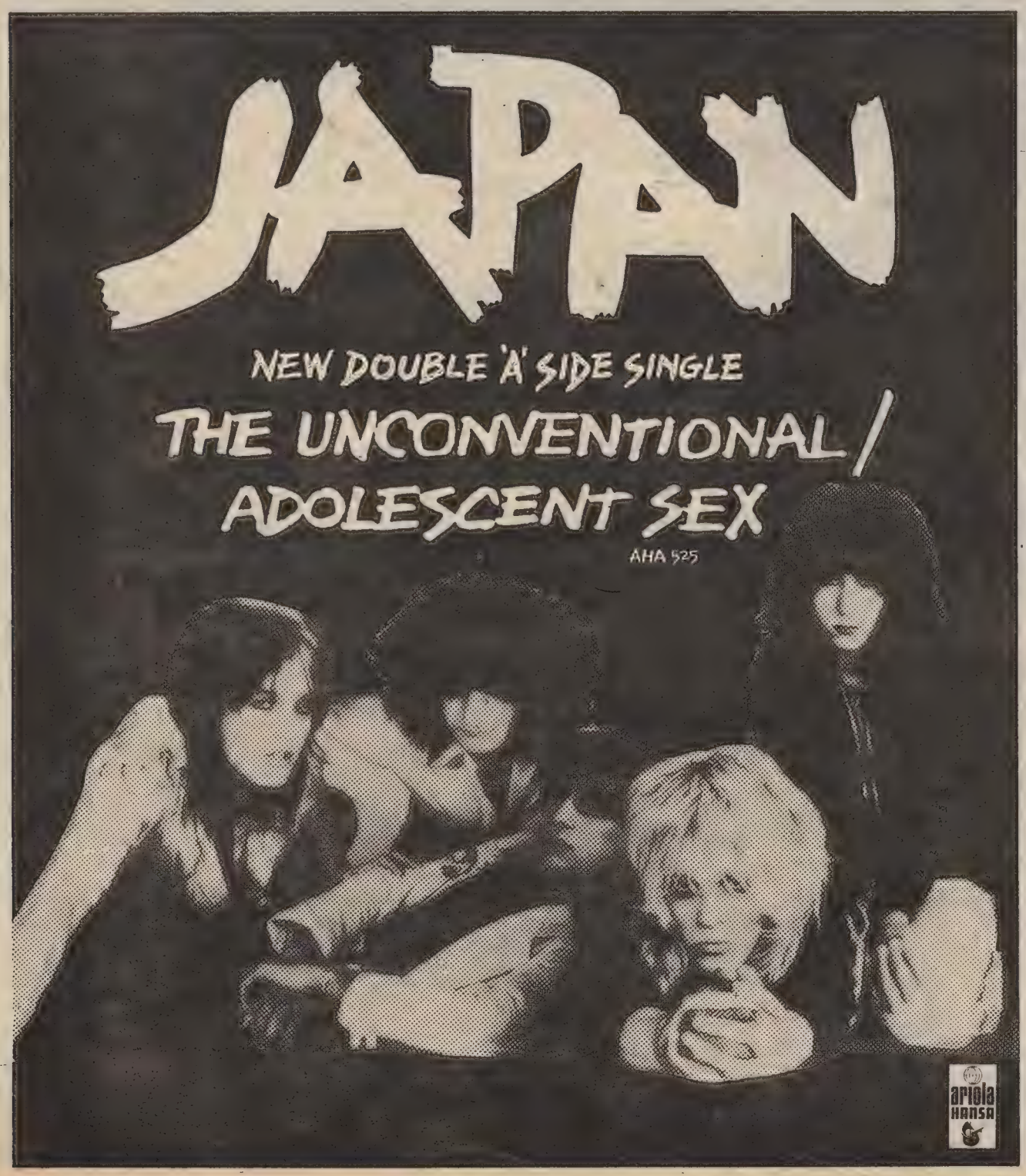
Perhaps because I'm overly familiar with the Charly catalogue, the 20-track Chess compilation sounds the best of the bunch to me; also perhaps because it's the most varied, featuring artists from the blues — through R&B and R&R — to the country markets of the era. There are three or four weak tracks but it's mainly exciting stuff, including several highly-prized items like G.L. Crockett's "Look Out Mabel", Rusty York's "All Night Long" and Eddie Fontaine's "Nothin' Shakin'." Minor classics all.

The ABC release is rather more of a specialist job. The compilers have chosen to feature one example each of 16 different, mainly obscure, acts instead of fully exploiting relatively well known names. The sleeve note implies that Jack Scott's two recordings for the company were equally strong but the album only includes one of them, "Two Timin' Woman". However, there's much good rockin 'in the grooves, especially Elvis-imitator Vince Everett's version of "Baby Let's Play House", backed by Scotty Moore, Bill Black and D.J. Fontana. (NB, ABC, it's damn near impossible to read red print on a turquoise background; you will shortly be receiving my optician's bill.)

Cliff White

Pic: STEVE EMBERTON

Carl Perkins set (and match) for '78.



STUDENTS! STUDENTS! STUDENTS!
see page 53 for
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

With God On Our Side

WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Storm The Gates Of Heaven (Safari)

I CAN'T quite believe it, but right now "Storm The Gates Of Heaven" sounds to me a very good and highly enjoyable album.

I can't believe it because the elements that make up this particular platter are so goddam unlikely . . . I mean, this is a *protest* album, adorned with pseudo-Blakean lyrics and choc-a-bloc with political slogans. Wayne County a closet IDEALIST? Better keep it quiet, baby, you get arrested for that sort of thing over here.

Even though I liked the humour and, er, directness of "Fuck Off," I'd thought of Wayne as being on a gross tastelessness kick, and thus of limited interest. Well, immediate apologies. Apart from the colour of the plastic and the brief, pointless introductory rap on corpses, this is a straight album with serious intent, and nothing remotely offensive about it at all.

Side one kicks off with the title track and straight away Wayne is in there facing God with all the ways in which religion has been used to mess people over. If the lyrics verge on the ludicrous, they're saved by the energy of the music and the sheer nerve of the song.

The religious imagery spills over into "Cry Of Angels," a call to arms against fascism packed with enough political cliches to make Tom Robinson blush. But again, it *works*. The enormous verve, the power and spirit of the music carry it off triumphantly.

The next two songs are less successful. "Speed Demon" is obscure politics, apparently equating Satanism and the Common Market(!!!), while "Mr Normal" is too much paranoia leading to mere abuse, though again it's done with engaging gusto.

But side two delivers the real goods. A classic guitar intro leads into "Man Enough To Be A Woman," Wayne's reply to those who deride transexuality. The over-easy trashing of "Mr Normal" is eschewed now for the most personal statement on the album: *"I got a transexual feeling / It's hard to be true to the one that's really you / I got a scandalous feeling / It's hard to be true when they point and stare at you."* This acknowledgement of fragility is not only appropriate on a song about breaking through "The Mask Of Masculinity," but lends a dignity and a seriousness that the rest of the album rarely attains. You can hear the pain and defiance in Wayne's voice.

It's followed by the deliciously funny "Trying To Get On The Radio." Hard, beaty music behind Wayne's laconic drawl, breaking into an insidiously catchy chorus with schmaltzy violin and tinkling piano, epitomising the sell-out the lyrics demand — *"ANYTHING to get on the playlist."* A version of the Electric Prunes "I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night," done here with galloping Gothic menace, provides a strangely moving coda to what has been a strangely compelling album.

I'm still uneasy. Analyse this record, and it begins to sound like a total farce. But just listen to it, and it's fun, it's angry, it's committed, it's witty, it's tacky, it's awful and finally, somehow, it's brilliant. I guess its success lies in the way Wayne has infused its High Tackiness with underlying purpose and tremendous aplomb. And The Electric Chairs, now with Eliot Michaels and Henri Padovani on guitars, do a *great* job, carrying the album along on pure surging rock.

Try it, you may be amazed.

Graham Lock

Wayne for Pope!!! *Pic: LEEE BLACK CHILDERS*

Handsomes Hugh and Dick share a moment of rare intimacy.

Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

'Til Death Do Us Part

THE DICTATORS
Bloodbrothers (Asylum)

IN ONLY a short support set at the Roundhouse last November, The Dictators trampled over The Stranglers but you would never have guessed it by looking at the crowd, who predictably went apeshit for The Stranglers but only received The Dictators with showers of gob.

The gobbers finally desisted, no doubt swayed by the fact that The Dictators were clearly not afraid to use the considerable amount of muscle at their disposal. Not that they ever choose to flaunt their high machismo quotient, however, for they are blessed with a sense of humour that they're more liable to turn on themselves than anybody else. Thus on the cover of "Bloodbrothers", they all strike apparently aggressive poses in a dark backstreet basketball court but you can't see their faces and the album opens with a track called "Faster And Louder", a furious burst of energy powered by Ritchie Teeter's dynamic drumming.

Dictator lyrics aren't as hazardous to your health as they once were, so this album isn't as endearingly irreverent as the priceless "Go Girl Crazy".

The Krugman and Pearlman tag team screwed up the production on "Manifest Destiny" no end, making the band sound distant and flaccid. Science had gone too far. But here they seem to have realised their mistake and have gone a long way to capturing the attack and power of The Dictators live. Here's hoping that Pearlman produces The Clash as well as he has this.

Although its title seems to be some kind of statement of solidarity, this album sees a few changes in the Dictators line up. Mark "The Animal" Mendoza has gone (I know not why or whither), so Shernoff plays both bass and the odd keyboard and, contrary to the practice on previous Dictators' albums, Manitoba takes all the lead vocals.

"Bloodbrothers" comprises nine potent doses of MC5-type twin guitar power tempered by Shernoff's pop sensibility. "Baby, Let's Twist", beginning with a variant on the "Louie Louie" riff, seems to tell of a vampiric teen romance, an indication of the composer's continuing fixation with the T.V. — *"She got red lips, red lips/She got blood on her fingertips/She got red lips, red lips/But they ain't the kind you wanna kiss/She looks for love where the sun never shines/She's crying 'I'm so strange'."*

You can also thrill to the gruesome tale of "The Minnesota Strip" *("Hey, hey, who's your daddy, little girl?")* and the swaggering "Borneo Jimmy". "Stay With Me" is built on one of those ringing riffs of the "Alright Now" and "Soul Survivor" ilk, and tears out of the speakers with all the force of a jet-powered brick wall.

Yes, Dictators can be fun.

Neil Peters

DIXIE DREGS
What If (Capricorn)

IN THE space of eight instrumentals, Dixie Dregs call on neo-funk, neo-ballad, neo-pomp, neo-jazz and noe-redneck with a tightness and discipline that remains firmly anchored in rock.

They're a democratic and demure unit. Seven of the tracks display a telling lack of indulgence and a minimal pretence to being other than what they are. However, the final "Night Meets Light" destroys much of the other material's good intentions.

A long, soggy and string-soaked mood piece, its facile ambitions leave an unpleasant taste. Bar this, it seemed that Dregs were all set as the rock equivalent of the old, adaptable trad jazz combos. No bad thing — if it knows its place.

Paul Morley

BEAVER BROTHERS
Ventriloquisms (Aura)

LISTENING TO this record just isn't, I guess, what I'm cut out to do in the world. Might as well be a microbe or something as listen to this stuff.

I can't even imagine why people bother making trash like this. It's a job, a living, I guess. Blah, blah, black sheep: colour supplement toytown music with chocolate meringue words about wisps and wasps and kissywissywoo and nothing much at all.

Only Ivy League or Oxford girls who enjoy Tolkien but never let anyone touch them might like this. But no one else. Never.

Ian Penman

THE TEMPTATIONS
Bare Back (Atlantic)

FLATULENT, ANONYMOUS soul by the once great Temptations. There's an air of desperation about "Bare Back" — a lot of busy, hustling arrangements and pushy vocals trying to make something out of nothing, and getting nowhere. Listening to it is like drowning slowly in a sea of funky blancmange. The music slops out of the speakers to lie on the floor hopefully gurgling and emoting.

Despite the presence of Holland and Holland, the songs are less than two-thirds as good as the old hits — it's hard not to avert your ears in shame when you hear five grown men pleading *"mystic woman love me over"* and similar banalities.

Listen to their "Greatest Hits" album, listen to this (if you can bear it), and ponder on the ravages time has wrought. Stumble into the night. Try not to cry.

Graham Lock

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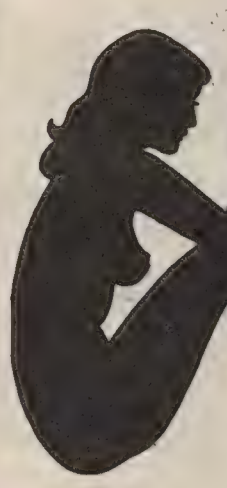

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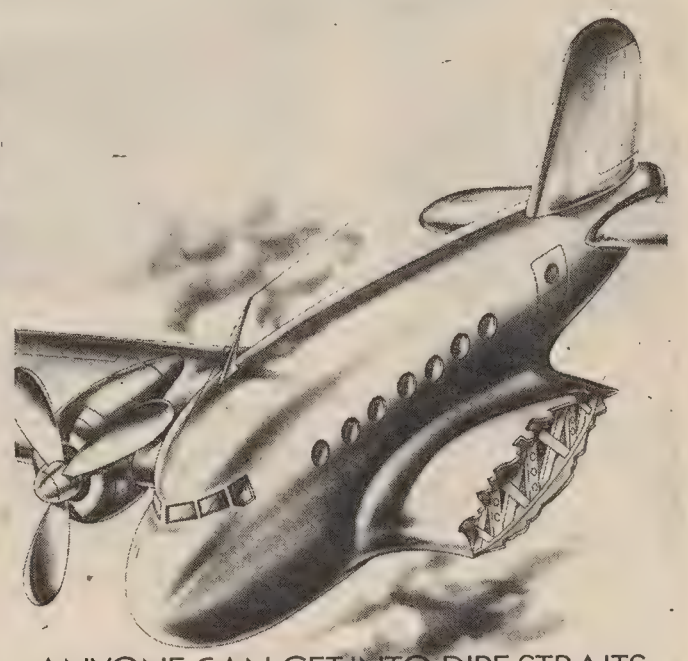

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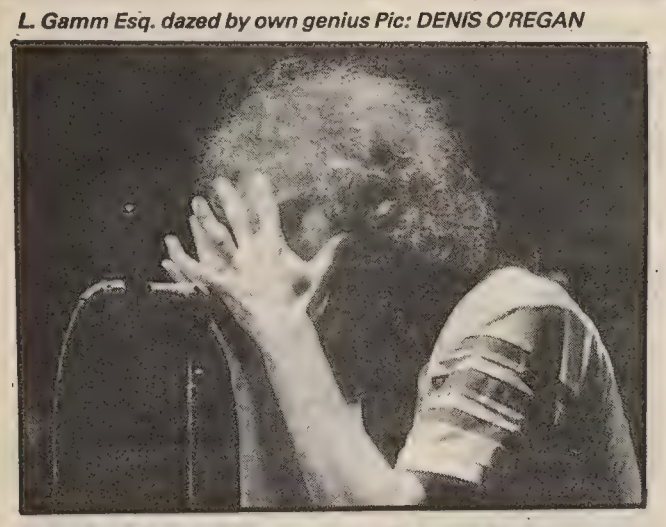
L. Gamm Esq. dazed by own genius Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



I'd Rather Go Blind

FOREIGNER
Double Vision (Atlantic)

SOMETIMES IT seems as though any bunch of old English rockers will hit the jackpot in the States, provided they stick at it for long enough.

The recent breakthrough by Foreigner is a classic example; others you might include in this context are Genesis, Fleetwood Mac, UFO, Foghat, The Bee Gees, and Peter Frampton. The message is clear. Once you're on the American rock circuit, never give up. One day you'll make your millions. Thousands do.

The plodding cliches of the '60s need to be carefully refurbished to be marketable 10 years on. And that's Foreigner's speciality.

Refurbishing. And very good at it, they are too. Foreigner tend to be compared a lot to Bad Company, and on a superficial level, you can hear why with the opening "Hot Blooded". The vocals from token American Lou Gamm are a carbon copy of Paul Rodgers, the theme has the familiar swaggering machismo, the riff is ponderous but butch with it. The song's already been a hit in the States, but then that's not necessarily a recommendation. That said, the Bad Company parallel does Foreigner an injustice. The simplicity of their style reflects their considerable sophistication. Where Bad Co's albums tended to collapse after the first song, Foreigner sustain your interest throughout.

It's not that Messrs. Gamm, Jones and McDonald write the world's most memorable melodies, but they're by no means inept, as new songs like "Blue Morning, Blue Day" and "You're All I Am" readily demonstrate. The key to their success lies with their performances. No matter how banal the lyrics and the mood they strive to achieve, these guys sound totally committed to their music. To make sure you gain a little of that commitment yourself, they work hard at creating engaging arrangements, tarting them up with deft little keyboard phrases and cute guitar solos.

It's not so much that they're calculating in their approach, rather that they've taken on board all the musical experience they've gained over the years and put it to good use. One explanation, no doubt, is that years in support acts have left them lean and hungry, and they're not about to blow their opportunity through complacency.

Give them a few albums and time to enjoy their vast income, and that'll probably no longer be true. But for the moment, Foreigner will probably score three more American hit singles from this album, as they did with their debut. Good luck to them.

All this must be very heartening for British punk rockers from the class of '76. Ten years is not an enormously long time to amass a few millions. By 1986, we can surely look forward to a few platinum albums from the current crop of young hopefuls. Never mind the bollocks.

Bob Edmands

SPHERICAL OBJECTS
Past And Parcel (Object)

MORE MANCUNIAN self-sufficiency.

Spherical Objects' smartly presented "Past and Parcel" is exquisitely unastonishing — exquisite due to its craft and fragility, unastonishing mostly due to singer/guitarist/writer Steve Solomar's compositional limitations and thin voice. His ten songs are damagingly similar in heart, beat, sound and subject matter, yet individually precise and proud.

Solomar, an ex-Electric Circus DJ, has distinct folk roots, dredged up through younger musical loves and recent awakenings to modern tricks and techniques. His songs invariably have a hectic acoustic rhythm guitar foundation, rippled and pricked by John Bisset-Smith's fussy, clipped lead guitar, and are driven by an orthodox rhythm section rounded off with haunting or percussive keyboard noises. His melodies are arch and exaggerated.

He sounds very English, as in Eno, whose mannered style of phrasing his often resembles. He also borrows strongly from, especially, Tim Buckley's chilling crooning, Dylan's whining and Lou Reed's campness. Inevitably, he hardly has the style to pull all this together and to override the basic inadequacies of his vocals, yet at times he can be mildly effective.

Further reference points abound. In the guitar and keyboard texture there is much of Love's lightness, also hints of Television's vulnerability and peculiar elements of light-handed Stranglers. The

The Objects: note Solomar's promising Eno impersonation

We'd Rather Go Round

punchless yet firm quality of the Velvets' "Loaded" is apparent on such as "Born To Pay", "Situation Comedy" and "If I Can Choose (Oh Babe)", the ethereal atmosphere of Buckley's work on "Lover Flow" and "Past and Parcel". Solomar's lyrics are honestly personal and tame: such a bare soul needs just a dash of the cryptic.

Yet all these ingredients of imitation, influence, weakness and ambition mix into a bizarre, idiosyncratic, and lightly compelling whole. Most of the presentation and music is in a raw state (the album was recorded and mixed in a day). If time, money and experience can shape what's here, if Solomar matures and the sound expands, then perhaps they'll arrive at a true, charmingly uncontrived modern psychedelia.

Paul Morley

PACIFIC EARDRUM
Beyond Panic (Charisma)

LES' GIT down to the specific funky hydraulics, childr'n. Pacific Eardrum have credentials longer and more solid than the M6, but on "Beyond Panic" they dissolve like Alka Seltzer down the deep end.

This is basically little more than a less cynical stab at Quincy Jones singles bar muzak for people who like you to *know* they're reading Hermann Hesse.

Joy Yates' voice is strong and adaptable, but moves one not a jellyfish quiver when it sings forth the Young Liberated Mystical City Dweller lyrics. The rest of the Eardrone are rock-jazz musicians of the black-belt quality — Dave MacRae, Isaac Guillory, Brian Smith, Billy Kristian, Jeff Seopardie, Simon Morton — but they stick like snot to the slough of Git-Down-Git-Along hi-gloss hip bouncy buggy Crusaders-boogie.

These people are obviously too nice to be making synthetic poopoo for Pernod people, i.e. THEY FAIL. The Octopus aims for textural hints of Weather Report, RTF, etc., but in the end it's strictly for Derek Jewell's roots. A great pity 'cos with more concentration they could be as convincing as, say, Turning Point (who know that the grass is always cooler on the jazz side of the fence).

The night before I reviewed this album I had a dream where I met Herbie Hancock in a supermarket . . . but then of our readership I guess only Arthur Koestler will get off on that gem of info . . .

Ian Penman

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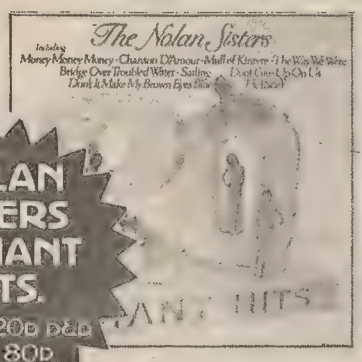
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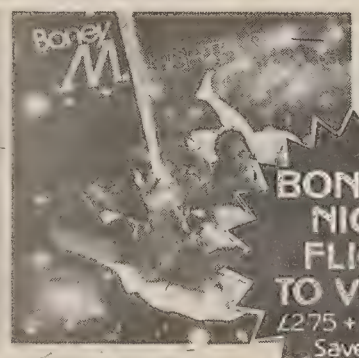

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JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

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CHOKIN' ON THE EEZI SPRED . . .

FREDDIE HUBBARD tried a slice garnished a la Creed Taylor but the taste proved unsatisfactory. Here's how.

CALL ME BIASED, but Freddie Hubbard seems to have lost weight around his middle since ditching fusion music. He sits there looking fit and snappy in green shades the size of portholes, watching Martina Navratilova whup seven Teddy Tinlings outa Christ Evert at Wimbledon.

The world of jazz trumpet is every bit as competitive, with Freddie moving from seed to star by the early '60s, hanging up the gloves for a while to join the Creed Taylor eezi-spred stable, and now back again for a tilt at the vacant throne.

"I'm back with Dizzy and the cats now, you know. I'm in the fold. Even my horn feels different to me now. I feel much better because although you make a little more money in fusion, there's not the satisfaction that one gets from completing a project. This is part of my life. I went off on a trip, man, trying to get popular."

You can see the difference between the bored brilliance of Hubbard at the Roundhouse last year — look no hands, folks, and a quick glance at the watch — and the barrelling attack of this year's cat at Ronnie's. Freddie's like an advert for Dr. Collis-Browne's patent mixture: recovered.

"Right — on the second set I come out hot. My blood is up, my body's heated up and it's MOVING. That style of playing, I haven't been playing like that for about two years because I had the Barcus Berry attachment, inputs for Echoplex and a phase shifter to create different sounds, but my chops weren't as strong as when I was playing with open horn. When I was tiring, I'd just rely on the amplifier, turn the amplifier up, but it wasn't a good pure trumpet sound.

"I had a gig with Dizzy Gillespie and this young kid John Faddis at Radio City Music Hall — you know, where they have The Rockettes? — and we were doing a George Wein Newport Festival. The microphones broke down. John Faddis got to screaming his high notes, and I got out there and I played my little stuff and I couldn't be heard — plus my chops were weak.

"I said to myself, wait a minute — I'd better get back into the routine. I started practising without the amplifier and sure enough it dawned on me that this was the way I wanted to do it."

Freddie is disarmingly frank about his motives for the current turnaround: a turgid flow of CTI royalities, boredom with the formula, the great popular succes of the VSOP group — Freddie heading Miles' old outfit of Shorter, Hancock, Carter and Williams — the imminent collapse of jazz-rock and a genuine love of creative music all jockey for position in his conversation.

Whatever you think about CTI settings — and engaged couples love 'em — Freddie himself sounded good.

"Creed has a stable of musicians that he likes to use. You get beyond those cats and he's not happy. After a while I got tired of working with Stanley Turrentine and Hubert Laws — I mean, I love them, but I always like to change my music up. I got tired of it.

"Once you start doing rock 'n'roll, they're gonna put you in competition with Bootsie & The Rubber Band, playing concerts with Bootsie. I mean, I don't wanna be bothered with those guys. That's another bag. They manipulate you and they don't market you properly."

He lives in Hollywood, a long way from the wrong side of the tracks in Indianapolis where he grew up.

"Indianapolis back then was very country, didn't have any one way streets. It was very racial. We were kinda poor and it was rough getting out from under that — rough psychologically. I was very fortunate I could go to school, and I met some nice people who kept me going.

"Music was the saving force there. James Spaulding was one of the first guys who got me started, Parker licks, tunes like 'Confirmation' and 'Donna Lee'. Slide Hampton was there too, and Wes Montgomery and his brothers. There was a lotta music so it was easy to be exposed — I mean there was nothing else to do.

"It's strange, you know — people won't believe me when I tell them this story. Wes Montgomery — this amazing guy had seven kids, a night job in a club, an after-hours gig, and a day job. I used to see him working at a milk company right across the road from me. He'd be sleeping or trying to hide from the foreman.

"I'd blow my trumpet, say Watch out, Wes! Here comes the foreman! He'd start watching those milk jugs all of a sudden!"

Wes didn't make it financially until his late 30s; Freddie was faster. He came up to New York at 20 and won *Down Beat's* New Star slot by 23. Trumpet competition was thick on the ground in the late '50s.

"At my age level, Lee Morgan was The Guy. He was running around New York with all the chicks, fast sports cars — oh man! It became a competitive thing between me and Lee before he passed. They started comparing me with these giants who'd been out there for years, and it just became confusing. I'm not trying to compete with a Miles or a Dizzy.

"Back then Lee was trying to play like Clifford Brown, I was trying to play like Clifford Brown, Donald Byrd and Booker Little and Bill Hardman were trying to play like Clifford Brown — I HAD to get out from under this!

"I started to try to play like Sonny Rollins on trumpet, which is rough because you had to change your embouchure to have movement like that, you know switching octaves. It took me over 10 years to do that."

Freddie was in demand, new hot horn in town, played with Jackie McLean, Dexter, Jay Jay's sextet, Max Roach, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. He turned up too on Rollins' "East Broadway Rundown".

"When I got that offer, I almost passed out. By that time I was very heavy into Coltrane — in fact Sonny stopped a take, a good solo too, my energy was up. He was right though. He was trying to get me into *his* conception for the album. He already had Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones there, so he didn't want any trumpet coming in playing Coltrane.

"When I worked with him it was like a challenge every night, but then he stopped playing that way. I guess you can't continue to do that because it takes a lot of energy. I couldn't do six nights like that for three months of the year. Have you heard Sonny play 'Isn't She Lovely'? He makes it very humorous. I don't know if it's bad for him — he can go from Stevie Wonder to playing things like 'Ee-Ah' based on 'Cherokee', something ridiculously fast."

The trumpeter's own personal favourite album, "Ready For Freddie", is typical of the Blue Note school of young experimenters, the writing often modal, the group interplay and rhythm clearly influenced by Ornette and Cecil and Trane, but the overall conception further in.

"I had a free hand at Blue Note, but the money was so low. I had a freer hand at writing but all the music I wrote went into Alfred Lion's publishing company. You write music, man — that's for ever. Someone's gonna pick it up and record it. The guy who wrote 'Happy Birthday' never did copyright it, you know. Same thing with Joplin."

Freddie isn't crazy about the avant-garde, though for a while he tested a toe in those choppy waters. "Ornette called me up for the 'Free Jazz' session, and I thought, wait a minute — my playing wasn't that far out though I'd just gotten into it with Eric Dolphy.

"I got to the rehearsal, man, and it sounded like a bunch of noise. After we got into it, hearing the other musicians follow what you did, it sounded better, but it made more sense then than it does now. I've just played a concert with Ornette in Norway, and he kinda threw me. I wish he'd leave the trumpet to me, man!

"I just think there are so many more avenues to be explored rather than making that big a jump. Swing has top priority in jazz. If you break the rhythm, be careful, because it lets too many non-players into the music. Guys can go over the horn and not hafta learn chord changes or melodies or have a good sound — just blurdurlurda-lurda! Music is too beautiful, man, to destroy."

FREDDIE LEARNED the penalty of outstripping his audience in Cincinnati after leaving the Messengers to lead his own group: James Spaulding and Joe Chambers, the "Breaking Point" unit.

"That was one of the weirdest moments because we were really tight. I mean, we weren't just playing Free Music, we were BREATHING together! The people weren't ready for me because they'd heard me coming from 'One Mint Julep', these kinda tunes, playing with Jackie McLean and Tina Brooks and Hank Mobley, so they're expecting that.

"The records with Ornette and Archie Shepp hadn't got to the Mid-West by then. They said, What's this guy doing! I came out and hit with 'Breaking Point' — I should've warmed them up, played the older stuff first."

His most savage solo on record comes from Max Roach's 'Graz 1963 Concert' on the Italian Jazz Connoisseur label. Freddie looked apppalled when I mentioned it. "They recorded that? Where is this record? Listen, is my speech in there?"

"No speech, but you do yell 'Goddam mutherfucker' into the mike in the middle of your solo."

Freddie exploded. "I got it off my chest!" He laughed. "I was drunk. Here's what happened, man. The whole tour was a bummer anyway. We had a four-hour plane ride then a four hour bus ride through the Austrian Alps to get to Graz. Ice on each side and thousands of feet drop. You miss a turn, man, you're dead!

"I turned to the bus driver and I said I thought he was going a bit fast for road conditions. He just shrugged, so I began drinking beer. By the time I got to the concert I was drunk. The promoter made us go straight on, wouldn't let me sit down for a minute and get my breath, so that infuriated me.

The concert ended in a mass invasion of the stage by the enraged audience — "I didn't think they understood English" — a punch-up, and Freddie and Spaulding spending a night in the Graz gaol to be bailed out by Max the following day for a thousand dollars. Maybe calling Hitler a faggot wasn't Freddie's smoothest move. "They almost lynched me, man!"

A far cry from the old hellraising spirit is Freddie on a ballad.

"It took me a long time to learn how to slow down. Miles plays a ballad just about better than anybody — he takes his time and really expresses a note. It's like when you're making love — it all depends on how much you feel for this lady, and if you take your time, she has time to feel you back."

We moved seamlessly from love to lips. "You gotta get a callous", he explained, indicating the corn on his lips to avoid confusion. "I use Blistex, and I got some gell from a pharmacist in Atlanta, Georgia. He said he useta sell it to Louis. I said, MAN — I'm not as bad as LOUIS! It helps keep the colour because after all these years of pressure, the lips tend to change colour. You don't want that, people asking you what did you do? You see Maynard Ferguson and those guys? They got crevices and dips and bumps and that's scar tissue. That hurts."

Welcome back, Freddie.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY: Freddie Hubbard, "Ready For Freddie" (Blue NOte); "Here to Stay" (Blue Note). The Jazz Messengers, "Free For All (Blue Note). Herbie Hancock, "Maiden Voyage" (Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, "Breaking Point" (Blue Note). John Coltrane, "Ascension" (Impulse). Ornette Coleman, "Free Jazz" (Atlantic). Freddie Hubbard, "Red Clay" (CTI); "Sky Dive" (CTI); "Super Blue" (CBS).

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FROM THURSDAY **PLAZA 4** OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS | **CLASSIC** OXFORD STREET
Sep. progs. daily 1.15 (not Suns.), 3.40, 6.05, 8.30

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD W 6

FAREWELL FESTIVAL

Thursday 24th Aug £1.00
90° INCLUSIVE
Friday 25th Aug 75p
LEPPO AND THE JOOVES!
Saturday 26th Aug £1
LANDSCAPE
Sunday 27th & Monday 28th Aug 75p
WARREN HARRY
Wednesday 30th Aug
to be confirmed
Thursday 31st Aug £1.00
BLAST FURNACE AND + POTTERS CLAY

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday Aug 24th 75p
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ The A. Side

Friday Aug 25th 75p
THE INMATES
+ NEXT

Saturday Aug 26th 75p
THE EDGE
+ THE SQUARES

Sunday Aug 27th £1.00
THE RECORDS
+ Deadringer

Monday Aug 28th £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ INVADERS

Tuesday Aug 29th 75p
FISCHER Z
+ THE INMATES

Thursday Aug 31 75p
WHITE CATS
+ THE MONOCHROME SET

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

MUSIC MACHINE

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday August 23rd £1
Small Wonder Records Night featuring
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ Patrik Fitzgerald
+ Leyton Buzzards
Free admission for one with this ad for one before 10.30pm

Thursday August 24th £1.50
SASSAFRAS
+ FAME

Friday August 25th £2.00
RAMROD
(featuring ex-Rory Gallagher & S.A.L.T.
+ Hi-Fi

Saturday August 26th £2.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ JOHN ADAMS BAND

Monday August 28th £2.00
REGGAE REGULARS
+ PRESSURE SHOCKS + BROWN SUGAR, + THE SAHMS
D.J. JAH DON LETTS

Tuesday August 29th £1.00
WHITE CATS
+ SUPPORT

Wednesday August 30th £1.00
Special London appearance prior to American tour
GRAND HOTEL
+ STEVE BOYCE BAND

Friday September 8th
By arrangement with M.A.M. Agency
CITY BOY
Advance tickets £2 from box office

LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE INJECTIONS

play STATE ROCK

Tues 2th Aug THE HAVELOCK, HARROW
Fri 1st Sept HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHALL
Sat 2nd Sept THE CROWN & TREATY, UXBRIDGE (sold out)
Weds 6th Sept PINN INN, R.A.F., UXBRIDGE
Sat 9th Sept THE GEORGE CANNING, BRIXTON S.W.2
SEE THEM BEFORE THEY SELL OUT
BOOK BLANCMANGE 01-845 1447

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS. Tel 704981

Friday August 25th
New Wave with
CHELSEA
Saturday August 26th
BITTER SUITE

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THURS 24
MERGER
FRI 25
ROOGALATOR
TUES 29
AUTOGRAPHS
WED 30
THE TOURISTS

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Appearing at the
MUSIC MACHINE
Camden High Street
WED 30th AUGUST

The Simon Townshend Band

At the Golden Lion
Fulham, London SW6
on the 24th August
Enquiries: Contact Andrew
01-5688727 ex 207
See ya there

CROWMOTIONS PRESENTS

Whitehill Country Fair

THE HOTPOINTS
THE MAINLAND BAND
Brains Trust, Last Orders

at the Royal Oak, Whitehill, Nr. Borden, Hants.
SUNDAY AUGUST 27th

Craft Stalls, Side Shows, Gibbs Beer Tent open all day.
Music starts 6 p.m. Entrance £1.00.

OH GOD —
CGAS 5
The dreary news from B.P. Fallon.
See Page 42.

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
presents
THE BUSINESS
+ JOHNNY G
Thursday August 24th
at the
RED LION, High Street, Hounslow
Admission £1.00. Doors open 8 pm. Membership 15p.
Enquiries: Ray Bland, Eel Pie Sound. Telephone Chertsey (09328) 63357

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY TONY STEWART

Thursday

BELFAST The Pound: THE LURKERS
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERG
BIRMINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHARAFIA
BRIGHTON Bus Depot: THE PIRANHAS
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: LAUGHING GASS
BRISTOL Royal Pier Hotel: STONEY
BRISTOL Tiffany's Music Hall: MAC CURTIS
BURSLEM Princes' Hall THE ACCELERATORS
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: ZHAIN
COLCHESTER Woods Leisure Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
COVENTRY City Centre Club: CO-CO
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: THE DEFENDANTS
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
DERBY Assembly Hall: PETER GABRIEL
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Dial Inn: SNEEKY PETE
GLASGOW Doune Castle: OVERHEAD CALM
GRANGEMOUTH Town Hall: THE REZILLOS
GUILDFORD The Junction: THE VAPOURS
HANDLEY The Place: PENNY CRESS For 3 days
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WARREN HARRY
HOUNSLOW Red Lion Eel Pie Rock Club: THE BUSINESS
HUDDERSFIELD Cleopatra's: REGGAE REGULAR
LEEDS F Club: SKREWDRIVER
LEEDS Fan Club: DOLL BY DOLL/THE STREETS
LEEDS Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
LIVERPOOL Gulliver's: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LIVERPOOL The Havanna: 051
LIVERPOOL Shipperies: JUGGERNAUT
LONDON BARNES Bulls Head: SWIFT
LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MERGER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FAME
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MIKE CHAPMAN/DAVE BROOKS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKERSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO/SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: KAAVA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE INVADERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEXT
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: JIMMY ROGERS
MANCHESTER Gransmore Hotel: VESUVIUS
MANCHESTER Russel Club: SPHERICAL OBJECTS
MARGATE Saracen's Head: RIGHT HAND BAND
MELTON MOWBRAY The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS
NEWCASTLE Emlyn Cilgwyn Country Club: PEKOE ORANGE
NEWCASTLE The Bridge: FAMOUS FIVE
NEWCASTLE The Hawthorn: AVALON
NORWICH Cromwells: RAY KING BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TYGER ASHBY
PERTH St Alban's Hotel: PALLAS
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE PIRATES
PORTSMOUTH Cumberland Tavern: STAA MARX
READING Target Club: N.W.10
SHEFFIELD Limit: SORE THROAT
SKEGNESS Festival Ballroom: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
STROUD Marshall Rooms: HERE AND NOW
SUNDERLAND Old 29: BLITZKREIG BOP
WANTAGE The Swan: THE ACCELERATORS
WEST CORNFORTH Cornforth Utd Social Club: WHITEFIRE
WIGAN Barge Inn: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
WITTERING R.A.F. Station: THE DOLE
YORK Viva Wine Bar: THE 69 BAND

Friday

AUSTRY Austry Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BASILDON Double Six: EX-DIRECTORY
BIRMINGHAM Sellyoak Bournebrook Hotel: FASHION/THE DENISENS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: SHIRLEY & DOLLY COLLINS
CAMBER British Sugar Company: J.A.L.N. BAND
CHIDDLINGLY Six Bells: LIVE WIRE
EASINGTON Village Club: HOT STUFF
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE REZILLOS
GLASGOW Waverley Paddle Steamer: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: N.W. 10
HORNCHURCH The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
HUDDERSFIELD Cleopatra's: REGGAE REGULAR
HUDDERSFIELD Friendly And Trades Club: DANNY WILD WITH THE WILDCATS
KIRKELVINTON Country Club: THE RECORDS
KNAPHILL (NR WOKING(Anchor: STAA MARX
LANCASTER University: PETER GABRIEL
LISKEARD Carlton Suite: THE ACCELERATORS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HANK WANGFORD BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOG WATCH
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FAME
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI/GIRLS SCHOOL
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Old Town Hall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON Marquee: MOTORS
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: THE MEMBERS/THE NUNS
LONDON PORTOBELLO ROAD Acklam Hall: PSALMS/FINGERPRINTS/REALITY/TERROR SOUND
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GRIEG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE EXTRAS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Windsor Castle: RIGHT HAND BAND
MANCHESTER Mayflower: SKREWDRIVER
MANCHESTER Tyldesley Rugby Club: THE SQUARES/ THE SYSTEM
MATLOCK Hurst Farm: STRANGE DAYS
MELTON MOWBRAY The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: NUTZ
MIRFIELD Fusion Ballroom: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: GEORDIE/MYND
NEWCASTLE The Bridge: ELDORON
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE TURBINES/NEW WAVE ROCK FESTIVAL
NORWICH Scamps: RUNNING DOGS
ORKNEY Kirkwall Arts Center: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
READING Merry Maidens: SOUL DIRECTION
READING Festival: THE JAM/ULTRAVOX-/PIRATES / PENETRATION / SHAM '69 / RADIO STARS / NEW HEARTS / AUTOMATICS / THE LOSERS — 3.30 to 11.30 pm.
RETFORD Porterhouse: ZHAIN
SOUTHEND Minerva: MAX CURTIS
STEVENAGE The Swan: JOKER
STOKE Cheshire Cat: DAVE McLAINE
STRATFORD UPON AVON Green Dragon: THE DEFENDANTS
SUNDERLAND Locarno: WHITEFIRE
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: WHITE FIRE
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
SWANSEA Arts Workshop: EVANS ALL-WEATHER ORKESTRA
TAMWORTH Austrey Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: IAN HARTLAND
WALTON ON THE-NAZE Royal Albion Hotel: DIAMOND LIL
YORK Viva Wine Bar: BLACK CAT YARD
YORK Winning Post: MIAMI DOLPHINS

Saturday

BARNET: Duke of Lancaster: JOKER
BASILDON: Double Six: C. GAS 5
BIRKENHEAD Q Club: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM: Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Small Heath Park; HERE AND NOW / PREFECTS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLACKBURN Golden Palms: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: FRESHLEY LAYED BAND / CHINA DOLL / NICKI HAAN
BOURNEMOUTH Y.M.C.A.: STAA MARX
BRIGHOUSE Stardust: SCALLYWAGS
BRISTOL Frampton Festival: N.W.10
BRISTOL Royal Archer: STONEY
BRISTOL The Pasadena: THE ACCELERATORS
BURTON ON TRENT Stapenhill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BURTON Steppenhill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BURY St. Edmunds Corn Exchange: J.A.L.N. BAND
CANTERBURY Bramling House: LABI SIFFRE
CARSHALTON St. Helier Arms: STORMFORCE
CAVERSHAM The Garage: THE BEEVERS
CHESTERFIELD Brimlington Tavern: VERSEVIUS
CORBY Nags Head; PARADOX
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SLADE
DEIVIZES Corn Exchange: HERE AND NOW / ATV
GLASGOW Doune Castle: NICKY TAMS
GLASGOW Mars Bar: SHADES
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
GOSPORT John Peel: DOUBLE XPOSURE
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: REGGAE REGULAR
HANLEY Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
HULL City Hall: MAC CURTIS
LANCASTER Town Hall: CHINA STREET
LEEDS Haddon Hall: HOT STUFF
LEEDS Meanwood Arms: THE VYE
LEEDS Vivas: ALWOODLEY JETS
LENHAM Women's Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
LICHFIELD Enot's Club: THE CRUISERS
LINCOLN AJ's: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON BELSIZE PARK EGA Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN / SHOCKING STOCKING
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE YOUNG ONES / THE ADDIX
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SOUNDER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: UNITED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Basin Tavern: SHOOTER / WARREN HARRY
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z / FAME
LONDON CROUCH HILL Stapleton Tavern: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON GREENWICH Kidbrook House: STAN ARNOLD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: THE MEMBERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SCARECROW
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: BOB PEGG
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: THE REALISTS / NASHER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: ROBBIE VINCENT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ROOGALATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: INVADERS
MALVERN Winter Garden: JOHN OTWAY / N.W.10
MELTON MOWBRAY The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE RECORDS
MILTON KEYNES Primrose Social Club: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: CLICHE / CONDEMNED
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIFE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BOUND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: AGNES STRANGE
OLDHAM Tower Club: ZHAIN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE
READING Festival: STATUS QUO / THE MOTORS / SPIRIT / LINDISFARNE / GREG KIHN BAND / NUTZ / GRUPPO SPORTIVO / NEXT / JENNY DARREN / THE BUSINESS / SPEEDOMETERS
READING Merry Maidens: SOUL DIRECTION
RICHMOND (Co. DURHAM) CB Hotel: WHITEFIRE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
SOUTH ELMSALL Pretoria Hotel: STRANGE DAYS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE PIRATES / BLAZER BLAZER
ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: SASSAFRAS
STRATFORD ON AVON Green Dragon: SPECIAL CLINIC

TOM ROBINSON

GOT YOUR WELLIES READY?

WELLIES, CRASH HELMETS and provisions for three days are essential for this 18th Reading Rock Festival starting on Friday.

Often a mud-bath and invariably subject to adverse criticism, it might not compare to Blackbushe, but at least the the great British New Wave is represented. TRB, The Jam, Sham 69 and Penetration mingle with rock's elders, Quo and Lindisfarne. US visitors include Patti Smith, Foreigner and Spirit.

So let's hear it: WALLY!!

PAULINE of PENETRATION

WESTFIELD School Playing Fields: MIAMI DOLPHINS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WISHAWHeathery Bar (lunchtime): UNDERHAND JONES
YORK Viva Wine Bar: ALWOODLEY JETS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: HOT STUFF (evening)
BEDFORD Odell Castle: JESSY DIXON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BANDANNA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel:-VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Trian Leisure Centre: CRAZY CAVERN/ROCK ISLAND LINE
BORDEN (HANTS.) Whitehill Country Fair: THE HOTPOINTS/THE MAINLAND BAND/BRAINS TRUST/LAST ORDERS
BOURNEMOUTH Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: J.A.L.N. BAND
BRADFORD Chicago Express: KAY RUSSELL
BRADFORD Princeville Club: (lunchtime) HOT STUFF
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PIRANHAS
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: ZHAIN
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: LEADING STAR
COVENTRY City Arcade Climax HANDS OFF
CROOK Beehive: WHITEFIRE
DAGENHAM The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
DONCASTER Royal Standard: C. GAS 5
ESTON James Finnegan Hall: REGGAE REGULAR
GLASGOW Burns Howff: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Doune Castle: BEYOND THE FRINGE
GRINDLEFORD Ladywash Farm: HEATHCLIFFE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SORE THROAT
LEEDS Staging Post: VESUVIUS
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: 29th and DEARBORN
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: N.W.10
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BRIXTON ABC Cinema: JIMMY LINDSAY/DAMBALA/MISTY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: RDB
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Gardens: SPITERI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z/FAME
LONDON CROUCH END The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS
LONDON Lyceum: COUNTRY JOE McDONALD-/MEAL TICKET
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SUCKER
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: JIMMY ROGERS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON (lunchtime)
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: MAGNET-/NASHER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLAZER BLAZER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NORWICH University The Barn: HERE AND NOW/ATV
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: BERNI FLINT
PORTSMOUTH Rotary Club: STAA MARX
POYNTON Folk Centre: BULLOCK SMITHY/TED EDWARDS
READING Festival: PATTI SMITH / FOREIGNER / TOM ROBINSON BAND/IAN GILLAN BAND/ PAUL INDER / ALBION BAND / JOHN OTWAY / SQUEEZE / BETHNAL / PACIFIC EARDRUM/ CHELSEA / AFTER THE FIRE
STOKE Sammi Belles: STEVE ANDREWS
WHITEHILL The Royal Oak: HOTPOINTS/MAINLAND BAND/BRAINS TRUST/LAST ORDERS
WORKSOP Dinnington Comrades Club; STRANGE DAYS
WORKSOP Rotary Club; STAA MARX
YORK Viva Wine Bar: AGONY COLUMN

Monday

BASILDON Van Gough: THE HEAT
BATHGATE Dreadnought: UNDERHAND JONES
BIRMINGHAM Old Crown And Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: TRIBESMAN
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: PARADOX
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: RED BEANS & RICE
CHOBHAM Meditation Centre: ZOUNDS
CLIFTONVILLE Kompassco: RIGHT HAND BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: 90° INCLUSIVE
DUBLIN Magonnigles: THE MOTORS
EPSOM Adriano's: EX-DIRECTORY
EXETER Routes: THE LURKERS
FERRYHILL Thornhill Working Men's Club: WHITEFIRE
GLASGOW Burns Howff: THE CUBAN HEELS
GUILDFORD The Junction: THE RECORDS
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: BROTHER LEES For one week
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: HERE AND NOW/ATV
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ILFRACOMBE Top of the Town: J.A.L.N. BAND
LEICESTER Fusion Disco: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: REGGAE REGULAR / PRESSURE SHOCKS / PSALMS / CYGNUS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SHOOTER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: REALISTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: SORE THROAT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON Marquee: THE PIRATES For 3 days
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: ANDY SAGE
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: NW10/STAN'S BLUES BAND
LONDON Palladium: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS For 6 days
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: DANZETTE/NASHER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Upstairs: LEFT HAND DRIVE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: MAC CURTIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SNEAKY

Continues over page

LIVE PAGE

From previous page

LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Moonlight: ANGLETRAX / DANDIES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PEKOE ORANGE
LUTON WAULUDS BANK Marsh Farm: TOAD ON THE WET SPROCKET / MOONSTONE / THE LETS / THE WINDERS / THE DAVID ENGLETON BAND / EARTHBORN / RAMPANT DODO / TRUE GOLD Free one day Rock Festival from 12 noon till 8 pm.
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: THE TEMPTATIONS For one week
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: C GAS 5
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SIDEKICK
NUNEATON Trocadero: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD Anti- Nazi Festival: ZOUNDS
READING FESTIVAL Backstage Enclosure: CHRIS BARBER'S JASS & BLUES BAND / ALVIN ALCORN / TOMMY TUCKER / COUSIN JOE / MILT JACKSON / MORRISSEY-MULLENS-VIOLA WILLS / PAT HALCOX BAND / SAMMY RIMMINGTON QUARTET /
REDDITCH Tracey's: ZHAIN
SOUTHAMPTON The Onslow: EYES
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
TONYPANDY Naval Club: SCENE STEALER
WORCESTER Swan Theatre: LANDSCAPE
YORK Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE EDGE

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRADFORD Thornton Labour Club: BANDANNA
BRIDLINGTON Harbour Inn: HOT STUFF — for 3 days
BRIGHTON Alhambra: SHORT STORIES
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: RED SHARKS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: THE DEFENDANTS
DUBLIN Magonnigles: THE MOTORS
DURHAM Marquis of Granby: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
EBBW VALE Scarretts Club: SCALLYWAGS
FLEET Fox & Hounds: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope And Anchor: THE MEMBERS
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON WESTBOURNE PARK Meanwhile Gardens: HERE AND NOW BAND/ATV/PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: TRIBESMAN/HERBSMAN
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JERRY THE FERRET
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: STAGE 2/JOY DIVISION/ELETE
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: STEVE BOYCE BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: PATTI SMITH
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: THIRD EDITION
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: FAMOUS FIVE
PENZANCEThe Garden: THE LURKERS
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS — For 3 days
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DEAD FINGERS TALK/SPIDER
STOCKTON The Teesider: NICKY BEAT & THE BEATNIKS
WATFORD Youth Community Centre: MISTY
YORK Viva Wine Bar: CITY LIMITS

Wednesday

ARUNDEL Town Centre: SHORT STORIES (lunchtime)
BATH Fernley Hotel: WORKINGCLASS HEROES
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THE MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM YARDLEY Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD Chicago Express KAY RUSSELL & THE NEGATIVES
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE HEAT
BRIGHTON University: HERE AND NOW/ATV
CANTERBURY Millers: RIGHT HAND BAND
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: TRANSFORMER
CARSHALTON St Helier Arms CADILLAC
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
EDINBURGH Odeon: PATTI SMITH
LEEDS Fan Club: C GAS 5
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE TOURISTS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GRAND HOTEL/STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGELO PALLADINO
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON KENNINGTON OVAL Cricketers: JOKER
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A Beckett: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PECKHAM Walmer Castle: THE MEMBERS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZHAIN
LONDON WIMBLEDON FC Nelson's Club: INMATES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SWIFT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE St. Dominic's Club: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: DOLL BY DOLL
NEWPORT Stowaway: THE RECORDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE LURKERS
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: NIGHTRIDER
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
STOKE Sammi Belles: DAVE McLAINE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: SABRE

THOMAS A BECKET
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Wednesday August 23rd 50p
AUTOMATICS
Thursday August 24th Free
SOUNDER
Monday August 28th Free
YOUNG BUCKS
Tuesday August 29th Free
OVERSEAS
Wednesday August 30th Free
TOUR DE FORCE
(All-girl rock band)
Thursday August 31st Free
ANGELO PALADINO

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PEGASUS
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01-226 5930

Thursday August 24th Free
THE INVADERS
Friday August 25th 50p
THE EXTRAS
Saturday August 26th 75p
ZAINE GRIFF
Sunday August 27th Free
BLAZER BLAZER
Monday Aug 28 Free
ROGER THE CAT
Tuesday August 29th Free
PEKOE ORANGE
Wednesday August 30th Free
MONOS

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COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
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+ MEAL TICKET
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ROCHESTER CASTLE
145 STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.16

Thursday, August 24th Free
NEXT
Friday, August 25th 50p
AFTER THE FIRE
Saturday, August 26th 50p
THE INVADERS
Sunday, August 27th 50p
DOLL BY DOLL
Monday, August 28th (Audition Night) Free
SNEAKY
Tuesday, August 29th (Audition Night) Free
C.P.S.

A.J.'S CLUB
High Street, Lincoln.
Saturday, August 26th
SKREWDRIVER + BITCH

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Sunday 27th August 78, The Royal Standard Hotel Bradford
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Tuesday 29th August 78 To be arranged, Extraordinary
Wednesday 30th August 78, Routes Club Leeds 8
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Friday 1st September 78, The Ford Green, Leeds 8
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ADAM & THE ANTS
+ The Ruts
+ The Satellites
& D.J. Jerry Floyd

Please come early
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Sat 26: Red Cow
Mon 28: Swan Theatre, Worcester
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9pm-2am
THE BISHOPS
THE INMATES
+ DJ ANDY DUNKLEY
Admission £2.00

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Bow Rd., E.3
Friday August 25th
AIR ACES
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Tuesday August 29th
THE SATELLITES
+ The Passions & Nerve Gas
Admission 85p

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ROB HALLETT & VIC KEARLY in association with RED STRIPE LAGER present
Bank Holiday Reggae Spectacular
featuring
KEITH HUDSON
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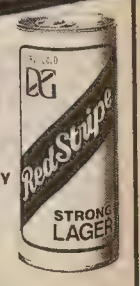

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Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
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Mon. 11th WOLVERHAMPTON Queens Htl.
Tue. 12th BIRMINGHAM Bournebrook Htl.
Wed. 13th LIVERPOOL Masonic
Fri. 15th MOSELEY Fighting Cocks
Sat. 16th WALSALL Dirty Duck
Mon. 18th LEEDS Vivas
Tue. 19th YORK Oval Ball
Wed. 20th YORK Revolution
Thu. 21st PLYMOUTH Woods Centre
Fri. 22nd TORQUAY Pelican
Sat. 23rd TORQUAY Pelican
Tue. 26th DERBY Olde Bell Hotel
Wed. 27th LIVERPOOL Havanna
Thu. 28th BIRKENHEAD Rascals
Fri. 29th N. BRIGHTON Fort Perch Rock
Sat. 30th LEEDS Staging Post
Sun. 1st OCTOBER BRADFORD Princeville

Bognor Rock on Radio Victory and Radio Solent
STAA MARX
Thursday August 24th
Portsmouth, Cumberland Tavern
Friday August 25th
Knap Hill (near Woking), Anchor
Saturday August 26th
Bournemouth, Y.M.C.A.
Sunday August 27th
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JAB JAB
Would like to thank all their very good friends for a beautiful
LONDON TOUR
Look forward to seeing you all again on
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Railway Hotel, West Hampstead
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Bookings
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Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday August 26th
THE PIRATES
+ Blazer Blazer
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans Tel. 64511 or available on door
Sat Sept 23rd MOTORHEAD
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI-FI:
By
BERNARD
FUTTER

The QUAD Electrostatic loudspeaker.

Hangin' out the Union Jack . . .

To counter the impression that the Japs lead in absolutely everything, this page strikes a timely Electrostatic blow for Britain.

IF YOU'VE recently surveyed the bit of Japanese hardware on your sideboard that was described as State Of The Art a year ago but has now been superceded by two "Improved" models, you may be forgiven for thinking that nothing stays for long in hi-fi.

Obviously in any branch of consumer electronics new innovations occur pretty frequently. There wouldn't be progress without it.

But the Japanese do seem more guilty than most in bringing out new ranges more as a marketing exercise rather than because there's any quantum improvement on offer.

One wonders how often a rearranged fascia has read "new".

Sure it makes sound economic sense to them, but it leaves the consumer aggrieved that his expensive investment has dropped in value. Not something to sneeze at with prices at today's levels.

However all this contrasts with the British method where, in general, *new* models are only introduced when they are worthy of the name.

Before there are sneers about the ability of Brit products to compete on the world stage, let me tell you, dear reader, that some equipment produced on these shores eclipses anything from the Orient in quality terms.

This brings us neatly round to the subject of this month's equipment review. And it's British to the core, by the Lord Henry!

In case you've looked at the pic and decided this is a central heating supplement, it isn't . . . The beast in question is the legendary Electrostatic Loudspeaker made by Quad.

What is remarkable is that next month it will have logged an incredible 21 years of continuous production. This statistic becomes even more amazing when you realize that after all this time it still has no real rival as claimant to the title of the world's most accurate speaker.

Without going into technicalities, the Electrostatic works on an entirely different principle to conventional speakers.

It incorporates a thin plastic diaphragm, some 200 times lighter than those in moving coil units, which vibrates in a magnetic field (the unit has to be mains connected).

This lightness means that the diaphragm can more faithfully follow any input signal. The audible result is a natural, open, uncoloured, analytical sound quality devoid of the "boxyness" present to some degree in the best of conventional enclosures.

Now, in case you're wondering why Electrostatic speakers have not seen off the competition, it's perhaps as well to mention their shortcomings. Remember hi-fi is about optimisation — nothing's perfect.

First problem is, of course, that their sheer physical size may limit their acceptance in some situations. They are 34½" wide × 31" high and, in a small room, look quite formidable as a stereo pair.

Further they give of their best away from walls, making extra demands on space.

And if you like your music at window rattling volume the Quads do have a limitation in this area, though for normal listening they can be driven hard enough to satisfy most people.

It is not advisable, unless extreme caution is exercised, to use an amp or receiver rated at more than 45 watts otherwise damage may occur.

Talking about amps leads to another potential problem. Electrostatics can present a difficult "load" to an amp. In lay terms this means they can be a bit of a handful! I have seen 110 watt Japanese dreadnoughts festooned with rack handles and power meters succumb, while a modest 15 watt specimen acquitted itself with distinction.

If in doubt check with your dealer or those incredibly helpful people at Acoustical who make Quad products.

Whenever writing about Electrostatics one feels something of a traitor pointing out some of the difficulties that it's possible to run into. All that's necessary to redress the balance is to er . . . er . . . *listen.*

This is what we did with a range of direct cut discs, good quality commercial pressings and master tapes.

The first thing that strikes one, or more to the point doesn't strike one, is an absence of the exaggerated characteristics we have come to expect as hi-fi attributes. There is almost a feeling that there may even be something missing but then the realization dawns that this was how the music was meant to sound, no more no less.

The clarity and neutrality is simply superb. Bass is firm and controlled (not quite as extended as some), the mid-range is open and detailed and the top end exhibits good attack.

On accoustic guitar passages one is not just aware of what is being played but *how*. The recreation of the mood and ambience of the original recording is uncanny. The sound is about the most unfatiguing around — which is good to know after a few hours of hard reviewing!

I make no apologies for the weight of this endorsement, because there are too few products of this class around.

However, we would not recommend any product, particularly a speaker, without a personal auditioning session. And sadly this can be a bit of a problem because there are all too few dealers around capable of giving meaningful demos.

This is because the speakers need careful sighting and a requirement for free air space. So if you can find an enlightened dealer see if he will let you try them at home.

Last but not least is the cost. Quad Electrostatic speakers now retail for £450.00 a pair, which is infinitely reasonable for a product of this calibre. You can pay helluva a lot more for a lot less.

There is, would you believe, a three months waiting list! (after 21 years, perhaps they will eventually get it together?).

Fortunately, there is an alternative to a second mortgage — namely to scour the columns of *Exchange & Mart* where prices range from £175 — £300. The manufacturers, Accoustical of Huntingdon, operate a very efficient overall service and can bring second-hand speakers up to a new specification at reasonable cost.

There we are then, a legend that, as far as pure accuracy is concerned, has in my opinion, not been improved upon. Acoustical point out that there is the possibility of a new model any time between now and another 21 years — 1999.

Pick us up in your car tonight and we'll follow you everywhere.

Tune in to Radio Luxembourg on 208 m, medium or 1439 Khz and you hear music, followed by more music.

Everything, in fact, from pop and heavy rock to country and soul.

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Radio Luxembourg 208

It's not surprising we're Britain's top national radio station.

208m Medium Wave 1439 Khz.

ON

David Johansen Group

BOTTOM LINE, MAX'S KANSAS CITY, NEW YORK CITY

SEVERAL DAYS before their New York debut, The David Johansen Group got a night off and zipped over to Max's Kansas City — where they would have been before and since were it not for a Blue Sky recording contract and a tour that has begun to pay handsomely.

We can now accuse David of something that had seemed impossible: he is a marketable success for the music industry and fans alike.

Paul Nelson, now the record reviews editor of *Rolling Stone*, must be accused of helping to orchestrate the acclaim that is coming Johansen's way, for Nelson strived mightily to do the same when he signed the Dolls to Mercury Records.

Sylvain Sylvain must be accused for becoming a sideman again after his Criminals folded quietly, leaving him to say in front of Max's that night, "I work for David. It's his show. I'm just a hired hand, really."

Can you blame him — when some of those people crying "Mercy!" at David as he sings "Funky But Chic" had no pity in their hearts a few years ago?

Too much has happened since those threatening days. It took the death of the Dolls, The Heartbreakers, The Criminals, The Corpse Grinders (Killer Kane's band, who were never intriguing), the formation of The Idols (Nolan's new band — a good one . . .), Johnny Thunders coming and going from England with his look-alike Henry Paul (not to mention his clone, Steve, who fronts Nolan's band) to produce one solid performer capable of sustaining a band and making a career.

The side-effects and sparks that have flown can only benefit the new Johansen fire.

Think of any group who's lives and times were spent in some section of the Dolls-house and you get so great a number as to wonder what tied them all together.

They were all losers. They all wanted it their way. They all, including the Dolls themselves, regretted the untimely loss of the Dolls. And none of them understood the music industry.

Now the last shall be the first. Look at it this way: there is more chance than ever that the Dolls might re-unite again sometime for kicks, and when I say might, I mean only slim but real chances.

Johansen gambled that nothing would be known until the smoke blew away and worked quietly with ideas first . . . then with his persuasive mouth, then with pen and contracts and the band that has become his bread and butter.

David Jo is now a solo artist and has a band who will play and sing behind him. David gave up the ghost and was reborn and the ghost materialized at his side in the form of Sylvain, looking more like a guardian angel.

This brings us to modern times.

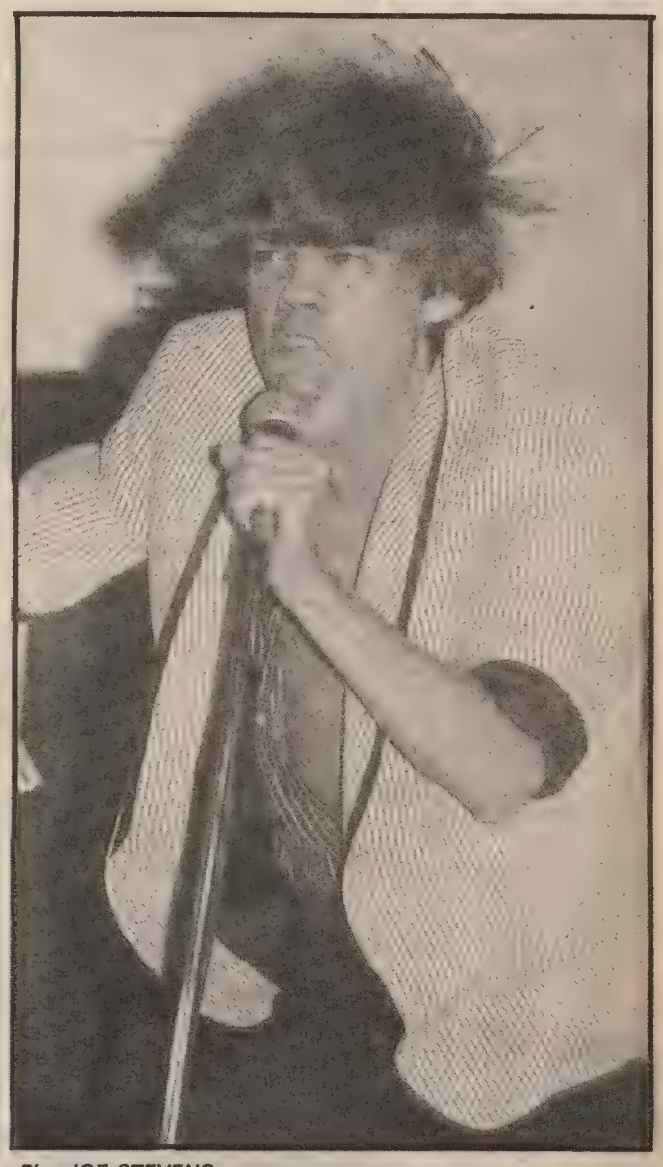
Frankie LaRocka begins drumming as the rest of the David Johansen group face him on his highriser, their backs to the audience. They turn simultaneously, establishing the visual sightlines that lead your focus — Tommy Trask on guitar, far right; Johnny Rao, ditto far left; Johansen smack in the middle with Sylvain to his immediate left on guitar or piano and bassist Buz on the right.

They stand in a straight line looking playful and acting capable.

"Cool Metro" is the preferred opener, a track that has grown greatly since being lifted from the album. Everyone sings effective back-ups and the sound is mixed to push David's voice on top and in front; he doesn't have to strain to overpower his band. Says David, "I felt cool! Baby, I felt cool!"

No reason not to. His singing voice is very much like his speaking voice, effective in that he personalizes his subject matter with an actor's ease.

This allows him to sing the over-his-head R&B and Motown faves like "Build Me Up Buttercup," "Reach Out", and "Love Child" and get away with it. Timing, enunciation and phrasing make him good enough to toy with audience emotion — but he



Pix: JOE STEVENS

NEW BOOM IN DOLLS INDUSTRY

THE TOWN

can hardly hit a straight note.

Even when he doesn't mean to shout, he's pushing his limits. You must keep in mind that the band is fluid and supportive behind him, hiding the fact that David is really a tunesmith who can't carry a tune.

When he starts "Lookin' For A Kiss" Johansen slides into his turf of hardline romanticism and oral gratification. He wallows in the homecourt with "Lonely Tenement," a song that is much better live but not quite on the mark.

"Funky But Chic" is alright, alright, alright, alright but "Great Big Kiss" and "Frenchette," both with Sylvain on piano, are the best of the show.

Wade through a few more album cuts and the vibrant encore gives us "Personality Crisis," not once but twice, interspersed with Bonnie Tyler's "Heartache," where Johansen nearly succeeds in singing a melody. Maybe we'll get "Crisis" on Johansen's second LP; it deserves to be done again.

An unwritten law now comes into effect. For the record, I will state it here: Never, under existing conditions, will more than three former members of the Dolls be allowed to play in each other's bands, but by all means, try three. This is to introduce Johnny Thunders, who was sitting pleasantly wobbly when David called him onstage to join in for a final "Babylon."

Johnny guested twice to my knowledge during David's six shows through the weekend. He looked cool enough but probably felt like hell.

The leads on "Babylon" still went to Johnny Rao, not Thunders, who appeared more as a symbol than for his inaudible guitar.

The following night Johnny was told to "Go have a cup of coffee and come back in five minutes" when he tried to gain entrance to the Bottom Line. He returned amicably before long and again was refused entrance, this time personally by Blue Sky Records. Off he went to Max's.

Johansen has proved good and stylish as he becomes more credible, poking into the air with parts or all of his body, his eyes and words ever towards the audience, acting tough but not menacing.

Sylvain is the sole remaining group member who creates a personality onstage, holding an arm up in the air and shaking his fingers in an "A-okay" gesture.

While the drummer has considerable presence as a player, he is subordinated with the group to providing sound advice, so to speak, a subdued excitement that spotlights Johansen's flair as an entertainer.

So there have been compromises and we still have the unresolved leader/second banana syndrome with David and Syl. But we can live with it and, more importantly, it can live with itself.

And now that he is well on his way to becoming a BOF, Johansen has succeeded in turning the heads of people who could not be forced to listen in the past.

We now see how such a forceful performer has faced up to the misery of his history. It was simple enough. He pushed on.

Dan Oppenheimer

REZILLOS: CAN'T STAND THE AUDIENCE

And that goes for all you liggers in the bar, too

The Rezillos
MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

FUN FUN fun!

The jackoffs are out in force tonight — doncha just know it — and when the beer glass zips through the air two inches due south of Fay Fife's head, the rage that's pent up inside Eugene Reynold's ridiculous pink biker outfit erupts yet again.

The Music Machine is packed to bits — not as sardine-sauna-pardon-my-elbow-maaan as it was for The Clash, but still jammo enough to put the fear of God into any closet claustrophobes who may be lurking about. The audience are indulging in all those charming traditional customs that have made Britain a tourists' mecca: they're gobbing (maaaaaaan), chucking beer glasses at the band (maaaaaaaaan), pogoing about and knocking each other all over the shop (maaaaaaaaaaaaaan).

Eugene is not smiling. He is double not smiling because all these people he doesn't know are standing in the Stage Bar and drinking (maaaaaan) and talking to each other (maaaaaaaaaan). These people include such well-known elitist scum as Cook'n'Jones, Nicky Headon, Brian James and sundry Rats (the usual, in other words) and they're making Eugene MAD AS HELL AND HE'S NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANY MORE!!!!

Every time a number goes crunch and the band stops playing, Eugene is up at the mike abusing someone. He abuses the liggers in the the stage bar ("Good evening — I don't know any of you, but my name is Eugene Reynolds and I hope you're enjoying yourselves up there") until Fay Fife has to haul him off the mike so that the band can get into the next song. The gobbers and the glass-throwers — may their dwelling places be infected with plagues of mice and cockroaches, yea, e'en unto the third and fourth generation, *thank* you, Lord — are getting him uptight to the point where during "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Heads Kicked In Tonight" he's suiting action to word and taking booted swipes at the front row. Serious!

Even Fay Fife, a troupette of the first water, can't stand the audience when their attentions get a little too — ahem — *personal,* and announces that she'll be down to belt a few earholes if things don't (ptooeeeyyy) let up (splat!)

Unfortunately, this merely redoubles their efforts, which in turn redoubles the petulancy count from the stage. Now, everybody except Captain Sensible knows that it's a heaving drag to have to play your set while assailed by big-eyed bogeys from Venus and acrobatic beermugs, but these days it's an occupational hazard; if you want to play proper rock for kids then you've got to accept the dry-cleaning bills and the irritation as, simply, part of the dues involved.

Acknowledgement of this doesn't excuse the audience — who should be more considerate of the people who're trying to entertain them — or the band, who should know better than to think abusive remarks about London are going to solve the problem.

Outside of that . . .

I dig the Rezillos. A lot. They rock ferociously, possess an impeccable sense of the Trash Aesthetic in all its ramifications and manifestations, know more about visual flash than any six groups have a right to, are into Comic Books (and not in any *scheisskopf* Kiss megalomanner) and best of all — guitarist Jo Callis is into Gibson SG Juniors with Leo Quan Badass bridges. Plus they bring Daleks on at the end and have almost as admirable taste in oldies as The Bishops, which is presumably why two of the numbers (The Kinks' "I Need You" and Fleetwood Mac's "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight") are also in those worthies' set.

Apart from songwriter-in-residence and demento guitarist Callis (he ain't as good as Johnny Ramone, but then he ain't from Forest Hills, so you gotta give him credit for trying), The Rezillos' ace cards are the frontpersons, Reynolds and Fife.

Reynolds' persona is Sweaty Menace played for laughs (except that at the Music Machine he was playing it for real), but Fay Fife is a gem: like a '65 Mary Quant shopwindow dummy possessed by the spirit of a singularly deranged gogo dancer, all leavened with the exquisite deadpan humour at which the best Scottish girls always seem to excel. Her dancing is nothing short of delightful — and when was the last time you saw Genuinely Witty Dancing?

Huh?

Incidentally, the show was opened by Sheffield's Human League — one man with a tie and a microphone standing between two men with keyboard-operated implements — who whack the shit out NY's overrated Suicide simply by dint of intellectual rigour, superior imagination and a far more inspired use of stage non-presentation.

Besides, what more appropriate song could you play in the Music Machine than "Being Boiled"?

Charles Shaar Murray

"Careful with that pink biker suit, Eugene . . ." FAY FIFE (above) keeps an eye out for flob, while EUGENE REYNOLDS (left) remonstrates with the Music Machine gobbos.

Pix by ADRIAN BOOT and PAUL SLATTERY

PENETRATION ENVY

Penetration
The Fall
Ed Banger
LYCEUM, LONDON

AFTER THE RECENT Nashville debacle — when hundreds of fans were turned away following a bottling incident — I was confidently expecting Penetration to pull out all the stops for their first major London gig.

Sadly, what ensued was one of the most lacklustre performances that this fan has yet witnessed from the Pride of Pitland.

PAULINE: "I'm tryin' to get oop but I've lost my lustre . . ."
Pic by PAUL SLATTERY

With the addition of a new guitarist, name of Fred, Penetration have completed their evolution from punk outfit to progressive hard rock band. What their forthcoming "Moving Targets" album will hopefully prove is that, in this field, they are not just another band — but the best currently working on our green and pleasant land. And I've still every confidence that they are.

But on Sunday night, for some reason they cut it only in odd, fleeting moments, when Pauline lead the band back to the heights attained on the final Roundhouse gig of the last Buzzcocks tour. Those moments were the still sublime "Lovers Of Outrage", "Nostalgia" — a brilliant new song from the pen of Pete Shelley (the two P's clash — and how!) — and the opening "Future Daze" march.

Too often, though, they seemed inhibited by the Gothic vastness of the (half-empty) hall and by their own nerves. It is ironic that one of the country's most talented bands are also one of the most nervous on stage.

Two other songs were premiered: "Too Many Friends" bears their familiar stamp of introspective quality but "Dark Hearts" — saved for the encore — could have been AC/DC. It hasn't come to this, surely?

Even so, if you're going to Reading (for which this was a warm up), I'd still wholeheartedly recommend that you don't miss 'em.

The Fall, depending on how you view the future of rock'n'roll, are either great or awful. I man, perverse little sod that I am, have an immense liking for them. And nothing I saw (or read) last week has changed that.

The Fall revel in drabness (not without charm), which makes them a bit like a Northern version of mid-period Subway Sect, and they *do* write good songs. Imagine if Johnny Rotten met Eddie Waring and lived — that'll give you some idea of Mark Smith's vocals. Every song title is finished with a drawled 'aaaa" (as in 'ups and under-aaa'). Thus we got "Frightened-aaa", the quasi-parody of "Industrial Estate-aaaa" and "Steppin' Out-aaaa". And all good stuff it is, too.

Ed Banger and his sloppy Group Therapy also seem to thrive on a peculiarly Northern working men's club ambience — but they are never so impressive as The Fall.

But no band deserves the kind of treatment they got from the dildos in the audience: once the first can had been aimed stagewards, countless others followed in a mass demonstration of mob stupidity which left Ed and his luckless corps well and truly pissed off and the atmosphere decidedly sour.

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Pic by DENIS O'REGAN

"And this 'ere one's for Adrian Thrills . . ."

Sore Throat

THE NASHVILLE, LONDON

SORE THROAT are the best rock'n'roll cartoon since the Darts. Uniform crewcuts — at last, a drummer resembling Sandy Nelson — and well-choreographed foolery take care of animation, while the soundtrack is skilful pre-Beatles pastiche.

Sax, guitar and piano create "Poetry In Motion" textures, "I Don't Wanna Go Home" is pure "Bony Maronie" on the verses, while a subliminal Duane Eddy/"Fire Brigade" riff snakes through another number. They cope with the real thing less impressively.

Props include a beach ball and pianist Matthew Flowers' angular, elongated physique. There's even some mock flagellation, but the mood is more panto than Theatre of Cruelty. Justin Ward's banter is post-punk sardonic, his voice rich and powerful.

A great night out, but who'd buy a Sore Throat album?

Harry George

The Vicars

HOPE AND ANCHOR

THURSDAY NIGHT and we were thin on the ground for the Canvey Island Punks. A definite air of listlessness pervaded the hallowed lower depths of the Hope and Anchor, with most of us just "hangin' around" waiting for the action — whatever it was. Action there was from rude boys The Vicars on this their first gig in London.

A motley crew, their self-appointed mouthpiece is the vocalist, Mike Maynard, who is almost overbearingly proud of his Feelgood connection (he co-wrote "Speeding On" with John Potter, ex-Wilko band), and adopts an over-the-top aggressive vocal stance not unlike Olivier's interpretation of Richard III. Mark Salkeld is your token Sanderson Punk, all bright blonde and black leather, but he could play rhythm guitar for all that.

Sweating boogie punk and blues were the main ingredients, all served up dirty fingernails and Oil City B.O. They played about twenty numbers, many of which were instantly forgettable, but pumped out with such reckless abandon as to be temporarily irresistible. "SS Blues" was first album Stooges while their rendition of "Sonic Reducer" made The Dead Boys sound as if they'd been marinated in Dettol. Several Wilko riffs crept into the openings of various numbers, and "I Don't Mind" and "Hog For You Baby" were given as burnt offerings to their heroes.

Mickie Ogden, who must have been weaned on tin cans and pot-lids, just stared at the wall whenever he wasn't playing, and only missed the beat in a couple of songs. Kirk Mo-dest pulled a handy bass besides representing the rock and roll faction and Andy Stevens, the straight member of the group, played a lead guitar that sandpapered your eardrums.

Their reception was benignly apathetic and they encored with "Pepsi-Cola" and "Bogie Roller" for the second time. It was a laugh and a half.

Want a good time? Spend an evening with The Vicars next time they come around. But take your own cucumber sandwiches.

Neil Norman

THESE ARE THE MANCUNIAN MANCUNIANS?

The Passage
The Elite
Spherical Objects

MANCHESTER BAND ON THE WALL

THE NEW BALANCE depends more on nerve energy than gut energy — and it *is* music done to people. Rock music suddenly threatens to become important outside its own minimal value, to smash through the routines of business and image, to become a music (again). With no loss of "theatre".

The Manchester Musicians Co-operative is made up of a variety of young musicians playing sound games who look beyond rock noises and borrow tentatively and eagerly from a multitude of outside musics. A blend of positive thought and attitude, an arrogant openmindedness.

Normally a quartet, The Elite are in current disarray. Kevin Eden (voice and guitar) and Peter Hibbert (voice and drums) are settled; their chosen bassist is being tutored, for this performance. The Passage and ex-Fall bassist, Tony Friel, guested. They lack a keyboardsman; there is mention of ex-Magazine man Bob Dickinson linking.

Their sound is austere, resembling pre-Spiral Scratch Buzzcocks, but balancing less ecstatically between precision and chaos. Charred remnants of a fast rock group. Any colour introduced is subdued, fleeting. Slightly intimidating patterns and depths emerge from the overall starkness and flatness (conflicts, tussles, a crucial restlessness). Their songs seem to hang; with moments of activity. Typically, a central drone approaching "No Pussyfooting" weight is detailed with oddly joyous bass runs (this could be just Friel's extroversion) or spaced, careful guitar notes.

The total impression is that of blurred realism — the music sounds fogged, snatches of lyrics and the song titles imply a valiant grip with situations, realities and fantasies. Their uneasy tendencies collect during a stripped, clipped interpretation of Peter Hammill's "The People You Were Going To", with Eden's vocals shaky, nervy and unconsciously effective. Dazed music.

Stripped, clipped observations of The Passage. They have none of The Elite's hesitancy, double the concentration without any sign, and the sheer force of the music (a crumbling wall of sound) overcomes the stiffness of the visuals. Here is a genuine power trio (proper settings for intense energy, no waste, no suger) — they are a vital unit, jumble them with anyone from Company conglomerations right through T. Gristle to The Fall.

Dick Witts on drums and voice — sensitive drive through multiple pulses on an embellished traditional kit, his voice grinning and bad

A Spherical Object

tempered (spiteful). Tony Friel on bass and voice — unyielding, motorised bass guitar playing, his voice sulky. A young female keyboard player — sounds held and dropped, simplicity easing for the unusual.

The trio can trap a half listener. The instrument emphasis is odd. Their is no lead instrument — all lead, one playing alone when the others pull out. The music is hectic, compact, resilient with all the opposites of performance, compostition under control. It makes demands, yet it is close to home.

So this is jazz rock! Careful with the labels . . . but with ease they tautly reproduce rock beats, shifts, repetitions, simultaneously striding the tightrope with the mannerisms of jazz interraction, movement, decisiveness. It moves, it balances, it thrusts.

The Passage passionately parody rock and its cosy coherence. They confront the banality, self importance, self superiority, limitation of rock, in doing so flirting superficially with cliches but actually dragging rock violently away from the standard. Not much magic or myth, but one hell of a sound. Listen to it with your ears.

Spherical Objects are a quintet with plucky psychedelic aspirations — though hardly pointlessly nostalgic. Their album "Past And Parcel" is a faulty but entertaining record. They play songs. Following the coldness (and I've no idea what this means, as in Wire etc., but people tell me it's all very chilling) of The Elite and The Passage, perhaps they were a breath of warmth. Certainly they were crisp and comfy. Their songs are finely seasoned, derivative yet ultimately individual, evocative and apt to erupt into peculiar crystalline climaxes due to John Bisset-Smith's fidgety mandolin-type guitar playing. There's a persistence about them that tries hard for something haunting and meloncholy, but at the moment it comes out a little too watery. Leadperson Steve Solomar's voice, weak yet sometimes used well, tends to upset the balance, but if they can capture the elusive, fine lingering atmospheres and textures that they're after they could be very good. That is, soft music for soft people, but something more (harder?) if you want it.

Paul Morley

The Autographs

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED to Raggy Lewis. Since this one-time Stukas rhythm guitarist discovered hair dye, a perm, contact lenses and The Autographs, nobody mistakes him for Hank Marvin anymore.

Fellow Stukas Chris Gent (sax and vocals), and bassist Dave Spicer, are also part of this metamorphosis, and the line-up is completed by Paul Tulley on drums, and Scots lead guitarist, Jim Ward, who joined the ranks a mere forty-eight hours before their recent appearance on *Revolver*.

The Autographs display large quantities of basic confidence, reckless energy, red trousers, white shoes and pink striped shirts, and belt their way through a string of numbers about the agonies and adolescence, radiating that kind of florid naivety that people call Pop.

But that, pop-pickers, is as far as it goes. The nearest they ever get to definable Pop is the very Merseybeat "Don't Go With That Girl", the set being — start to finish — basic R&B.

There's a few slick arrangements, tidy guitar fills, and some very spacious drumming, and apart from the slightly vacuous ballad "Don't Run Away Little Girl", they swagger through some rousing numbers with a lot of style and conviction.

It's early days yet, and, not surprisingly, they strike me as still being in limbo. The idea of an R&B/Pop fusion is fine in itself, it's just that they've approached it in the least imaginative way. By tacking together the most obvious aspects of both (the diluted pop lyrics and the solid R&B drive), the result is that they mostly conflict, rather than complement, each other.

If they're heading for the *TOTP* market, they'd be better off with a much more detailed production, and less of the raunch and roll. If they want to slog around the pub circuit, apart from expanding musically with sax and guitar solos, they'd need to have much larger ideas. They remind me of a lightweight Boomtown Rats, the main difference being that The Rats don't limit themselves to lyrics of such insignificance.

Whatever's in store, I don't doubt that Mickey Most, the man masterminding their debut single on RAK, will have a lot to do with it, and I wouldn't care much if they weren't such an interesting band.

Mark Ellen

Pic by PAUL SLATTERY

"HEY! HEY! We're The Records!!"

The Records

RED COW, LONDON

THE RECORDS play fast, punchy pop, and they play it well. I hated them.

Beatles, Byrds and assorted mid-'60s pop are where they're coming from (not surprisingly, given ex-Kursaal's drummer Will Birch is their leading light), but unlike, say, Big Star who assimilated these influences into their own musical personality, The Records sound merely imitative.

*For much of their set, they remind me of a lightweight Pez Band, churning out bouncy, well-constructed but instantly forgettable poprock. It wasn't until near the end of the set, with "Girls That Don't Exist" and "Starry Eyes", that a real urgency crept into their performance — **then** they were worth a listen.*

But '60s-fixation music is pure escapism, and when there's such a lot of good, new music around, it just seems redundant. Unhealthy sign, too, that most of the audience at the Red Cow were in their mid-twenties or over, and few of them looked capable of dancing.

I daresay hundreds will disagree, but I found The Records disappointing and, finally, pointless.

Graham Lock

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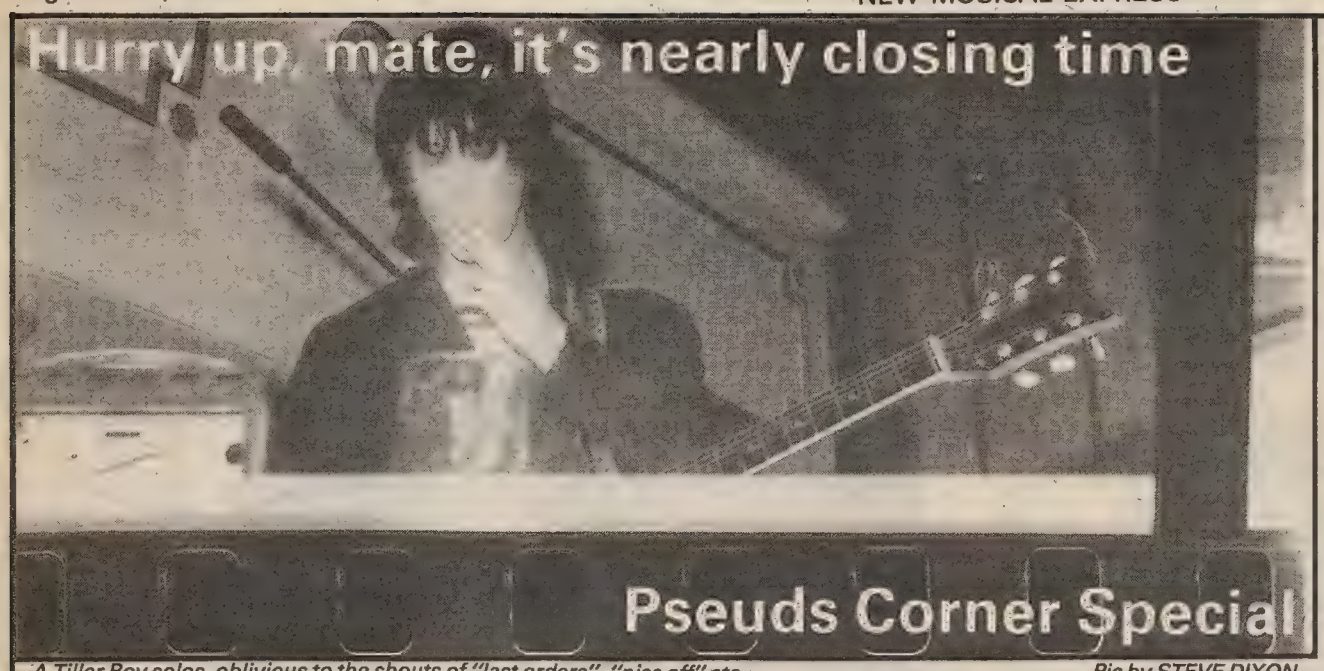

A Tiller Boy solos, oblivious to the shouts of "last orders", "piss off" etc. *Pic by STEVE DIXON*

Gang of Four
Tiller Boys
YORK

AS INTELLECTUALLY impersonal as Leger was emotional, the Tiller Boys show their Olympian detachment by the selection of ready made sounds that are neither very attractive (at the time) nor very shocking. The ready mades were given little formal attention at the time they were conceived, they were pawns in a cerebral exercise in which potential art status was conferred, or imposed by the Tiller Boys through sheer force of will. *(What's he going on about? — Ed.)*

The Tiller Boys' gestures span both the exacting conceptualism of Duchamp and statements of Cage's like: "Ideas are one thing and what happens, another". In addition, they approach the object (sound) with a distinctly New York School aesthetic. They are, as Apollinaire said of the Tiller Boys' sound objects, "impregnated with humanity". In this sense they are humanist, although devoid of sentimentality.

What then, essentially, are the Tiller Boys? *(This had better be good. — Ed.)*

Steve Dixon: "Post Modernist Abstract Expressionists, no doubt about it." Blonde Haired Tony (who used to have a pop programme on the telly called *So It Goes* and now runs a club in Manchester called the Factory, and consequently should know about such things): "I don't know, but I like them".

And then the Gang of Four came on. I like them very much. In fact, they are one of my favourite bands because they care about things and play great songs. And sometimes some of The Mekons get up on stage with them and jam, and so did Tony Wilson for one of the encores.

"Shit goddamn getoffyer ass and jam", sang everybody very loudly, and it was wonderful.

John W. Hamblett

JAZZ DIARY

CHRIS BARBER is presenting his own one-day jazz festival at the Reading Festival on August 28. Alvin Alcorn, ex-Kid Ory, George Lewis and the Heritage Hall Band, and Tommy Tucker, composer of R&B hit "Hi-Heel Sneakers', are joining Barber's 'Monday Date' and also touring with him on the 'New Orleans & The Blues' package. Cousin Joe From New Orleans and Sammy Rimington are also on hand, as well as the Morrissey-Mullen Quintet with Viola Wills and the Milt Jackson Quartet.

Woody Herman's projected five-concert gig at the Sanyo Jazz Festival in Chichester cover 11th - 15th October. The concerts will constitute a retrospective of Woody's 42 years as a bandleader, and the veteran is currently hunting down the original charts in the jazz archive at the University of Houston, Texas. The final night brings Ronnie Scott's group, Tony Coe and Kenny Wheeler in to play with the current Herd.

Ken Hyder's Talisker are playing Swansea Arts Centre on 1st and the Chapter Arts, Cardiff, on 2nd September. On 20th they're at Battersea Arts Centre. Jazz Centre Society gigs include Paraphernalia at the Half Moon on 27th, the Stan Tracey Octet at 100 Club on 28th and Paz at the Phoenix on 30th August. Band On The Wall, Manchester, has Bill Le Sage on 31st.

Anybody who missed the new-deleted avalanche of avant-garde albums on BYG will be heartened by the reappearance of several on the Affinity label, released through Charly Records. First of the crop include the excellent Archie Shepp's "Blase', Don Cherry's "Mu", the Art Ensemble Of Chicago's "A Jackson In Your House", and Sun Ra's "The Solar-Myth Approach". More are in the pipeline, including a Braxton-Jenkins-Smith-McCall with an unprintable formula title.

On the fusion front, Elektra have released Michael White's "The X Factor", Terry Callier's "Fire On Ice" and Lee Ritenour's "The Captain's Journey". The 20 Blue Note re-releases have arrived, and unfortunates who can't afford the lot but want the best could plunge on the Bud Powell and the Lester Young, then the Ornette.

Brian Case

China Street
THE KENSINGTON, LONDON

I FIRST SAW China Street about eighteen months ago, when they were playing Little Feat songs in an obscure pub on the edge of the Pennines. To say they've improved since then would be a massive understatement. They've ***transformed*** *themselves into one of the most satisfying bands you're likely to find on the pub, club and dive circuit.*

They play a little fast rock, shaping punk energy with their own thoughtful twists and turns, but mostly they play reggae. In fact, they play the best white reggae I've heard — an opinion shared, apparently, by Steel Pulse, whom the band credit with encouraging this facet of their musical diversity. China Street reggae is tight and purposeful — sliding, choppy rhythms embellished with laconic guitar and edgy piano frills. Lancs skank, great for dancing!

Also, they write songs about things that matter — "Nuclear Holocaust" on the likely outcome of the Windscale farce; "SS", about the men who killed Steve Biko; and the dynamic "Rock Against Racism", which is marked for their next single.

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THE REACTION: "So cop the new single, right?" *Pic by GEORGE BODNAR*

The Reaction
MARQUEE CLUB, LONDON

REACTION. You wanna reaction? Aw, rightee — try this.

Hey gang — Remember those fabulous '60s? No? Howbout the slick '70s? Reaction do. They checked out the transatlantic Pop Rhythm'n'Rock Hall of Fame. And decided that's where they're coming from.

They're young and they play good. Sound is structured round controlled interplay between lead and rhythm guitars, with heavy rhythmic support at the back. I heard them make a mistake on "Live Alone", but otherwise the playing was just about faultless. Tasty harmonies, too.

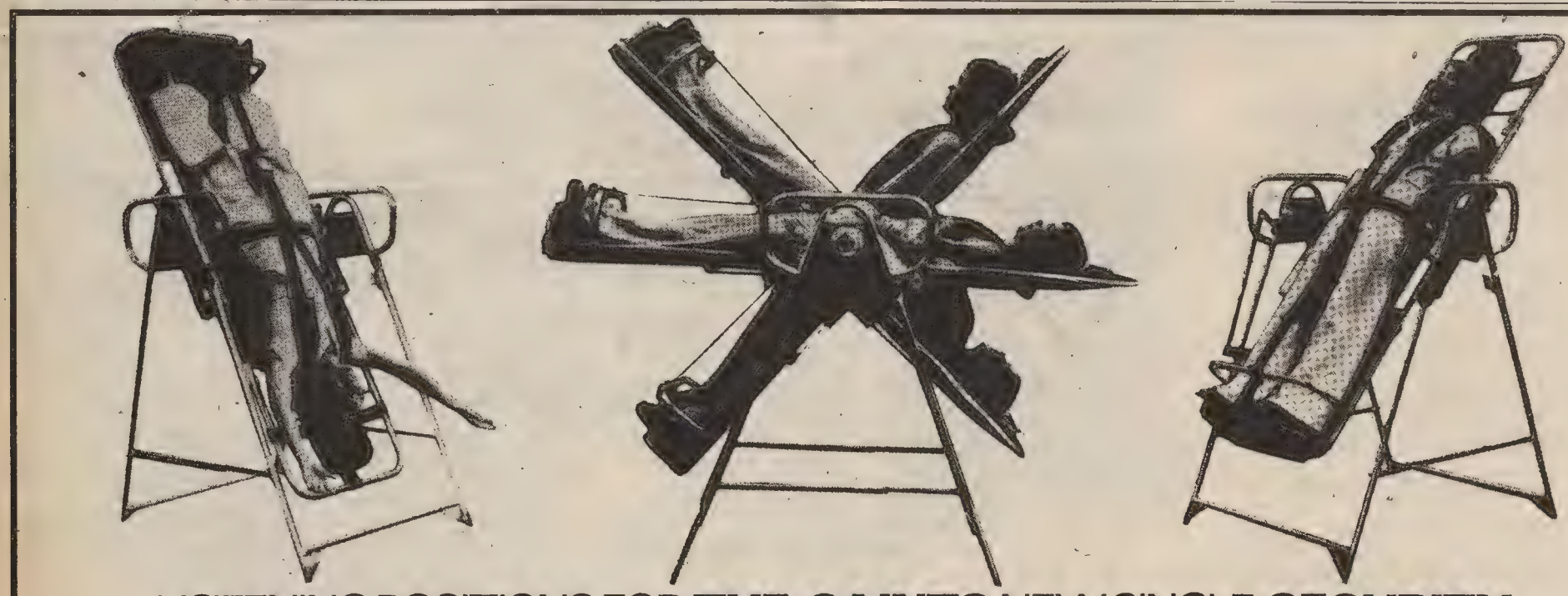
Mark Hollis (rhythm guitars) takes the lead vocals and catches the main visual action. He kneels (prayerwise?) in front of the speakerstack. He reached for the volume switch . . . I felt a lump in my throat: this is feedback. And Gino Williams Jr. (drums) played a solo. That's right — a drum solo. Laugh? I nearly cried as their cover version of Cream's "Badge" chop-chopped through the speakers. Oh to be thirteen . . .

The Reaction look like up and coming corporate rockers should. Bruce Douglas (bass) is like Willie De Ville in a smartie suit. Bruce handles the material with finesse. He's a suave player.

Perhaps they'll headline and make albums. Just like Taste, Ten Years after and all that crew. Then the business really moves in and they get bagged as Rock stars.

Catch them now while they're still fun.

Caris



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ABBA

From page 8

good contact with them, but you know, something is missing. So now I feel absolutely happy to have them with me. It's great."

One of the reasons Abba haven't become tax exiles is because they have kids at school — her daughter is now 11, her son 15. How do they feel about mum being a pop star?

"We never discuss that."

It's such a strange reply that at first I think she must have misunderstood the question, but no. "I think they find it very natural, because they have been growing up with us. We have always been working in this business, you know.

"I don't think they bother that much.

"When we are home, leading our family life, we don't involve Abba. We live quite normal, as other families."

This I find astonishing. The rock business is always prone to stray further into people's private lives than most jobs — simply because it's 'not a job' — and obviously the more successful you are the more that is likely to be so. Doesn't the group dominate your life?

"No," she laughs. "Why should it?"

But surely, in Abba's situation, where your fellow group member is also your lover, it's always there . . .

"No, it's not always there, because now and then we take time off and just leave it — go away somewhere and don't think about it as all. I could never understand questions like that, because I don't feel it . . ."

BOTH AGNETHA Faltskog and Anni-Frid Lyngstad cut solo albums in 1975, the year *after* Abba won the Eurovision Song Contest. Neither, of course, was released here.

Anna's (Agnetha's) album featured the original (Swedish) version of "S.O.S.", alongside 11 of her own songs. That's right, her *own* songs.

Generally referred to as "sentimental", they're all in Swedish. Musically, it's an album of competent pop, a couple of items from which wouldn't be out of place on a Kate Bush set. It's not much cop, but no way is it overshadowed by the dreck Abba used to produce in their early days.

Unfortunately, I didn't get to ask her why she doesn't write for Abba, and whether she regrets it. Frida declined to comment on Agnetha's behalf.

Her own solo album features the prototype "Fernando" (in Swedish) alongside Swedish versions of "Wall Street Shuffle" (really!), "Life On Mars" (the very same!), "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and a clutch of other bizarrely varied songs, all treated in a manner not a million miles from boring.

It's also got a very rude picture on the cover.

Not that Frida believes she's a sex symbol.

"I'm not," she laughs. "No, I'm not at all. I think it's Anna that is — because of her bottom. But I have never felt like that. Never.

"I don't know if I'm sexy. They look upon lots of artists as sexy . . . Mick Jagger . . . a lot of them. I don't know."

In contrast to the frivolous, decorative image which she tacitly projects of herself, Frida is a serious person. She reads a lot — mainly female authors of late, Doris Lessing, Patricia Highsmith . . . I should have asked her what she felt about the women's movement. Instead I asked if her own opinions accorded with the underlying conservative image of Abba. A little fencing around, then: what are your personal politics?

"Do I have to tell you?" she asks, as if I might force it out of her.

No — but no one knows what Abba really think. Do you believe it's important to keep your personal opinions to yourself?

"I think it is in a way, yes. Because I am very hard to express myself when it comes to politics. Of course, I have a lot of ideas about it — and of course we have a lot of friends and we are discussing that a lot.

"If I could tell you in Swedish it would be much easier, I tell you."

Which is where we came in.

BACK IN THE studio, the band plays on. At one point there is a short period of blesses relief when Michael Tretow plays the legendary Troggs tapes during a coffee break (Bjorn and Benny don't join in the laughter), but apart from that the tedium is unrelenting.

"I feel like I'm being punished for something I haven't done," Pennie complains, as we roll around into our eighth hour of the Abba assault.

They show no signs of letting up, and anyway when they *do* stop for a break we will only be back to square one: strictly question and answer.

Also, Benny seems to have become less friendly towards us since Frida reported back to him on the course of our mini-interview.

Finally, we can't stand it any more. I can feel my brain going squishy in its casing. I'm contracting a headache which will take several days to wear off. It's the same old song . . .

Despondent and defeated, we depart.

Even as we're chauffeured back across Stockholm, though, my spirits lift. Abba: The Interview? What a joke. I know what I'll call it! Yeah . . .

Sheer Hell In Stockholm.

It's got a ring to it.

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KISS (L-R): Peter Criss, Ace Frehley, Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley — as seen by Marvel Comics. Illustration copyright Marvel/Aucoin Management 1977.

KISS

From page 18

"You have to understand that the poorest person in America dresses twice as interestingly as the Pistols" — and *this* from a man in stacked heel boots? — "There *is* a sociological significance in dressing like that in this country. But it does not make any sense at all in America where everybody's got at least two cars and two television sets . . ."

Zzzzzzzzzzz . . .

Gene continues: "When you talk about a band like Kiss you're talking about playing venues that hold 50-150,000 people. To have the charisma to become that popular in the States you must be a Zeppelin or a Stones or a Deep Purple. Any Mid-West garage band has twice the charisma of The Clash."

The Britisher then hears that, in fact, Gene Simmons of New York City has never *seen* The Clash. However: "Before people go and see The Clash they should see the new US bands like . . . like Van Halen. Now *they* kill . . .

"The punk scene here," he continues, Gene, driving more nails into Kiss's British coffin, "is *quaint*. I *love* going down to those little clubs and seeing bands play in front of a couple of hundred people."

Americans, Gene pronounces, like "kick-ass music."

"Blondie," he explains, "no matter how sophisticated and quaint, are gonna die a terrible death. Which is why Blondie will never play Shea Stadium.

"That's why they're making it here: because it's little and quaint and nice like your little cups of tea. Which are Blondie and The Clash: nice and small.

"Punk in America," he concludes, "is *fashion*. Here they walk up to you and spit at you and stab you in the back."

The media have been programming you too much, Gene.

"At the end of it all, Chris," Gene replies to the Britisher with what really does appear to be quite extraordinary vitriol, "maybe you should just stay in London."

Oh, New York's not too bad . . .

"I think you should just watch it when you go there."

Gene then explains that living in New York is "like coming all the time."

The Britisher suggests that the desire for constant orgasm appears to indicate that Gene has a very Hollywood machismo vision of reality. He recommends that Gene read *The Tao Of Sex* and makes his excuses and leaves.

When he gets to his car he sticks a copy of "Garvey's Ghost" in his cassette recorder. It isn't until he's stopped three times to check that it isn't running slow that he begins to appreciate just how wired up a person is Gene Simmons of New York City.

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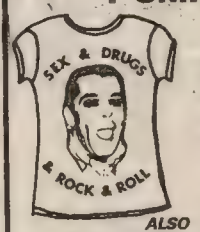

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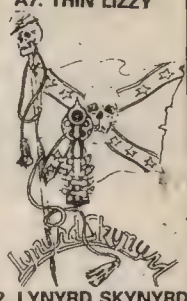

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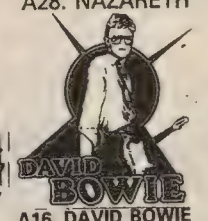

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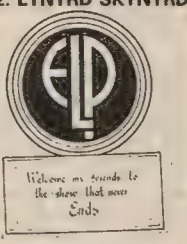

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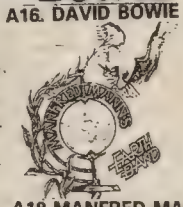

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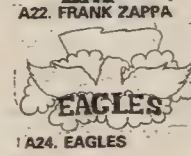

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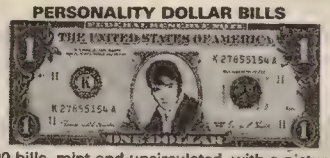

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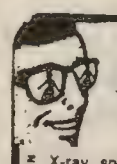

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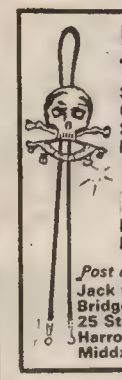

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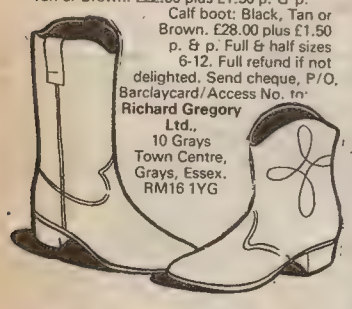

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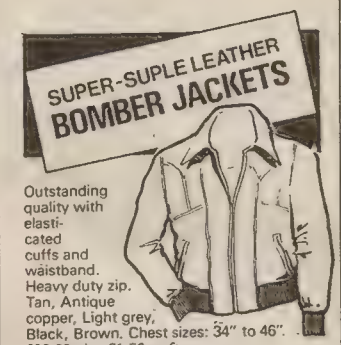

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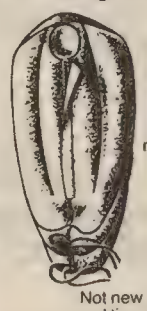

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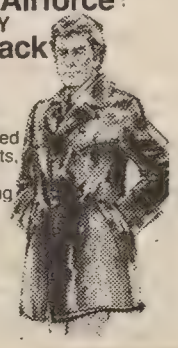

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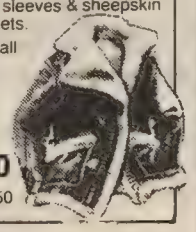

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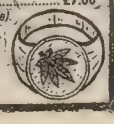

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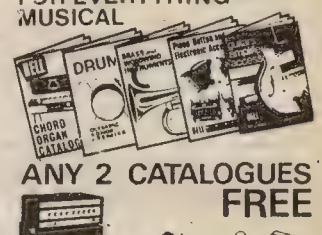

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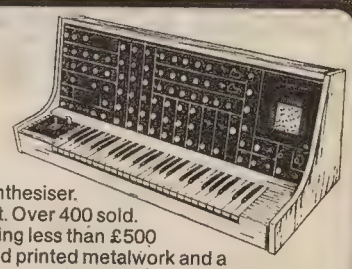

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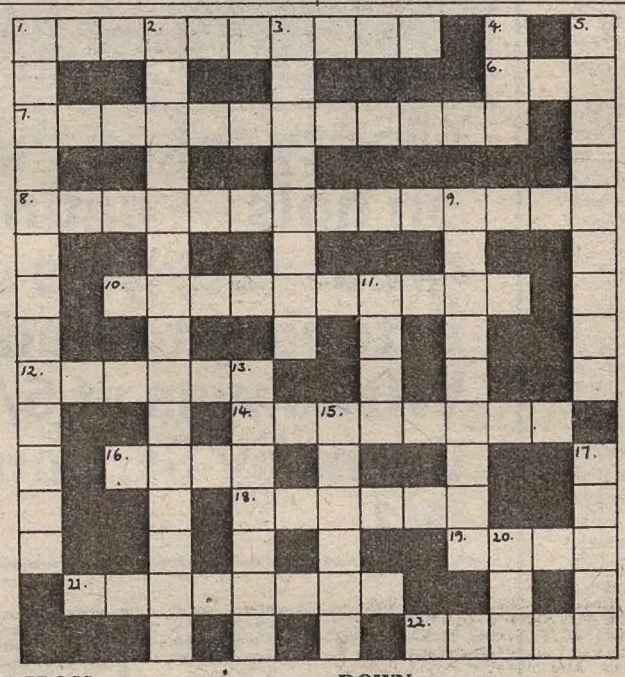


ACROSS

1 Lost his girl to that punk Gordon *("Yeah, but he's no punk — he's more of a man than you'll ever be" — Ed.)* (6,4)
6 Avant garde stomach settler!
7 The world's best-known least-known drummer? (7,5)
8 Third of The Cliftons' trio of golden soul hits — this didn't make it in the UK until 1972 (5,6,3)
10 Avant garde (jazzy-type) measure of distance! (5,5)
12 Palmer or Johnson
14 Two-thirds of Ferrari and Co's live album (4,4)
16 McCartney's tipple!
18 & 19 Motown stalwart who started there as a session drummer on vintage Miracles' cuts
19 See above
21 Cockney Rebel's debut hit 45 (4,4)
22 One-hit wonders who cut soccer terrace fave, "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye"

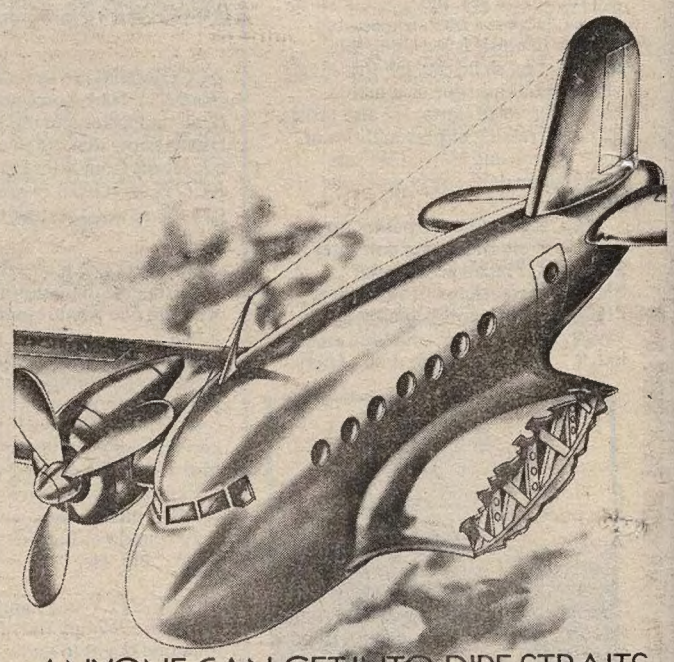
DOWN

1 LA singer/writer, though his current hit's an oldie previously by Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs (7,6)
2 Commodores get drippy on hit 45 (5,5,1,4)
3 Jaw holes (anag.3,5)
4 "Beginnings" and "Fish Out Of Water" are two of their solo albums
5 Cut original of the summer smoochie "Sunny", a hit for him and Georgie Fame in 1966 (5,4)
9 Ugly one in! (anag.4,5)
11 Millionaire Swedes in Arab balloon flight!
13 Is he a *commercially*-minded Advert? Does he get the *breaks? (Do you want the sack? — Ed)* (1,1,5)
15 After the Roxy, London's best-known punky venue
17 Constituent parts were two members from Graham Bond Organisation, one from John Mayall via Yardbirds. The whole was a cow offshoot!
20 "How Long?" — pretty *short-lived,* eh fellars!

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Natural High"; 7 "Nutbush (City Limits)"; 9 Eddie Floyd; 11 Art (Garfunkel); 12 Canned (Heat); 13 "Identity"; 14 Hank (Marvin); 15 (Steve) Marriott; 16 (Canned) Heat; 17 Tonight.

DOWN: 1 "Northern Lights"; "(If) The Kids Are United"; 3 Ronnie Scott; 4 (Commander Cody & The) Lost Planet Airmen; 5 "Hush"; 6 Judy; 8 "(Nutbush) City Limits"; 10 Daddy Cool; 15 Mott.



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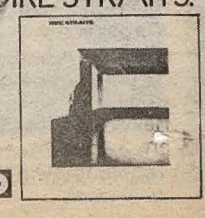

Album 9102 021
Cassette 7231 015

phonogram

I WAS INNOCENT (A Punk Poem)
by WALTER WOGGLE and the NECKERCHIEFS

I was a scout, but I'm not now,
I lived in a council house in Slough.
I never felt at all depressed,
When my neckerchief was clean and pressed.
We met at the hut, sharp at eight,
And we were spanked if ten secs late.
He thought it fun to raise the flag,
Akela was a right old slag.

We went on camping once a year,
But we weren't allowed to have no beer.
Pitching tent, that was grand,
Everyone was sure to lend a hand.
Camp food didn't excite us,
We got gastroenteritis.
Cold showers and lots of spanking,
If you were caught winking (misprint).

I met a punkette, she's called Glenda,
But she said 'eff off, you little bender'.
I tried flowers, this and that,
But she kept saying, 'piss off you prat'.
Things all changed come November,
The Scouts lost me as a member.
I slashed my hair, and pierced my ear,
And just hoped that I would see 'er.
I finally saw her at The Roxy,
She said, 'You're no longer thin and poxy'.

We both pogoed to the Pistols,
That's when I noticed her large bristols.
We left home and moved to Putney,
And now live on bread and chutney.
We are poor, and we ain't happy.
'Specially when baby Sid wets his nappy.
This punk life's getting dumb,
I think I'll sod off home to mum.

(Written on a rowing boat somewhere between Mortlake and Putney).
WALTER WOGGLE and GLENDA JOCKSTRAP, Putney.

MY WIFE AND I recently had a caravan holiday and, forced inside by the weather, were reduced to having the radio on for aural entertainment. Entertainment? The location of the caravan meant Radio One only.

Warrawegot? D L Travis whose show revolves around the fact that he makes two jokes from start to finish. (1) he calls it "the early yawning show" (he's not kidding). (2) embarrassing impersonations of a tape rewinding when he gets (frequently) tongue-tied.

Secondly, comes Master Bates. An old sounding nurd whose proud boast it is that he picked "Rivers of Babylon" as a record of the week. The bright spot of this show is the "Golden Hour" in which every other record is a supposedly golden oldie from a particular year so for one hour your chances of hearing John Travolta, Marshall Hain or the Smurfs are halved. This show also features a phone-in contest.

Lunchtime and what better excuse for going down the pub to get pissed than to miss Paul Burnett and at the same time set yourself up for the afternoon (oh yes, the worst is yet to come). Here is a bozo whose only interest in music is in timing the introduction so he can get in as much valuable talking time as possible before the vocal starts. He also insists on embarrassing impersonations of John Wayne and Harold Wilson although he does a very good one of a prat.

Well, Radio One surpasses itself at 2 pm — Tony Blackburn defecates for 2½ hours. I recall hearing the obnoxious receding one after playing "Pump It Up" express incredulity — "Well, I don't know, someone must like it". Well, look here mate, I may not be the world's hippest guy, I'm nearly 26, I still wear flares, my wife likes The Bee Gees (no crime), but we both dig Elvis.

The only hope of anything decent during the day is with Kid Jensen whose doubtless enthusiasm and caring for music is somewhat tempered by the fact that his audience is home bound commuters, latch-key school kids, etc.

Dear John Peel? One day he may get a decent slot at a reasonable hour where he could have more effect than he does now. Excluding his excellent show I find it incredible that I have never heard anything by The Clash or Wire on daytime radio and nothing more than token plays of Sham 69, X Ray Spex, etc. and "acceptable" B Rats.

At the weekend, things aren't a lot better. Gambaccini obviously knows a lot about the biz and the artists he is playing but his show is confined to the awful American chart. Anne Nightingale does a good PR job for Stiff but has a short show and by necessity is cluttered by the endless dedications of students up and down the land.

Fluff's O.K. if you're into H. Metal but who is on a Saturday afternoon? That peroxide, geriatric inarticulate Jimmy Savile, is just too out of touch to be even considered as a D.J. and Peter Powell, well don't we all just love him with his sensible chat, endearing giggle and speech impediment?

The Beeb claim airtime is tight — 40 hours — OK, so why does every show all day feature the top 20 so strongly? Also, you'd think that the amount of royalties they have to pay for each playing would make them more choosey. And smug? "We're the best 'coz we're national" — it's like British Rail bragging how many trains they run.

Surely not one other reader can be completely satisfied with Radio One — it's all our money, for chrissake. Surely something launched via your columns would have more effect than this letter would directly.

Any takers?
ALAN CHARLES, Leamington Spas

My own solution to the appalling state of radio is rather unsatisfactory: I switch the bloody thing off. But what, exactly, can a po' boy do? — M.S.

ACCORDING to Peter Powell (Radio 1). Nick Lowe now plays in Graham Parker and the Rumour. Didn't know that did you? The things one learns from listening to Radio 1.
KEITH MOORE, Hatfield, Herts.

See what I mean? — M.S.

IT IS TWO late too sa that fotherington thomas is a wet and a weed an Nic Kent resemble him v.much.
N. MOLESWORTH, St. Custards academy for young gents (hem hem).
P.S. CSM, Tony and Julie are v.good cept that Julie is a gurl and any fule kno that gurls are wet. Also she show of about all the wet and weedy stars she know, i.e. all reviews start "Joan Jett is v. nice person, and when she were round our flat sinking bottle of scotch" etc. etc.

I RECENTLY saw Fanny Craddock eating in a Wimpy Bar. I just thought someone ought to know.
CONFUSED, Redruth, Cornwall.

HOW MANY listeners of John Peel's evening show on Radio 1 take it for granted, I wonder? But think about it. Where can you hear samplings of punk/new wave, reggae, folk, remnants of soul from the U.S., the infrequent disco track, the best U.S. has to offer (which isn't much these days) and music from the continent and even Japan and Argentina? Certainly not in the land of the radio dial glut, the U.S.

But back to John Peel, who works long hours and commutes hundreds of miles each week to present consistently varied and informative shows. Sure you voted him the top DJ in last year's *NME* Poll, but that's sort of impersonal.

What all this is leading to is that his birthday is coming on August 30th and if you're a member of a band who has received needed exposure through him, send a greeting and appreciation which he deserves but seldom receives. Send it to: John Peel, BBC Radio 1, Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA.
NEIL REINEMANN, Huntingdon.

John Peel is 56. — PETE FRAME

WHO CAN say neigh to bestiality?
WHINNIE THE POOH.

Pix by TOM SHEEHAN

Monty takes the Bag on hols — eating greaseburgers and listening to Radio One. Wish I was at 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1.

HEY, you can't admit Paul Rambali to your staff. He looks normal, writes intelligible articles, appreciates bands that heve never appeared at RAR gigs and even prefers music to football!
GEORGE LOWELL, Brighton, Sussex.

Yeah, s'pose he's alright for a snivelling wop nance. — M.S.

IS IT OK if I say I think Blast Furnace is the Al Jolson of the blues?? Can't stop the goy!
But seriously folks, when can Dublin expect a visit from the Islington upstarts — with weather like this we could do with a heatwave. Or a good laugh.
POPE BERT (the topical), Dublin.

IF TYPHOO put the T in Britain, who put the CSM in Scunthorpe?
ID JIT, Somewhere.
The same berk who put the Furnace in Barrow — M.S.

I'VE DONE it for the first time in my life and it was great!!! — so if you can tell the world and Chris Morgan, I'll keep doing it. You want to know what I did? I completed an *NME* Crossword for the first time ever in my own! It took 21 years but it was worth it!
JULIA, Bury, Lancs.

WE ARE THE average (probably below average) punters, and read your below average paper and consider your crossword above average — in fact we can't do the bloody thing! Could you please put in a below average crossword for us?
THE BOYS, Witcombe, Gloucester.

IF THE BIRD on the cover of *NME* last week with Steve Jones is an example of his pulling power, he deserves every dose he gets.
TADLIG, Dublin.

Not nice. — A DOCTOR

AFTER READING the continual pseudo-political rantings of so-called "rock-stars" in *NME*, I have come to one conclusion. The only way we're ever going to have equality in this country, is when a one legged, anti-fascist, black, gay woman becomes prime minister (about as much chance as this letter has of being published).
STEPEHEN PRIEST (A boring civil servant).

Um . . . the Iron Maiden doesn't qualify in any of those categories (except, perhaps, 'woman') but Sunny Jim can at least boast membership in one (a.f.) and his limp is getting worse. — M.S.

DID YOU know that if the entire membership of the National Front were laid end to end across the Serpentine, they would both drown?
E B GEEBIES, Sunningdale.

John 'Syrup' Tyndall might but Martin 'Sweetie' Webster would probably float in a cess pool. — M.S.

WE ARE A group of Norwegian scientists who have come to a few sense-shattering conclusions:

1) Hugh Hefner is alive and playing tuba in Captain Sensible's new band.

2) Farrah Fawcett Majors is Kim Fowley with a wig.

And third and most sense-shattering is the fact the Kate Bush is a Smurf and that her LP is in fact Smurf propoganda, created to corrode the minds of millions. You have been warned.
A GROUP OF NORWEGIAN SCIENTISTS, Halden, Norway.

There is no futile PS. While you sit in your Carnaby Street office making up smart ass comments, the world is at stake.

SUPPOSE I told you my Mother was the Queen, would you print this letter?
PRINCE CHARLES, The Palace, Stanley

This man is a fool. — M.S.

YOU AND your readers make me sick. You know nothing about the rock scene here in Medway and neither do I.
THE MASTER, Rochester, Kent.

I MET Sham 69's drummer at a party the other night and was most disappointed to find that he does talk. I was going to make this one of your one liner things but it's one sentence too long.
L.P. WINNER, Weir End, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex.

MY NICKNAME is "Fluff", my girlfriend's nickname is "Giggles". "Fluff" is madly in love with "Giggles", but we're 200 miles apart. Please print this to prove to "Giggles" that "Fluff" is even soppier than she thinks.
"FLUFF" THE LOVESICK DWARF, C. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

Dear Ex-Pistols and Dylan Weekly,
You make me sick. Keep up the good work.
MOLE.
P.S. "Much of London's New Wave (sic) is too honest to be heard comfortably at home by civilised people" — Bart Mills, Cosmopolitan, July '78. Tosser of the week?

MY favourite record at the moment is "Airport".
Au revoir.
JACQUEE KACQUE, A French Air Traffic Controller.

PLEASE COULD I have some information about Robert Plant (Led Zeppelin vocalist). Could you clear up an argument between my boyfriend and myself, as he insists that Robert Plant has a brother called Paul Plant who lives two miles away from me and I do not believe this is true. I would be very pleased if you would reply.
CHRISTINE CAIN, Throckley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

We thought it was his sister Pasta Plant, but we could be wrong. — BONZO, JIM and THE OTHER ONE.

THANKS for printing this letter.
HENRY OF "ENW".

An ugly, fat, bald innocent bystander who'll be suing the NME next week.

"Duh, here pus-pus-pus . . ." Monosyllabic JOEY RAMONE, peering through his Hiram Holiday bi-focals, attempts to befriend the noble creature, name of FLUFFY, who haunts CBGBs. The feline in the eye shadow is, of course, MARIA DUVALL, an actress in Devine's ***Neon Woman.***
Pic by JOE STEVENS

T-ZERS

STROKES A PUSSY

ASSUMING his addled mind could have grasped so much in so short a time, young **Sid Vicious** — the world's least elegantly wasted rock star — will have plenty to remember the last ten days for.

He awoke in his Maida Vale flat the Saturday before last to find the body of **John Shipcott,** a 19-year-old studio assistant, slumped over his armchair. Shipcott was last seen alive in the early hours of Saturday morning, and the cause of death is believed to have been a drug overdose. A coroner's inquest is to take place on September 13.

The following Tuesday **Vicious** played what was supposed to have been a farewell gig at London's Electric Ballroom, aided by **Glen Matlock, Steve New,** and **Rat Scabies,** billed as **The Vicious White Kids** *(See Thrills).* Here reports get a little hazy. According to some sources, including Pistols producer **Dave Goodman,** Vicious then hurriedly completed his parts in the *Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* movie and departed over the weekend with girlfriend **Nancy** for heatwave-bound New York, where he plans to take up residence.

According to other sources, specifically **Malcolm MacLaren's** office, Sid made no such hurried exit and is in fact right now working on his autobiography, *My Life Or What I Can Remember Of It . . .*

Vicious is one rock star the late **Les Perrin** didn't have to contend with. In an anecdote-strewn piece in this week's *Daily Mirrors,* The Perrin Files, the doyen of show biz PRs recounts such time-honoured yarns as the **Stones'** famed "The police are coming through the windows" bust, and the time they peed on a garage wall.

Perrin, a former RAF gunnner, reveals that he was known to **Keef** as "Biggles". Keef himself is, in view of current circumstances, depicted as a family man and for the very faithful, Perrin reveals **Charle's** penchant for breeding Welsh sheepdogs and ponies and **Bill's** fondness for photographing flowers and the inside of churches. The very stuff from which rock myths are hewn ...

But is he the new wave **Roy Harper? Mark Linnahen** of **ATV** and **Rusty Egan** of **Rich Kids** jammed with **Patrik Fitzgerald** at sell-out Hope and Anchor gig last week. They may record together. And hasn't Fitzgerald just strummed his way onto a Big Record Contract? . . .

At least there is a reason for **Yes** calling their imminent album "Yes Tormato". Yesperson **Steve Howe** had come across a place of great scenic beauty in Devon going by the name of Yes Tor. Thinking this was the ideal location for the album's cover photography, pictures of Yes Tor *(On a ley line, is it? — Ed)* were duly taken. The pix were not, however, up to scratch. So a disappointed Yes, renowned for their riotous behavior, slung tomatoes at the prints, hence the idea for the record's title *(Triple wow!!! — Ed)* . . .

In New York, **Joni Mitchell** has been collaborating with giant of jazz **Charles Mingus.** Playing on the songs the two have composed are **Stanley Clarke** and **Gerry Mulligan . . .**

"Give me **Elvis Presley's** middle name," asked the MC on ITV's *321* quiz show. A female contestant meekly suggested **"Costello?"** in reply. Good try . . .

T-Zers compulsory Liggerz paragraph informs you that in attendance at **Rezillos'** Music Machine gig were the inevitable **Cook & Jones, Pete Briquette** of **Rats** fame, **Brian James** and a lonely **Nicky Headon — Strummer** and **Jones** are, of course, in 'Frisco, maaaannnn, putting final touches to their **Sandy Pearlman**-produced waxing. Throughout the gig, The Rezillos' **Eugene Reynolds** abused these pop biz personalities for their elitism. They were hanging out in the Stage bar . . .

At Polydor's annual convention in Birmingham, **Jimmy Pursey** and his manager gave bottles of champagne specially labelled **Sam 69** to the amassed salesmen and other company types. Ah well, **Easy Street** did it last year and it didn't hurt them . . .

The latest **TRB** bulletin — now available from the Tom Robinson Band, PO Box TRB 4 XT, London W1 — disassociates itself from EMI's release of 'new' Robinson single, "Too Good To Be True". *T-Zers* quotes: "Don't bother buying it — it's just another cunning ploy to persuade Radio One to play our records, not to con you out of your bread." while *T-Zers* sympathises with Tom's gripes about EMI milking the "Power In The Darkness" album — the B-side of "Too Good To Be True" is also taken from the elpee — we here at the three dots fail to see what's cunning about it. And doesn't **Tom** have any artistic control?...

With the exception of the Post House, all local hotels have refused bookings from bands playing Reading this weekend . . .

More on *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle.* **Kate Bush** and **Steve Jones** team up to duet on the durty "Silly Thing" *(Sounds just like Pearl Carr* and *Teddy Johnson — Ed.)* and **Malcolm** is featured tap dancing on tombstones in a graveyard at midnight while singing "You Need Hands". So, Malc, those singing lessons you took all those years ago weren't a waste of time after all. Music-wise included, are the non-sanitised **Dave Goodman**-produced songs that were cleaned up by **Chris Thomas** for the "Bollocks" album: "Pretty Vacant", "No Feelings", "Anarchy In The UK", etc . . .

Upheavals on the Peterborough rock scene *Quick hold the front page — Ed.* of late when **The Dole** had to replace their bass player **Someone Else** after he was "forcefully abducted" by his vicar father . . .

How long before **Sham 69** start wearing sensible sweaters and grow beards? Guitarist **Dave Parsons** not only attended the Cambridge Folk Festival, but was also seen digging **The Bothy Band** at the Albert Hall. . .

Bing Crosby's grand-daughter **Denise** — she hopes to soon appear in **Playboy** — is set to record a punk arrangement of "White Christmas" . . .

Peter Frampton's car accident is, it's rumoured, much more serious than anyone is owning up to. Frampton's first words on regaining consciousness were reportedly: "Does this mean I don't have to do the *Merv Griffin Show* (a US chat show)" . . .

According to *The Hollywood Reporter,* Los Angeles performers and music biz executives are refusing to travel to Italy and France for fear of being kidnapped and held to ransom. Rich Rock Stars are even being advised to keep a low profile in England and not to travel in limos. The report claims that "There have been many instances" where rocks have been thrown at cars belonging to rich Californians during their visits to Blighty. So it isn't just chic that demands "street credibility" at all costs . . .

Talking of which, **Elton John** is selling his Beverley Hills Mansion for $10 million. He paid a mere $1 million for it . . .

During a lightning visit to these shores **James Brown** called our own **Cliff White** to tell him that he'll be back for a European tour in December. In characteristic fashion, the King of them all boasted that his new roadshow is his best ever . . .

With extraordinary sensitivity, **Jimmy Cliff's** "Many Rivers To Cross" is now being used as a backing track for an eau du cologne ad. Couldn't they have picked something from **The New Seekers** instead? . . .

The **Robert Stigwood**-managed **Yvonne Eliman** is to appear in a two-part *Hawaii Five-O* TV episode entitled *Number One With A Bullet* . . .

Contrary to a report in last week's *T-Zers,* **999** *have* given a donation to the action group for one-parent families. What's more, they have a letter thanking them for it . . .

Johnny Cash has apparently given his blessing to daughter **Carlene Carter's** romance with **Nick Lowe,** who meantime is producing **Mickey Jupp's** next . . .

A new **Beach Boys** album is due for release in October called "M.I.U." The initials stand for Meditation International University, the name of the **Maharishi's** centre in Iowa. The album was recorded at a studio nearby, presumably to make the most of the vibes, and the single will be a version of "Peggy Sue". Nice to see the brothers **Wilson** staying so in tune with the times . . .

Elvis Costello seen buying the **Mickey Jupp** album on Stiff in Golborne Road's Honest John's recently. Obviously his relationship with Stiff is not what it was . . .

Movie industry rumours indicate that **Mick Jagger** has been offered the lead role in **Hal Ashby's** *Stranger In A Strange Land.* Rumours also persist that **John Lennon, Bruce Springsteen** and **Olivia Newton-John** are to star in *Street Mesiah,* to be filmed on location in London . . .

...SO YOU'VE GOT A CHRONIC BOWEL COMPLAINT..... NICE, NICE.....WELL MR VOID WE WANT YOU TO TELL US HOW MANY MINDS YOU THINK WE'VE DESTROYED BETWEEN HASTINGS AND BOGNOR...
RADIO ONE ROADSHOW
FUN
Steve Bell

BETTER BADGES

New Releases		Better Badges Top Ten	Last Week
20p Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise.	1	Clash Police	(2)
	2	Buzzcocks	(1)
	3	Clash City Rockers	(3)
25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	4	Steel Pulse	(4)
	5	Siouxsie Overground	(8)
	6	999	(5)
	7	X-Ray Spex	(6)
30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.	8	F--k Off — Wayne County	[ ]
	9	Siouxsie Special	[ ]
	10	Sham Army	[ ]

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EDITORIAL
3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

Assistant Editor: Phil McNeill
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors:
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Monty Smith
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali

Photography:
Pennie Smith

Contributors:
Nick Kent
Brian Case
Mick Farren
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Cliff White
Miles
Lester Bangs
John May
Paul Morley
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills

New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840

Research:
Fiona Foulger

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Classified Ads:
Sue Hayward (01) 261 6122
Ad Production:
Mike Proctor
Frank Lamb
Pete Christopher
(01) 261 6207

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray

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A Few Words On The Leaving Of Bob Woffinden

So. Farewell then,
Bob Woffinden.
After these five
Years
Or is it six?
Funny,
But no one seems
To be able to answer
When I ask what
It was
You actually did.
Woffinden.
That is a funny name
For an Englishman.
But then again, so is
Rambali
Or even
Angus MacKinnon

E. J. Fender (17)

Somewhat miffed by the gales of flob from Music Machine patrons, REZILLO FAY FIFE calls on protection from a DALEK (right). For CSM's view see On The Town, page 45. Pic by PAUL SLATTERY.

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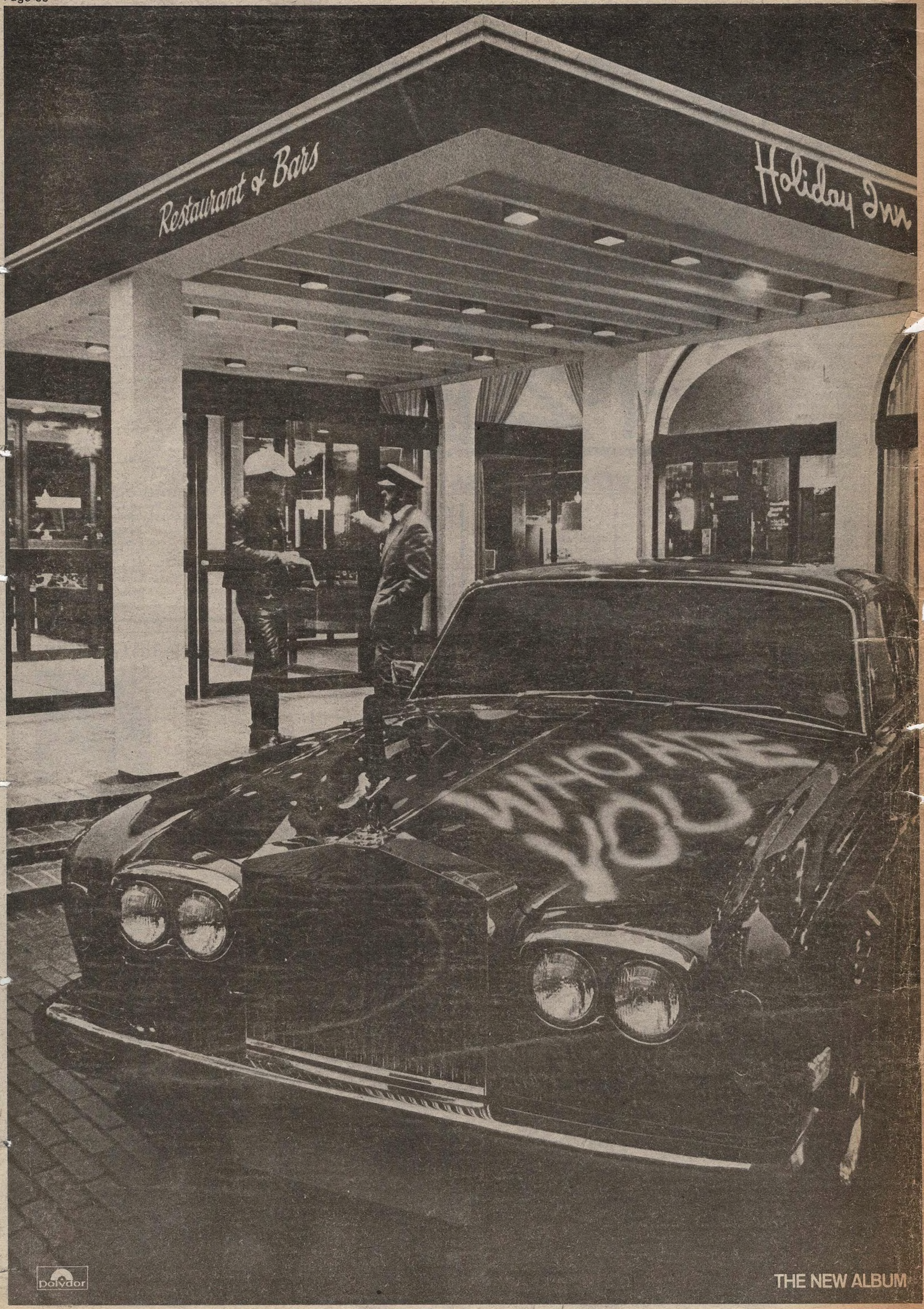
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